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DIARY, February 19 - Oct.26 (Nov.) 1916.

512 p. typescript. (First copy)

Received January 1955. acc.no.55-6

BORDEAU
FEBRUARY 19, 1916

We arrived in France day before yesterday and now it seems as though I have been here a month --- so many have been the impressions that have flooded on me, so close have they come and with such force and poignance. We landed sometime between seven and eight in the evening, for it happened that our trunks were the last to come off the Chicago. It was long after nine before we were free of the Customs and had driven through the strange, dark, silent City, wet with rain and very muddy near the river, to the Hotel de France. I was so exhausted after the long, noisy siege of the Customs that it seemed to me I could not even look out the windows of the hotel-bus in which we were driving. But after a while, I began to get glimpses --- alien and lonely with a loneliness that holds a kind of despair but very beautiful in the watery moonlight --- of silent parks, great blackly-looming monuments and long, strange-looking pale facades. In spite of my fatigue, that thrill, which a new place always brings, began to revive in me. The Hotel de France is a big and charming hotel and I must believe that our room is the biggest and most charming in it. After a bath, we joined the Coreys for dinner in the hotel itself. And after dinner we went to the Cafe de Bordeau for coffee. That seems to be the most important cafe here; in the center of the town just opposite the big massive, very simple and very beautiful opera house. The

first experience to bring the war close to me happened here and happened immediately. A group of officers, accompanied by a private, took seats near and drank together. Bill was delighted with this democratic combination which so carried out his contention in the Saturday Evening Post. Behind us --- I shall never forget that couple --- sat an enormous, [redacted] huge-faced important-looking, middle-aged man with a [redacted] large square brilliant red beard, escorting a very handsome young woman, [redacted] smartly dressed, and exquisitely made up. He looked like every stage representation of a Russian tyrant that I have ever seen, and she was all, in the way of allure and chic, that we have come to expect from feminine France. The situation was obvious. I did not, naively enough, expect to meet much of this sort of thing in war-time France and indeed, I have seen none of it during the day.

All about were soldiers and officers, prevailingly horizon blue in color. We did not stay long, although we did stay until the waiters began to clean up the café and to put the chairs on the tables. But if I had followed my inclination, although I was exhausted to the fainting-point, I would be sitting there yet.

February 20th.

Today Bill and I touristed alone in the morning. We went to the Halles, to the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre, to a beautiful old church. On the way we inspected a statue, indifferently interesting, erected to the Girondins. We joined the Coreys at

noon and lunched at the Cafe of the Chapon Fin. What a delicious luncheon we had! Bill tells me that the Chapon Fin is one of the most famous cafés in France. We made various attempts to translate the name colloquially and Herb Corey took the prize with Some Chicken. It looked --- Some Chicken --- as though it had been dug out of a cave. One whole wall was made of a stucco, resembling rock. And out of this rock, [redacted] vines and flowers were growing in cascades. There was a fountain and singing birds. Altogether it was very original.

Afterwards we went to one of the old city gates, past the Hotel de Ville, very beautiful, oh very very beautiful, and ended our walk at the cathedral. Inside, I got my second shock of the war. With the exception of two points of color, the entire congregation was black --- the sinister, lustreless black of crape. Those two points of color were the juxtaposed red coats of a pair of children and the white starched caps of a group of nuns. Afterwards we went back to the old church again to show its soft, dimly-lighted interior to the Coreys. On the way I bought two bouquets of flowers. I could not resist them; they were so different from anything you could buy in New York, One was a little, close hard-pressed bunch of violets and the other, equally close and hard-pressed, of jonquils and narcissi.

Everywhere are extraordinary war-posters --- arresting conceptions --- beautifully done. The one, I think that stands out strongest to me, shows a huge cock with a great golden coin in his beak.

The motto is Versey votre or! That brings the war close. But very near our hotel stands, for what reason I don't know, what brings it even closer --- a sentry with a gun. But of all the details of this big city, the one that most poignantly brought to my mind a picture of France in tears, was a group of boys that Bill and I met just as we came from our hotel in the early morning --- three of them emerging from the silvery mist. All were under twenty, and all were cruelly crippled.

We dined at still another cafe and afterwards we went again to the Cafe de Bordeaux for coffee. Here occurred an extremely interesting and curious incident. We had hardly seated ourselves, when there came in a French family of five, two middle-aged women, swathed in crape; two middle-aged men, also in mourning; a pretty young girl, dressed [redacted] in black. [redacted] They were accompanied by a poilu. They took the table next to us. It was apparent that the poilu was of a lower social rank than the family party. He was a most amusing person; merry-eyed, dimpled, but snub-nosed, one tooth out in front. Suddenly he turned and addressed Bill in English. We got into conversation with him and by degrees with the whole family. He was the charge temporarily of this family --- a filleul --- technically speaking. (Perhaps the term filleul demands explanation.) So many French soldiers lived in the invaded region or in parts of France so remote that they [redacted] cannot go home and return in their brief few days of permission. Many French people have volunteered to take under the charge of these homeless ones; [redacted] to take them into their families --- and to see that they are entertained until they go

back to the front.

This poilu had spent sixteen years in America, had worked in the coal mines of Alabama and Colorado; even at Ludlow --- name of sinister connotation. Four of these sixteen years, he had spent on strike. He spoke with great enthusiasm of Mother Jones whom he called Mother Jhone, and of Mrs. Pankhurst whom he called Miz Pangurse. He had met Mother Jones; but Mrs. Pankhurst, he knew only by reputation. He expressed a great desire to have Mrs. Pankhurst investigate the Colorado coal situation. "She feex that John Rockafell!" It was naturally a great delight to me to realize that the fame of the first of all suffrage militants and one of the greatest of women labor-agitators was being carried to the French trenches. He regretted bitterly that he could see no more baseball for a while --- he was absolutely American in his passion for the national sport. He professed a great love for America and seemed to think, in spite of four years of strikes, that working conditions there were easier than in France. He remarked that he thought the smothering of the women and children at Ludlow was a worse atrocity than any of the present war.

The story of his mobolization was very interesting. When the war broke out, he came back from America thinking he could rescue his old mother and take her away with him. He had never been naturalized in America, and of course the French authorities seized him instantly. He had played baseball in America, and

because he was so good a pitcher, they made a bombadier of him. The French family with whom he was passing his permission had sent him five francs a month for a long time. He showed us some trench rings he had made, borrowing them from his guardians for the purpose. Mrs. Corey and I ordered six apiece from him.

All this time I was conscious of an amusing tragedy that was going on in that party.

While our poilu was speaking with us the young girl of his party watched him, her expression an extraordinary combination of disappointment and disillusion. She had expected, it was quite apparent, a handsome young soldier who might prove a romantic experience in her life. Instead she had drawn this vulgar, little gargoyle of a man --- altogether too entertaining in the wrong way to satisfy the sensitively-humorless romanticism of youth.

When we came out on the street an enormous Sunday afternoon crowd was drifting past this most important of Bordeaux corners. It crowded the pavements and brimmed over into the streets. Suddenly something struck like a blow to my consciousness. "Listen!" I said to Bill. "Do you realize that nobody is speaking?"

And nobody was speaking.

But that silence was not the worst of it all. The look of repressed grief in the faces, especially those of the very old, of worry, of care, of fear and of despair, made this the strangest crowd I have ever seen in my life. It pointed up what I had been

dimly realizing all day long, through the irrepressible excitement of being in a new place and the inevitable preoccupation of seeing so many strange scenes, that there was a complete absence everywhere of Gallic gayety --- of sweethearting, even --- of any kind. The very children seemed sad. And the amount and impressiveness of the mourning, the number of very young widows, girls apparently in their teens, the prevalence of soldiers . . .

Then the appearance of the soldiers! Somehow I was guilty of the incredible naiveté of thinking war soldiers would look like peace soldiers. I expected fresh uniforms, military exquisiteness, smartness, dapperness. Instead --- Mr. Corey says that the regular cloth for army uniforms ran out at the very beginning of the war. The Government had had to use all kinds of substitutes --- brown corduroy among other things. I certainly saw all varieties and variations of color from the old brilliant red and blue to the new horizon blue, in all stages of wear, fresh, new, smart, perfectly pressed and perfectly fitting to old, faded, dirty, wrinkled and shrunken; all shapes and kinds of headwear, ranging from tam-o-shanters, berets, stiff-visored caps, like those one sees in Civil War pictures, to the new melon-shaped shrapnel hats of metal. And with all this great and puzzling variety of uniforms a variety, equally great and puzzling, of stripes, bands and medals. Besides, the men themselves were of various colors and races; many jet-black negroes, a Jap or two. Other unfamiliar, oriental-looking people --- dark brown, strangely-featured and garbed

--- Bill said some were Bengalese. And added to these were all the regularly picturesque and beloved details of a normal-France, like hundreds of Bruant drawings that I have seen! Everywhere the working women were trudging along the roads in black, bareheaded, wearing woolen jackets or shawls, with their wide full aprons and their long thick umbrellas, their durable, high-colored complexions, their hard, red hands. Everywhere were slim, little girls, like all the little girls of Whistler, with great manes of hair rippling and fluttering loose, sometimes to their knees, which is the way, I think, all little girls of the colt-legged age should wear their hair. Everywhere were the bare-kneed little French boys, like all the little boys of Boutet de Monvel, in their black, smock-like garments and their long capes. Everywhere were the big, queer, tippy-looking carts of the country. Once came a picture that nearly brought the tears to my eyes. Two old, oh very, very old women driving one of them. Finally everywhere appeared the eternal and inevitable piquancy of the women.

They seem, those women of France, never to be straight pretty or straight beautiful as the English or American women are pretty or beautiful, like, for instance, Billy Burke or Mary Pickford for prettiness, or [redacted] like Lily Langry or Mary Anderson for beauty. But it seems to me that all French women are piquant. And such wonderful old faces! Some of them are carved so thickly with wrinkles that it was as though it had been a point of honor with the sculptor to cover every spot on their flesh.

Bordeaux is in Gascony --- the Gascony of D'Artagnan and Cyrano de Bergerac. The type face seems long and lean. After the full dimpled faces of California, that leanness is especially noticeable.

The women are really working at men's jobs. You see them on trams everywhere, efficient, competent and very resouceful apparently. We watched one big husky creature running the business of the car when she came to the end of the line. She handled the machinery with a swift, accurate strength and the passengers with a quick, brusque, good-nature. Bill's comment was that she had no need of a bouncer. That really thrilled me more than anything I have ever seen in France. I am not surprised when women act or sing or paint, or sculp, or write well, or make good speeches, or perform extraordinary feats in organization. I already know that they can do all those things and I still can not help thinking they are easy. But successfully to invade the professions, the crafts and the trades, to grapple with machinery, to take positions in which they must make a thousand instant decisions a day --- it delights me when I see them doing <u>that</u>. I wanted to applaud all those tram women.

We decide to leave for Paris February 22.

February 21st Later -

All afternoon we touristed with the Coreys. We chartered a taxi for some unbelievably cheap sum by the hour and went first to the cathedral. Here again France was in tears! Such incredible

scenes, the nakedness of the grief and the despair! I noticed that all of the men saints were deserted, but the shrines of the Virgin were crowded. All the length of the ambulatory, whenever, indeed, I saw in the distance the great clusters of light-stars which meant candles burning, I knew that we would come soon on a Virgin. I saw men fondling her marble draperies, leaning their faces against her marble feet. Of course the women were carressing the Virgin with even a greater display of entreaty, but it seemed almost unbearable to find men giving way to such emotion. Often I had to look away.

From the cathedral we went to the nearby Tour St. Michel where, ranged along the wall of the circular crypt, stand nearly fifty mummified bodies which were dug up in an adjacent churchyard. The soil of that churchyard had preserved them in some strange way, producing not ossification nor petrifaction, for the skin was like leather --- more an embalming. In most cases the flesh of the face was gone, but in many the teeth were perfectly preserved; the nails; a tuft of hair; the brows; the fontanelle on the head of an infant; a tongue; the intestines; bits of linen and lace; in one case a buttonhole perfectly formed. There was one whole family group. There was a boy so convulsed in face and figure that the supposition is that he was buried alive; a woman whose breast had been eaten entirely away by cancer; a cataleptic; a negress. In all, the feet were missing. The embalming soil had not extended far enough to preserve them.

It is a fairly horrific experience. The crypt was pitch dark. The guide, a woman, had but a single lamp which she flashed from one skull-face to another, intoning her litany (an extraordinarily condensed recitation) with the dramatic power of a Bernhardt. To show us the tongue of one, she waggled it with her finger. To indicate the leathery quality of the skin of another, she beat on it as though on a drum. She rapped on the breast of one mother to show that the child at her side must have died a nursing baby. She thrust her fingers into intestines --- she rattled hands.

Afterwards, in amusing and decidedly agreeable contrast, we rode through one suburb of Bordeaux, a highly-colored modern bourgoise neighborhood, to the Chateau Pape Clement and the Chateau Haut Brion. At the first, they took us through the chateau itself under the impression, Bill thinks, that we wanted to rent it. Of course I was very much interested to see a French interior. It was a bare place, big-roomed, with modern furniture, substantial enough, but entirely without beauty. Outside, it was prettier with lawn and gardens. Directly in front grew a beautiful fir tree which our guide, an exceedingly ugly, vigorous-spoken French woman, told us had been <u>decapitated</u>. The lower branches trailed on the ground and the top was almost as big and flat as the base --- a charming effect.

Our guide at the Chateau Haut Brion was a peasant who, Bill thinks, took us for wine merchants from America. He conducted us through the works; or at least, showed us rows and rows of barrels. He also submitted us to a detailed description of

processes, in whose mazes we were soon lost; although Bill later redeemed the party with a fairly scientific discussion of phylloxera. Also the guide gave us drinks from the vintages of nineteen thirteen, fourteen and fifteen. We drank to France and to victory.

From there to the Musee which was nondescript; a heroic-sized statue of Louis VI in bronze; a Rubens or two; a Corot; and some rather entertaining stuff by minor artists of two and three and four hundred years ago. One small picture impressed me; a patch of ground with the head of a snake gliding through the grass; a lizard near, and just above, three, fluttering, golden butterflies. It was done with an extraordinary degree of fidelity and with considerable decorative quality --- dull greens, faded golds --- and that snake as alive as though he crawled today.

Afterwards to the Five O'Clock Inn, painted with scenes and inscribed with quotations from Cyrano de Bergerac:

"Nous sommes les cadets de Gasconne
De carbon de Castel Jaloux"

Here we had chocolate or tea according to our tastes and here again we found France in tears. For, suddenly, there entered a middle-aged man who was evidently greatly agitated. He ordered tea and then sat waiting for it to come, his eyes, trying to be noncommittal, fixed on space. But anguish kept breaking through into his expression. I suppose he had just received one of those official letters which announce deathand he had rushed away from the rest of the family to struggle with his grief alone.

Home finally and a nap. I awoke too tired to go to dinner. But very late I got up and we went to the Cafe de Bordeaux where we had delicious chicken.

February 22.

Up and for a little walk along the river front in a search for the old city gate with its two pointed towers which I found everywhere on postcards. We found the beautiful gate and a great deal more --- the fascinating morning activity of Bordeaux; that early business of life that must go on even though war is here.

Bordeaux is bathed in the pale sunlight of its soft climate and everywhere a delicate haze fills the air. I don't know how to describe that haze. It is certainly nothing like our American haze which is always brilliant and always tinged with blue --- certainly not like the haze of New England, which hangs the Indian summer vistas with purple glories. Here it is pearly, as though the sunshine were not gold but silver. All the tree trunks were a thick sheath of gren moss. The old ones look as though upholstered in olive velvet. Bordeaux is beautiful. The ancient portions are lovely. Its Hotel de Ville is fine; the front with its impressive facade; the back with its intimate little park, the pool, the grass, the trees, the children playing. And then its old city gates, its old churches. Inside, the churches of France always look to me as though a group of trees had formed themselves into marching files, had thrown their branches up to make roofs --- then petrified. Gothic greys lighted by Gothic

greens! I have always loved the churches of France and I have always loved France. But, oh what a different France it is that I am seeing now. Now all the gayety that I believed uncrushable, even in the churches of Latin countries, has gone, and gone completely. Churches are places of frenzied appeal, of interminable prayers for consolation.

At eleven, to the station to take the Grande Vitesse to Paris. Here happened the first amusing episode of our few day's stay in war-time France. Bill was responsible. He gave a stationful of people a laugh. He bought his tickets, and while I stood guard over our mountain of hand luggage, he found a porter. The porter could not carry all of it. Bill threw over one arm, his coat, my coat, a steamer-blanket. We got to the gate and an official demanded our tickets. Bill put his hand in his ticket pocket. No tickets! In another pocket. No tickets! In another, and another and another until he had --- of course with a growing frenzy --- ransacked the whole interminable masculine series of pockets. Still no tickets! Our porter stood immobile, his face registering, in rapid succession, apprehension, anxiety, alarm, utter blank tragedy. In the meantime the rest of the people in the station, seeing that we were tourists (the rarest of all phenomena in war-time France) had gathered about us, their faces gradually taking on the shadow of despair. "What a calamity!!" they seemed to say, "The gentleman had already gone to the tremendous expense of buying tickets to Paris and now he may have to do it again!

What a horror! But life is always like that!" In the meantime, Bill was muttering to me, "What could I have done with them? I could not possibly have lost them in the short walk from the ticket office to this spot!" And I was saying, "Oh, yes, you could my dear. You under-estimate your capacity for losing things!" And then, with an enormous heave of his arm, Bill threw the coats and steamer rug from one arm to the other --- and there, firmly clasped in his right hand, were the tickets. A roar went up from the assembled crowd. After Bill and I were settled in the train, we reflected happily that Bordaux had had at least one laugh that day.

The trip up to the city was as interesting --- and as heart-breaking --- as it possibly could be.

At first it gave me a sinister chill at the heart to read printed signs everywhere:

"Taisey vous; mefiez vous; les espions sent partout."

I became very conscious suddenly that we spoke a foreign language; that my husband was blonde; curly-haired and wore glasses.

A long ride through beautiful, storied country. Gascony comes first of course; later Touraine with peeps through the train window at Amboise, Blois and Poitiers. Poitiers was especially beautiful, all up-and-down hill streets packed with mediaevelism. At Blois we could see the great chateau, enormous and sinister. The country itself was a fair one, reminding me of both Old England and New England; perhaps more tamed and domesticated,

though quite as pretty. Vinyards; sometimes forests; a shrub that England would certainly call gorse, blooming yellow everywhere; osiers; fruit trees in a pale-pink blossoming like fairy clouds; chateaux; fortified farms; tiny villages that were just huddles of grey; stained buildings, red-roofed, lichened and mossy --- all these succeeded each other with an agreeable monotony. It was all so beautiful, but all quiet and still and deserted. France in tears again. Perhaps, as it was not harvest time, I should not have expected to see crowds. But I could not accustom myself to those silent stations, where only a few people stirred and they all in crape. As for the train itself --- oh, France was in tears through that entire journey. Silence and quiet all the time. At lunch and dinner, we seemed to be the only people who talked. And, indeed, we kept trying not to talk too much or even to laugh --- it was as though we had intruded on a funeral party. There were soldiers everywhere, but oh what a different soldiery are the men of war. Indeed all Gallic manhood seems to have changed. Frenchmen do not seem to see you when they look at you. That long, liquid, lascivious Latin look, so necessary to Anglo-Saxon novelists, has vanished. Even the quick gallant glance that seemed to say, "You are a woman and you please me. You don't know how I could appreciate you if I had the chance!" has disappeared entirely.

Once Mrs. Corey said, <u>"Das ist sehr gut!"</u> My heart seemed to stop a beat. With moving his lips and scarcely using his voice

Mr. Corey said, "Don't use that language here!" Fortunately nobody heard.

The train meals were delicious, though not served with American daintiness or elegance or speed. One sat behind a pile of plates --- the plates for all the courses --- and gradually ate the pile away. The china was thick and there were none of those little elegancies --- flowers, crisp linen, shining silver, snowy waiters --- of American service. This may be a cause de la guerre of course, although I do not remember those luxuries before the war. Certainly, the cars were dirty as they never were in peace-time France.

We reached Paris at night. A short, swift set-to with the customs; then in an omnibus to the Hotel Normandy, Rue de L'Echelle, a little gray hotel situated in the middle of everything. Out for a walk and into the Café de la Paix for a drink. Not an American there. But as it is Washington's Birthday, we guessed that they were all at the annual banquet.

Paris in war! Such a dark, silent, night city! Outside as few street lamps as possible and those shaded from above with black painted screens, so that the luminosity is directed downwards; the theatres and cinemas with dark blue and dark green lights, carefully veiled by their own portals; a few flitting figures; a few passing taxis.

Inside the café an equally strange Paris; lights; people; a world reversed, where all the color is contributed by the men

because three fourths of the women are in mourning. Near us sits a cocotte alone --- mournful souvenir of the old Paris; very handsome in a thin, hawk-like way, that look of a porcelain whiteness [redacted] which, with make-up, comes to the very young of a certain white-skinned, brown type. Her brows are delicately shaved. When we come in, she is sitting alone; she continues to sit alone and after a while she leaves alone.

The strangest detail of all, perhaps, is the prevalence of English uniforms. Near us sits an English officer. Monocled! How much of calmness and imperturbability, [redacted] of security and assurance, that monocle seems to pour into the situation.

The news this morning is that the Germans are pounding hard on the line at Verdun. The communiqué with a curious departure from its usual laconic succinctness says, "A bombardment of an unheard of intensity started on the Verdun sector this morning." The italics are mine.

February 23, Paris

My first day in war Paris! Bill is restless; bothered by the communiqués; so up betimes and through a frosty cold for a long hike --- past the Theatre Francais, past St. Germain, L'Auxxerois with its beautiful faded facade, past St. Chapelle past Notre Dame, to St. Etienne du Mont and here inside. I have not seen St. Etienne du Mont for nine years [redacted] and I am rejoiced to find, in it, all the beauty that my amateur eyes dis-

covered years ago. Here we come on France in tears again, a crape-bundled woman, her face convulsed by tears, telling some, sad, deeply-detailed story to the priest. Then for lunch in a taxi to the Clou on the Rue Trudaine, off the Place Pigalle; a beautiful, old, brown, smoked place, covered with prints. It was like eating inside a meershaum pipe. Then home, very cold and fatigued, to bed.

The whole air on the way pearly and misty. I had forgotten how sooty-dark, age makes everything here, how the edges of the buildings, still white or gray, look as though snow had covered them, and how like luminous lace is the old stained glass of cathedrals. I had forgotten, too, the beautiful, subdued but gloomy green of the winter foliage. To look into the garden of the Musée Cluny was to gaze into pools of glistening, emerald shadows.

At night, after an effort to find the Escargot, we went to the Cafe Hubin where I entertained myself, for the whole evening, watching a tall, thin blond women of the greatest vivacity and charm.

February 24

The communiqués are still perturbing. We are still restless.

A little walk before work with Bill in the Palais Royale and up the Rue de Rivoli and back through the Tuileries, discussing the art spirit of France. We agree that it is predominatingly sculpturesue, architectural rather, that France has not produced

an epoch-producing painter of the first magnitude. I am struck with the noble beauty of the Louvre against the sky. And I read with delight an interesting inscription from Gambetta's own works on the bromidic Gambetta statue. Some day I am going to copy it. All the way homeward, the figures on the Arch of the Place du Carroussel look like bits of black paper pasted on the sky. We stopped for a moment at the statue of La Fayette, presented to France by the school children of America. How extraordinary that seems to this day! And we loitered in the Place de la Concorde which I saw last, gay and glad, two-dimensional almost in its glittering plane of light. We find the Escargot and order some of its delicious snails. Near us, lunching with two men, sits one of the most striking creature I have ever seen in my life; a tall, big, shapely odalisque with a long fur coat, a heavy fur collar and a round, fur hat; dark-haired, dark-eyed, creamy-skinned with huge muscular --- but beautiful --- hands; very seductive in an intensely vigorous way. Later to dinner at a Duval where, as though in deliberate contrast with this colossal charmer, is a delicious, tiny, doll-like waitress, chirping French in the accents of a little girl. Then home.

The news grows worse as the day lengthes. Everybody is intensely worried about Verdun.

February 25

Il fait le neige. It is the first snow-storm that I have ever

seen in France, ~~[redacted]~~ an exceptional one for Paris at any time. But nobody thinks about the weather, although later, they may have to think deeply about it, for the Seine is rising. Hell has broken loose at Verdun and the Germans are pounding away there with a hideous strength and persistency. All kinds of rumors and alarms! This storm may hinder the Verdun business but it will help the rising of the Seine. Coal is thirty dollars a ton. They say the Germans have a new gun; a rapid-fire mortar that is very superior to the French equivalent.

Indoors all day because of the weather. But from my window, I watch the French women going to work. Despite the snow, they wear no hats and, over their shoulders, only the usual little black shawls. But they are still florid-faced and bright-eyed; still full of vigor and vitality. I watch the little black-frocked French boys snow-balling each other. And after a while, I see women workers cleaning the snow off the streets.

Dejeuner in the hotel. A very subdued, small white diningroom, full of guests; shabby Swiss waiters in grease-spotted uniforms; family groups in black; soldiers; all, and it seems to me especially the men, with a look of strain, of preoccupation as though constantly they tried to solve a problem beyond their powers.

In my room, a cheerful fire all day long and in the afternoon Bill's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Harris call; she young, pretty;

he plain but very nice. Much interesting talk with them, they waiting a long time for Bill who does not after all, arrive. They seem to think that Paris is bearing her burden cheerfully. My first impression is that France is bearing it with nobility --- certainly, in silence and without complaint --- but that it is a stricken anguished land to which I have come. The Harrises have been here for a long time; [redacted] their first impression, which was like mine, has given a little before the inevitable palliations of life. Also they have watched a real growth in civic cheerfulness --- the opening of theatres and the like. They expressed great indignation with Wilson. They seemed to think, until I corrected the impression, that the whole country opposed his action. They seemed surprised when I told them that there was no clamor in America for war, that there was a normal division into those who applauded and those who opposed his policies in regard to Germany. Mrs. Harris said that she had not been warm for three months, that often she had to go to bed to keep comfortable. They live in a pension (in which they are the only ones who speak English) where officers are coming and going, where the various political policies are continually discussed and where battles are fought verbally every day.

In the evening at eight to Pruniers to meet the parents of my dear Maud, Dr. and Mrs. Younger. I had never met them and had no conscious mental picture of either. But I recognized Dr. Younger, the instant I saw him waiting for us in a little ante-

room. I remembered them --- and suddenly --- the photograph which was always on Maud's bureau. He is very handsome; white-haired, white mustached, florid-faced and blue-eyed; hale-looking; benevolent --- extremely distinguished. There mingle in his accent the Scotch of his Scotch father, the Spanish of his Chilean childhood, the American of his youth and the French of these last sixteen years in Paris. I greet him first and he is charmingly cordial. He conducts us upstairs to a table where Mrs. Younger sits; very matronly and handsome; very chatty and affable, exceedingly articulate.

Much talk and of course all about the war after preliminaries about Maud. Their warmth is very charming. Dr. Younger asks permission to call me Inez. He spoke several times --- and of course with much more feeling than it deserved, of what he called my "kindness" to Maud . Kindness, indeed to my dearest friend! At parting, he kissed my hand. Mrs. Younger kissed me goodby. She works every day at the American Ambulance. She does no actual nursing; but helps to make compresses, wads and the almost a hundred-odd things that must be used with the wounded. She referred to <u>them</u> always as the <u>blesses</u>. She said that at first they destroyed all the gauze as fast as it was used. It was significant of her lingual absorption that she tried three times before she could remember the English word, gauze. Latterly, she added, they had washed it and used it again, saving, thereby, a thousand dollars a month. She said that the French soldiers were delightful

to nurse, that they were extraordinarily grateful and appreciative. She told us of the surprise bags from America, that were given on Washington's Birthday to the blessés. They were full of all kinds of small articles, toilet utensils, stationary, pens, pencils, postcards, little toys of various kinds --- and always a note. One little girl wrote that she was sending a Testament which her grandfather carried all through the Civil War. The Testament was not there of course. It was the theory of everybody at the Ambulance that mother rescued it just in time. The particular Frenchman who received this bag was turning himself inside out to find phrases that would express all his gratitude, but would not reveal to the little girl that the Testament hadn't arrived. Mrs. Younger said that they all knew, before Verdun started, that there was to be a terrific battle somewhere because the hospitals were all evacuated of convalescents and even of near-convalescents. She told us that the Germans had destroyed Domremy, the birth-place of Jeanne d'Arc; and Varennes, a town, just a half hour from the border, where Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI spent their last night together before their capture. Later on our way home Bill added an ancient foot-note to this bit of modern history by telling me that the whole flight of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette was managed with the helplessness inevitable to royalty when confronted with a practical situation. They proceeded slowly and in perfect calm, picnicing occasionally along the road, apparently without the faintest sense of the danger of delay.

We had a delicious dinner at Prunier's. It is a place famous for its cooking. We had oysters --- my first French oysters, and oh, how delicious they were --- chicken with mushrooms and bacon; Crepe Yvette which would once have been German pancakes, just as a certain meat-concoction in England, now called Salisbury steak, was once Hamburger steak; cocktails and delicious white wine. Mrs. Younger tells us that this is the worst storm she has ever seen in her sixteen years of residence in Paris, that there had been one nearly as bad three years ago, but that then they were in London. Bill and I say that there is almost a story in Paris sur la neige. The entire French world --- with insufficient clothes and bare hands --- is patiently unprepared for the snow. But the children and the students, as is the way of children and students all over the world, seem to enjoy it, even if there is war. From my windows I see groups of them snow-balling each other.

At Prunier's, again France in tears. Beside myself --- and I was in black --- only two women were out of mourning. And those two looked subdued as far as color went. Near us sat two extraordinary cocottes; big, Jewishly-featured; plastered with paint and their hair done in elaborate style. One wore a fringe that hung so low over the temples it had the effect of side whiskers; a big, flat, black hat tied with long velvet ribbons. Yet they, too, wore black. On the other side sat a handsome soldier, dark and regularly-featured whose red Turkish-looking fez offered, in all this sombreness, a welcome spark of color.

February 26, Saturday.

Indoors writing all the morning and then in the afternoon, with Bill, to what Mr. Corey calls, "a flock of eglises"; Saint Nicholas des Champs, Notre Dame des Victoires, Saint Eustache, Sainte Merry. Then to call on Mme. Thillolière. Then to the Youngers for dinner. Surely a full day, especially for Bill who, in the meantime, is beating a frenzied way about Paris trying to find the Societe pour L'Epui des Artist[redacted], the elusive Mme. Algi (Marice Hale) and the even more elusive Mlle Heywood.

Notre Dame des Victoires was perhaps, in these times, the most interesting of the churches. It is the church to which French officers present their swords in case of victory. Everywhere were big glass cases containing swords and smaller ones containing medals. The principal shrine was one at the right arm of the cross when you face the alter. The worshipers sat grouped about it, the strong altar light beating red on their faces. Saint Eustache, I find, most noble in proportion. Two others seem nondescript. But not Sainte Merry. That had a beautiful old crumbling facade.

Mme. Thillolière was everything that Bill had described her; vivacious, sweet, composed and competent. The battle of Verdun still rages and her husband's regiment has been moved to that region. She has several brothers, not real brothers. She was a foundling and put out to nurse with a foster mother. They --- the brothers --- are all stationed at points of danger and she is much worried over them, especially the "milk" brother. He is the one whose milk she

shared and for whom she has the affection of a twin. Yet with all these terrible burdens she was graciously hospitable and kind. Occasionally her vivacity was shot by a scarcely perceptible preoccupation. Her little apartment, in an old part of Paris, looking out on an army of chimney-pots and just opposite a house incredibly old, was very tiny and quaint. M. Thillolière's paintings were everywhere; very characterized sketches of his comrade poilus.

From Mme. Thillolière's, back to the hotel to dress for the dinner at the Youngers'. To the Youngers' in a taxi with an amateur war-driver who twice mistakes the house and each time recitfies his error with a great sense of gayety and enjoyment of his own stupidity. All this occurs after we have paid him, so that that gaiety has no commercial aspect. A beautiful house. A dinner party of twelve.

They are Americans, all very rich and a little expatriate, and most of them southerners. Bill and I found the conversation very irritating. One, for instance, states that he has just been told that America favors the continuance of the war because they are making so much out of munitions. What a stupid, cruel and merciless lie! As if any whole people could be as heartless as that! The men wore business or afternoon clothes; the women very simple evening gowns, for the most part almost dowdy. Dr. Gros is in the uniform of the American Ambulance.

The talk, mostly from the men, is wonderful --- especially what Dr. Gros tells us.

He describes one terrible experience he had, finding the wounded after the battle of Meaux. The battle, itself, had ceased and

there had settled over the whole town a silence as of the grave. Dr. Gros looked everywhere. He could find no wounded. Finally a man, half dead with sleep, came staggering through a school-house door. He went into the school-house and there, on chairs and desks and tables and floors --- everywhere --- lay the blesses in that trance-like, first sleep which follows a wound. One detail of this picture I shall never forget; an old fellow, fast asleep and sitting upright because there was no room for him to lie down; a hole in his chest and Dr. Gros added, "breathing through it" the long, hoarse, clutching gasps of the wounded. Finally Dr. Gros got them into the only cars he could find --- cattle cars with the manure and hay still on the floor.

Dr. Gros told us that there are two Americans among the eight aviators who are guarding Paris. He also told us that the American Ambassador refused to let the American Ambulanciers march in their uniforms on George Washington's Birthday to the George Washington statue in order to decorate it with flowers.

One woman-guest told me that she had a baby just a year old. Her second and last child was fifteen. And this little girl, coming as she did, quite unexpectedly and in the midst of the war, was most tragically unwanted. But now she is the pet of the entire household. That situation is always a charming one I think. Her oldest child, a lad of nineteen, is wild with joy. We sat in a diningroom, of which one whole wall was a mirror; so that we had an effect of being at two parties. Mrs. Younger told us, as the cocktails were served, that her butler had come back unexpectedly that

night, on leave from the trenches. I don't know why I should have been so stupid, but somehow I expected to see a thin, pale emaciated being. When he placed my soup before me, I turned cautiously and looked up at him. He was so different from what I had anticipated that, involuntarily, I smiled at him and he smiled back at me. Such a handsome, clear-eyed, clear-skinned being! He looked as though you could not drive a nail into him anywhere --- he was so metallically burned and tanned. He wore his butler's apron over his horizon blue uniform. Of course that is the one pleasant detail of this situation. The men, who are not wounded, come back in magnificent shape from the hard, out-of-door life. Dr. Gros said that the trench life has proved to the French some thing that he has been preaching unavailingly to them for years, that to keep well, their windows must be opened at night. The idea still prevails with them that the night air is harmful; that among other things it results in sore eyes. At night, their bedrooms are hermetically sealed. But the men who come back on their permissions cannot sleep with closed rooms. And they are obviously the better for their out-of-door life. Wives, going up into the war zone, complain that they freeze to death in the temperature that their husbands demand at night.

February 27

At eleven we go with Dr. Younger to see the Raemekers Exhibition. There were over a hundred of these cartoons, I should say, and they were so absorbing that when we left, at half past twelve, we had

not seen them all. Dr. Younger and I, sharing the catalogue between us, studied them minutely as far as we went. I thought they were very wonderful. Technically they showed an extraordinary skill; economy of line; simplicity; power; and they had a great, a compelling irony, imagination, even fancy. Some dealt with minor matters of international dispute and the point of these were lost on me of course. But of the majority, the points were patent to the world --- one proof of genius. Three I shall remember always I think, although I don't remember the names. The first was a marshy strip of land after a battle, the sodden bodies half sunk in the water; the second was a group of dead, three or four hanging over the barbed-wire on No-Man's Land; the third, a stateroom in that hospital ship, which was sunk in the Channel, and a nurse trying to hold a wounded soldier off a floor, already slanted to a perilous angle and half covered with water. Her young face is full of the anguish of fear and despair, but still courageous; his face older, stiff with the pallor and thinness of convalescence, despairing too, but still brave. One horrible picture with Edith Cavell's dead body lying on the ground and an army of hogs, wearing German helmets, attacking her.

Back to the hotel for dejeuner with Mrs. James Hopper and Mme. Thilloliere. It is an amusing but rather difficile meal, for Mme. Thilloliere has no English and I only Ollendorf French. But afterwards we sit before my fire, until nearly six, discussing the

omnipresent topic. Ofcourse nobody talks about anything else here except the war. And indeed it seems to indicate a kind of heartlessness to be interested in anything else. Mme. Thiolliere, in spite of all we can do, grows distraite and more distraite, although always Bill, the ever kind, tries to take her out of herself. I showed her my pictures of San Francisco and what foolish little trinkets of jewelry I have. But always there is that look in her eyes of one whose thoughts are far away.

Mrs. Hopper is very interesting on the subject of the French women, of the attitude of the middle class and of the man in the street toward the war. She says that this last week of the fighting at Verdun has been horrible; that the French women refuse by any act or word to seem to complain, though their suffering is terrible; that the working women throw themselves into their work with a perfect frenzy, hoping they will tire themselves so much that they must sleep when night comes. Nevertheless they do not sleep. The dark only gives them more time to think. She says that the French as a whole are much mystified by our attitude toward Germany. They think that the United States is afraid of Germany. They do not understand that we have practically no army and not much of a navy, that in case of war we should be in the position of a man fighting with an unloaded gun. The reports of the destruction of munition plants have been much exaggerated and the French think that this is happening all the time, that it

is the work of German incendiaries. Bill explains that all the munition plants have been enlarged to many many times their old size, that they're working night and day at a terrific speed and that an increased percentage of accidents is inevitable. He explains that the munition plants are doubly and trebly guarded and that somebody, in authority, told him that there had not been more than the normal rate of accidents.

The French also believe that the munition-makers control Congress.

This talk was very different from that at the Youngers', where many seemed to believe that America could most assist the Allies by staying out of the war. Certainly, as Bill points out, our work in Belgium would have to cease, should America come in.

Mrs. Hopper told us a poignant, episode about an aged French relative of her husband's, an old, old woman, who had lived through the Franco-Prussian war. The burden of this second horror is almost more than she can bear. They live at the top of an apartment house which has no elevator. One night when the alerte sounded, her daughters started to dress her for the cellar. She said, "It's no use, my children. Should you dress me, I could not walk down the stairs. I should be dead by the time we got there. No you must go. Save yourselves and leave me here to die."

While we were talking, an extraordinary incident occurred. Outside, far off, sounded a horn. Mrs. Hopper started, emitted a gush of rapid French directed to Mme. Thiolliere, "Est-ce-que-c'est

l'alerte?" she asked. Of course I got it the instant she spoke. I did not need the French. I confess that, although I did not stir, my heart curdled with terror. In another moment my own common sense told me that the horn, coming nearer, was not sounding an alarm. But it shows what their nerves are.

We went to dinner at the Dome in the Latin Quarter. Bill meets nobody here that he knows except a moving-picture man, who has been waiting in Paris for one solid year, hoping to get films of the front. As we alight from our taxi, I see seated at an outside table, two silhouettes --- one of a girl and the other of a soldier --- meet and merge for an instant; the first bit of real sweetheart-ing that I have seen since I landed in France. We get one glimpse into the Rotonde which is crowded to the point of super-imposition. Only one glimpse, but what a glimpse! I felt as though I had walked into an illustration. The girls were all extraordinary, the poorest and most abandoned of Quartier prostitutes. I remember in particular one negress; slender, savage-looking, her skin showing gold and black through her powder. Everywhere soldiers . . . soldiers . . . soldiers.

To Baty's where we have a delicious dinner, incredibly cheap. Here I taste my first French oysters; the oysters of Portugal, the best oysters I have ever savored and I have eaten them on the Atlantic Coast, the Pacific Coast and in Cuba. As we eat, arrive Mme. Thiolliere and Mrs. Hopper, the latter with her little son. He is now six and looks not at all like his mother, a rather sober-

appearing, typically French lad, dark with a very white skin. He talks little but quaintly. I enjoyed him very much. It appears he cannot go to sleep at night until he has been assured that the great birds (i. e. the aeroplanes) are la haut, guarding Paris. After a while, we two to the Dome again where Bill has coffee and I, my accustomed and impeccable citron pressé. Near us sits a French party of three men and two women. One of the women, a fattish brunette, a little coarse but most pleasing, full of vitality and joie de vivre, proceeds to accumulate, via the vin, a very happy mood. The other woman, rather silent, listens to her, amused but in an embarrassed way. The three men however enjoy her beyond measure, as I do. She is so impudently and obviously humorous. I would have given my head to understand her quips. A steamer-friend, trailing his police-dog, Wolf, at the end of a chain, comes in with a girl. He brings Wolf over to us, but Wolf has apparently forgotten utterly the two who used to call on him in his unpleasant compartment of the upper deck of the Chicago. Back in a taxi to the Cafe de la Paix; and then walking through the dark Paris streets home.

February 28th

And still the battle of Verdun rages! The world about me grows sadder and sadder, tenser and tenser.

Writing letters all the morning. About noon comes Sister Veronique of the Little Sisters of the Assumption to ask for funds for the work of her order among the poor of Paris. She is English. She speaks

with colloquial mispronounciations but quite frequently lapses into wonderful narration. A charming placid face, blue-eyed and serene; a delightful little trick of the eye-brows which I find indescribable. When I spoke to her of the twenty thousand French priests who have been mobilized, she said there were sixty thousand in all the armies. She spoke with a trace of resentment of the law, early in the nineteen hundreds, which compelled the mobilization of priests in case of war. She immediately added however, "But behold the providence of Almighty God! The presence of the priests has proved a great comfort to the men in the trenches, not only from a religious point of view, but because they can write their letters for them."

One story I thought wonderful. The house of their order in Rheims had remained standing, although it was very near the Cathedral and although several other houses in the street had been destroyed. One night, during a bombardment, when the Cathedral was full of German wounded, a party of French soldiers went to the priest and asked if there was any place where they could make boullion for the wounded Germans. The priest directed them to the house of the Sisters. The French soldiers made the boullion there --- in their zeal almost chopping a table to pieces, Sister Veronique threw in parenthetically --- and carried it to the wounded, although they were under fire all the time. She spoke with great fairness and kindness of the Germans. She said that she did not blame the German soldiers, that they were doing only what they must, She blamed only the Kaiser and the governing class. She told us of

one wounded German prisoner who came under the care of a branch of their order in England. When the Mother Superior, the only one who could talk German, came to his bedside, he cried and showed her the portrait of his wife and children and said how it hurt him to leave them. A French soldier told her of a little boy whose mother warned him that, if the Germans came through their town, he must pretend to be dead. This happened. The Germans shot his grandmother, his father, his mother, his little sisters. As he had been directed, the boy dropped and pretended to be dead. Then the Germans bayoneted them all. The little boy received a frightful wound in the leg. Afterwards someone told him that the State would make this up to him. He said, "Nothing can ever bring my mother back to me." She told also of an Irish woman whose husband, a Belgian, was captured in Louvain and held prisoner. A German officer sent for her. He said, "You must know where there are English in hiding in this city. If you will give us that information, we will permit you to see your husband often." The officer was wearing a decoration --- a cross. She fixed her eyes on it in silence. He colored. Presently she said, "I cannot give you the information you ask, even at that price." He half apologized. "We have to do many things in war," he said, "that we don't like."

Sister Veronique could not stay to dejeuner. She occupied the stiffest chair in the room by choice. Bill returned in the midst of our tête-à-tête and we had a fine three-cornered talk. She was delighted with the forty francs Bill gave her. She told Bill

that the work of their order was entirely with the very poor, that they could do nothing for people who could do for themselves. In case of sickness, sometimes the mother would return from the hospital to find her home entirely vanished. She spoke at length of the thrift of the French people, how they all saved, what wonders of dressmaking they could perform with the old clothes that were given them, how, unlike the English of a corresponding class, they rarely drank --- that is to say were rarely drunkards. She said that poverty was very great at present: the franc-and-a-half allowed the wife of a soldier was not enough, as food prices had all gone up. She told us that, as yet, no wounded had come to their hospital from Verdun.

In the afternoon Bill and I escaped from the sad modern world by touristing on Montmartre. A glimpse of the towers of Sacré Coeur, rising with a touch of a facry through the mist, suggested this holiday. We walk for a long time, gradually going up and up until, after some difficulty, we find the funicular and ascend to the top. I am much impressed with the interior of Sacré Coeur. It is very fine, very imposing I think, with good modern stained glass. Bill tells me how, on Palm Sunday last, he and Bill Shepherd attended mass there and how from their height in a balcony, when the congregation, that crowded every inch of the huge floor space, began to weep, the drawn handkerchiefs, against the dense black of the unbroken crepe, was like the popping of corn

in a popper; and how afterwards, all broken up from the sight, they went to a cafe and cursed the Germans. Near is a small, a bare and a very, very old church which we enter. Then, walking about the summit of Montmartre which Bill calls the Greenwich Village of Paris. It is old and quaint in the real sense. We sit in a little Place, which has come down as the village green from immemorial times, and watch the neighborhood life --- two tiny boys playing cards in a doorway, a constant trickle of gossiping neighbors. Then to walk about the tiny summit. We try to find that bit of building in which Henry IV established the Belle Gabrielle, but are unsuccessful. However, it never makes any difference whether you find what you are looking for in these parts. You'll find something else quite as good, if not better. In fact, it is almost an embarrassment to get what you want. We come across an amusing modern studio on the borders of the lovely, limited summit of the butte and realize that it is only a question of time now before all the quaint, out-of plumb, tipping-over-forward, discolored, dirty, inconvenient old loveliness will be gone forever.

The view over Paris is blanketed with a thick mist, but occasional church spires afar come through and big dark shapes near loom up. It must be wonderful with half a chance at clearness. It is not so dark, however, but that I see plainly two biplanes, the great birds of Mrs. Hopper's little son's content, like dragonflies, sailing and dipping, then soaring afar up and off. The

last flying I saw, alas and alack, was in San Francisco, when the gay, young Art Smith wrote goodbye in colors above the Tower of Jewels of the Panama Exposition of 1915. And afterwards, an enormous, though utterly orderly and completely saddened San Francisco crowd, walked back to their homes.

Rain came and we taxi home. A bath and a nap. And then out to L'Escargot where we pain the waiter so much by demanding our salad with our fish that, for the rest of the evening, he serves us more in sorrow than in anger. He gently but firmly points out to us that this is not done and in the end it isn't done; we haven't the courage to demand it. Six snails begin my vulgar American choice of food. Sole follows and such sole; haricots verts; then, the cause of embarrassment, a salad of chicory; then a cherry pie; vin Modoc; and for Bill cafe.

Near us sit two officers;one of the French Navy and the other of the Army, exchanging experiences with an interest so passionate that it brings their faces close and --- to them --- renders the rest of the room invisible. Not once, during that whole evening, did they look up. Opposite, a tall, pale, fair woman with long hands, reddened, as are all the hands of this land of hard water and cold rooms, but very beautiful as though the skin were pink velvet. She astonishes me by drinking the melted-butter sauce from the snail-shells. Near a pim little creature, whom I could place in no social stratum, ordered a most frugal dinner of potatoes and chocolate pudding. And in one corner, a French woman, dark,

handsome, with a pronounced douvet, so vivacious that I can scarcely take my eyes off her. And in the other corner, two prostitutes --- from whom the make-up could be shoveled --- prosperous, apparently; for they ordered a many-coursed dinner, including champagne. Yet those two men glanced not once at any of these women.

Bill tells me that the rumor is that the Government has just taken all the prostitutes in Paris up to the line. The young to perform their immemorial function; the old to wash bandages; also that Julian's studio is more crowded in war even than in peace because many middle-aged Frenchmen, unable to endure the oppression of complete idleness, have turned to art. There is a retired butcher among them --- what a Gallic proceeding! Someone tells us that the trenches are so overrun with rats that in Paris they are training dogs especially to catch them.

February 29, Tuesday

Writing letters all the morning and at my diary. Just as we start out for dejeuner, il fait la pluie, so we lunch indoors much to my discontent.

The papers give the news that, this day, Henry James has died in England. Once that would have been a terrible blow to me. But now, surrounded by death, I think only that he is more than seventy and has lived a long and successful life. I would hate to die myself though, without knowing how this war is going to end.

Bill off on two expeditions. Come back at noon with the information that a Frenchman, on a business mission, delivering a speech

in the United States, said that if American manufacturers of machinery wished to keep the French trade, they must make machines, smaller, lighter and with an easier leverage, as in the future women must do this work. Also a letter from a French officer who tells about a retreat from the first two trenches at Verdun. In his trench only four were left of forty. The Germans came on in masses and the French machine guns mowed them down until even he could scarcely bear the havoc. This letter seems to confirm the rumor that there is a company of Brandenburgers --- the Berserkers among the Prussians, Bill calls them --- caught in the fort at Dougumont. They are surrounded by Frenchmen who will ultimately starve them out.

Later more news about the artist canteens, amusing some of it. The wives refuse to sit down with the models. The war has worked curious hardships on people formerly with good incomes. Some of them have suffered more than the workers. The law, passed early in the war, which declared that nobody should be compelled to pay rents until after the war was over, has of course limited, or even eliminated, the incomes of those who live by rents. Very well-to-do people --- people who get no returns from investments of various kinds --- are actually asking for work. On the other hand, those working women of France, who never really got any money from their husbands, have now their sure franc-and-a-half a day as soldiers' wives. For them, there are many chances to work and all kinds of municipal easements.

In the evening to Baty's for dinner; crowded, one small room filled with a table of soldiers and with prostitutes who resemble nothing human that I have ever seen. Great, coarse, blowsy creatures with whitely-plastered skins and blackened eyes, who looked, now like bedraggled actresses; now like circus performers; now like clowns. We get very bad service. Why, I don't know. We sit at a table with men who are well taken care of. However they know each other and are undoubtedly regular clients. One wears the Legion d' honneur bow in his buttonhole. Their talk is very gay, comradely and vivacious, but of course it is like so much Greek to me. Presently there come from the inner room two girls. And then again --- somehow --- I get the impression of France in tears. One is tall, white, slenderly but beautifully carved, with deep shadows under her eyes. A soldier follows them. He produces a letter. It goes the round of the circle. It is read and commented on. We catch a glimpse of that letter, an official title. The tall, pale girl's voice breaks in a way that strangely recalls something --- Bernhardt's voice in misery --- I hear her say again and again, "C'est la guerre". I wonder what is in that letter. But though I can guess, I shall never know.

Afterwards to the Dome whence come Mr. and Mrs. Wythe Williams, bringing the Miss Sullivan who will, if the fates approve, become my secretary. She is a tall, Irish girl, speaking exquisite French. She is suffering with an atrocious cold, but in spite of it, manages to be charming, which is some social feat. They point out some of

the characters of the Quarter to us; one, a poet, who is so at odds with his brother that they never speak. The two men often sit at adjoining tables but they never seem to see each other. One of them is a failure and a sponge, a typical Quartier product. Once, when both brothers were present at the Dome, the ne'er-do-well approached Mr. Williams and said, "Say, do you know my brother well enough to borrow five francs off him?"

Later comes the tall, beautiful blonde, English girl whom we saw here the other night. This time a young English officer accompanies her. Bill points out to me that his bearing is about as military as a priest's would be; a result of the English system of shoving ahead boys of the gentlemen class --- so dire is the need of officers. Mr. Williams confirms the Douaumont story and adds that there are one hundred and seventy five thousand German losses. The tension in Paris is relaxing. He also adds to my conviction --- I get it everywhere in Paris --- a feeling that the end of war is near. He looks for the finish in the fall. He says that no wounded have come to Paris from Verdun, that the authorities keep the blesses away from Paris as much as possible. The effect on morale of seeing so many wounded is bad. Besides they have to keep Paris clear in case of sudden need. Bill says they maintain the same policy in Berlin.

Home by the Nord Sud Underground which, unlike most subways, I liked --- it is so light and airy. And when along come gaily-painted, glass-sided French cars, looking as though they were

part of a Winter Garden production, that pleasant impression was increased. At the ticket office, a girl sold us a ticket. Below, at wickets on either side of the track and gossiping volubly across it, sat a pair of women ticket-choppers. When the train stopped, a woman conductor waved efficiently ahead to the one who should start it. Above ground again at the Place de la Concorde and a walk from there to the Hotel Normandy through a dark, dreary, desolate night Paris. A few dull lighted [redacted] lamps here; a luminous kiosk there. And then suddenly appeared the gold statue of the girl, Jeanne d' Arc, galloping through the night with as much spirit as though she were on her way to Verdun.

March 1

A full and feverish day. Out first for a little walk with Bill to L'Epui des Artistes and then alone through the garden of the Louvre, the Tuileries, and the Champs Elysées as far as the Arc. A beautiful, rare sunny morning. At least sunny, in the French winter sense; a pale, silvery sunshine irradiating an atmosphere suffused with a pearly mist. I stopped to look at some things that I especially enjoyed; notably the statue of a tall, lithe marble girl with a star on her forehead, holding a mirror up --- to I know not what; the Strasburg Statue in the Place de la Concord, buried in mourning wreaths and bearing a bunch of faded, tattered flags; the lovely heiroglyphics of the obelisque reminding me --- as does the replica of Hadrian's Column which I see through a side street --- of my beloved Rome. There are a few well-dressed women on the

Champs Elysées; but none of them are really smart in the way of the old peace-time Paris. The splendid vistas have a solitary air.

In the afternoon, out on the Metro to the American Ambulance, Bill going with me as far as Neuilly and putting me into a cab. Neuilly is a sparkling suburb, if it be a suburb; a kind of irreducible-minimum Paris. The houses are all gray, gay-facaded. Presently we come into sight of a long, a very long, brick building, important-looking; lines of gray-covered auto-vans; ambulances, huge red crosses painted on their sides.

Inside, I asked for Mrs. Younger. A boy-scout, one of a group waiting there to take orders, goes in search of her. Waiting the long, long time that it takes to find her --- a period interrupted by his return with a nurse --- and followed by his further and more frenzied search, I watch a bewildering procession of people; visitors; physicians; assistants of all kinds and descriptions; blesses; regular nurses; and what I guessed at once to be auxilliary nurses, so pretty and young were they, so coquettish as to costume, so high-heeled as to white slippers, so picturesquely flowing or so piquantly close as to veil or cap. An impressive, be-furred lady, visitor murmurs something about the "duchess". For an instant that word dropped into all that confusion makes me feel a little like Alice in Wonderland; but it passes in and out of my hearing. Presently after many parleys with my poor boy-scout victim --- in which I am translated to him and he to me by still another charmingly courteous, French boy-scout --- Mrs. Younger appears. She conducts

me through miles of corridors, introduces me here, there and everywhere, popping me into one room where they are preparing bandages and where a group of veiled young girls made a kind of Botticelli group over machines of some curious sort. In the centre, a woman, working alone, does nothing but pull out the tangles of washed gauzes. At the back, a young French girl is making all kinds of leather frames to hold broken and fractured limbs. From there through various wards. The Ambulance has been evacuated during this battle more completely than at any other time since the opening of the war. At most they have had six hundred <u>blessés.</u> Today there are two hundred and sixty. Many of these were out in the grounds. I may have seen a hundred in all. The most crowded ward I entered had every other bed occupied. There, I must say, I received no sense of heartbreak. A victrola, in the middle of the room, was grinding out a gay French song and one of the wounded caroled gayly with it. Some read; others wrote. All seemed fairly well and comfortable too, in the clean, warm, light room with the little stands at the heads of their beds holding the things they might want. I carried from that room only the memory of one pair of eyes; big, wan, wearily intent in expression; the eyes of sickness and weakness.

And indeed I had received no great shock until passing through one of the corridors, I happened to glance into an embrasure. There were three people talking. My eye fell on a ---

Yes, it was a face.

The eyes in that face met mine and they seemed to say dumbly,

"You are a stranger. You have never seen me before. Tell me an I so horrible that the normal human being will not be able to look upon me without shuddering?"

I am certain that I did not wince or I feel sure quiver, that I removed my gaze naturally, although immediately.

The mouth in that face was one hole, the eyes another pair of holes; the nose a huge bunch of flesh; both as obviously shaped by human hands as though it had been one of the monstrous masks of carnival time. Then I began to see them everywhere; human gargoyles; faces screwed all out of normality; faces moulded to forms subtly monstrous; faces with wounds that made great purple and wealed caverns in their contours. Once, wheeling himself in a chair, we came across a stump of a man with both legs gone at the thigh.

We went into the ward of the Baroness. I have forgotten her name. A beautiful, young American girl married, just before the war broke out, to a French officer. He was mobilized at once of course and she has seen him just three times since; intervals of five days each; a new and different man, she says, every time he comes from the trenches. The Baroness is living all this time, Mme. Younger tells me, with her French mother-in-law who, in addition to being the kind of dictator which French family life permits, is a trouble-maker. Of this girl's youth, Mme Younger tells a very pretty story. She was one of two sisters who were the daughters of a blind mother. They had been wealthy but somehow lost most of

their money. By an eternal system of pretence they managed to keep that fact from the blind mother until she died. She is very pretty; hazel-eyed, gold-haired; blonde with an infusion in her white skin, not of brown, but of shadow; one big brown mole near her mouth; a slender charming figure.

One of her patients has a wounded leg. It has been constantly infected and for some medical reason, it has been held out of bed, suspended over an electric light for nine months. The poor heel, of an unnatural purply color and of an unnatural papery texture, is kept bare. I asked her if he did not often lose heart, and what she said to him then. "I begin to complain myself," she answered. "Do you suppose I like this," I say. "A bride separated from her husband for nearly two years and seeing him only for a few days once in a great while?" She smiled a little. "That always silences him." This patient's leg is still the size of two, but much better. She told us that she had been present at many operations, including one of the dreadful jaw cases. She said that at her first operation, she managed to keep herself from fainting, partly because she knew the doctors and nurses were watching her. She did it by swallowing hard, "Just as I did when I was married." She said that after the Marne, the wounded poured in (to the hospital) in such numbers, that often they died in her arms before she could do anything for them.

That afternoon, the Ambulance was doubly denuded because all the nurses were absent. One of them was being decorated. The

Duchess of V. (that explains the allusion to the "duchess" that I heard in the waiting room) was among those who witnessed the occasion. The nurse had saved the life of a French soldier. Of course many have done that, but this was under peculiarly different conditions. He was one of the terrible jaw cases and his wound became infected. Nursing such a patient was especially demanding and revolting. This nurse shut herself in a room with him for six weeks. She herself became infected, was so ill that, for two weeks, the physicians despaired of her life. But she saved him and survived it all herself.

All this came out in our walks through the corridor and down to the tea-room where we have tea. Mme. Younger tells me of a letter, sent by a French officer to his wife. It said that, at Verdun, the very rivers ran blood and that the snow was actually crimson. I came home alone in great trepidation, for I have a genius for going wrong in new neighborhoods, but arrived safely.

Bill has, in the meantime, found Mme. Algi and has made a dinner engagement for us with her. I bathe and nap and dress and then, over by horse-taxi, to Rue Jacob. Mme. Algi has a charming apartment --- the only rooms I see, her livingroom and dining, room. The livingroom is bare but for a few really fine things; a big table piled with papers; a big shelf piled with books; a coal fire smouldering hot; candles in huge silver candlesticks. Over the mantel is a futurist portrait of her, very interesting, looking out of a window onto a pile of buildings that made me

think somehow of the hanging gardens of Babylon. A delicious dinner, very simple, served by her maid, Dolores, a pretty Basque girl, in a diningroom decorated only by a huge frieze of beautiful red-skinned nudes. Afterwards to the drawing-room for talk.

Mme. Algi, whom I had twice met in New York, was born Marie Louise Gibson. On her first marriage, she became Marie Louise Goetchius; on her second marriage, Marie Louise Van Saanen Algi. (NOTE: Later, first as Marice Hale, then as Rutledge Hale, she was to write much interesing fiction. On her third marriage, she became Mrs. Gardiner Hale; on her fourth, Madame Obri (?)

Mme. Algi has changed a little. She is stouter and she has cut her hair in the familiar Greenwich Village style. She wears it combed straight back from her forehead. Perhaps her face has lost one kind of beauty; but it has gained another --- strength. She wore a most interesting gown; a gold-embroidered, rounded, coat-like top that sweeps above two ruffles of black silk, which form the skirt; sweeps close with an effect of confining the figure, although, in front, it leaves an open square neck, [redacted] with an effect of pinning down the arms, although they are bare from the elbow. She talks with much vivacity and a great many graceful gestures of her beautiful, large hands. She has a mannerism of throwing her head up and, thus, sending her thick hair flying backwards. Count Algi has gone back to Roumand and she is alone in Paris. She expresses herself as "wild" to get back to America and as "crazy" to get back to writing. A feminist. There was a copy of <u>The Masses</u> on her table. She tells me the story of her struggle in starting the <u>Appui des Artistes</u> and of keeping it going.

Three women started it, a sculptor, Enid Yandell, among them. At first Madame Algi called in some French women to assist. They had never worked with other women and had no idea how to co-operate. She found that they expected to run the whole thing, themselves, that they were domineering and intriguing. Finally she dismissed them all. Then came a flood of anonymous letters. She was followed everywhere. Whenever she got into a taxi, a man always stepped up to the cocher; asked the address that she had given. The rumor flashed about that she was a spy. She had to fight this unvoiced accusation for months. All this was mixed up with extraordinary accounts of the early trips of the Three Musketeers into Belgium! for she also belonged to the Appui des Belges, of bringing the soldiers a Christmas-van, full of comforts --- cigarettes, pudding, candy, even holly and mistletoe. Also there came out of her talk a description of the trip she made to Roumania when she left America the last time; of being at Bucharest when peace came and the peace-treaty was made. Most amusing of all perhaps was her experience of being smuggled into the chapel where the peace was to be concluded. A huge, black, hearse-like carriage of the family of her husband --- Count Algi --- started by some mistake an hour ahead and drove over the route, subsequently to be followed by royalty, between lines of waiting subjects, and drew up with a flourish in front of the chapel where stood the priests in their golden robes, the nobles, soldiery, reporters; cameras, moving-picture machines and crowds

of people. A general recognized her and summoned came running to the carriage and with great embarrassment helped her out, led her into the crowd, whispering admonitions all the time to be quiet; and then hid her behind a pillar in the chapel.

She tells us one story of a French artist, who, married to a wife he did not love, takes a mistress whom he does love. He enters into an agreement by which he lives six months with each woman. He is mobolized. The Government pays the regular wife her franc-and-a-half a day and the Appui pays the irregular one her franc-and-a-half a day. She illustrated the artistic temperament by another story which entertained us both. An artist returned from the war, reforme, with some wonderful sketches, but no money and almost starving. Mme. Algi flies about all over Paris and finally coaxes a rich American to buy the sketches, sight unseen. But when she announces this to the artist, he states blandly that he has just decided to present them all to his cher maitre.

One of those pictures, Mme. Algi said, showed an actual episode. The background is the steps of a cathedral in a little French town. Lying on the steps is a woman (this happened to the wife of the Mayor) ravished; a few shreds of chemise hanging from her shoulders. Near her are two French soldiers on their knees, aiming at two fleeing Germans.

Many artists are really dying of cold and hunger and yet will not accept what looks like charity. The wife of one goes about peddling her husband's work because he has no shoes. There are

five of these canteens now and soon there will be six. They are like clubs really. For an infinitesimal sum, artists, their wives and their models, can eat there. She says there is really no feministic feeling in France, that French women cannot cooperate, that they distrust each other too much to work together. She attended one suffrage meeting but it seemed to be composed all of women hating each other.

March 2nd. Thursday

Indoors all the morning dictating Law and Order to Miss Sullivan. Dejeuner with Mrs. Younger at the Japanese Umbrella; a little pseudo-oriental restaurant, manned by little French waitresses in Chinese clothes (unmistakably designed in Paris) where we have some American cooking; creamed chicken and lemon pie. Mrs. Younger tells me an amusing episode which happened in an American city during the war. A German musican advertised a concert of Beethoven. Dr. and Mrs. Younger went. The final number was the Kaisermarche. Mrs. Younger feeling that it would be a violation of neutrality, left just before this number, gathering such friends as she could on her progress through the room. Later she hears that he gave the concert again ending also with the Kaisermarche. When the conductor raised his baton for that final number, however, the musicians played the Marseillaise. Mrs. Younger told this story all over Paris, told it to everybody she knew, hoping that it would get to the French. One day she found

it in one of the Paris papers.

She divides the Americans who come to Paris into four classes; the old colony who have been there thirty or forty years and who have intermarried with the French; the people who come to educate their children and stay any length of time up to ten years; the students; the transient tourists.

Home and a nap. Up again to dinner with the Coreys as our guests at Le Clou. A very bad dinner and we decide never to go there again. Mr. Corey tells us that the Germans had, in the Verdun campaign, twenty thousand guns trained on twenty miles of front, half of them trained on one mile. He draws a picture on the cloth --- "Cafe strategists", Bill dubs the party --- of the Douaumont situation as he understands it. The ravine leading up to the fort is filled with bodies both of French and Germans. He said that the Brandenburgers charged Douaumont twenty times. He said that there had been much hand-to-hand fighting in this war, that the French officers carried bags of bombs --- and daggers. Daggers, because it has been discovered that when they get close, soldiers seem to go crazy. They often try to fire unloaded guns. He says there are already twelve thousand French dead in the Verdun advance and as many Germans.

Mr. Corey tells us the story of a little French girl, staying on to nurse her crippled brother in a French village, from which all the inhabitants had retreated before the German advance. There was a secret chamber in their house and she drags him into it, keeps him there in safety until the German retreat.

And he tells us of a group of twenty-three East Prussian women whom he saw when he was with the Germans early in the war, waiting to give their depositions in regard to the outrages inflicted on them by the Russians. In their first advance on East Prussia, the Russians committed no atrocities. But between the first and the second advance occured the horrible episode of the Masurian Lakes. When the Russians came through the second time, they showed no mercy. In that village Mr. Corey said, there had been eighty-five women violated. It had been calculated that out of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, one thousand women had been raped. One woman with a three days old baby was outraged seven times. He told us that, from this group of twenty-three women, an old woman detached herself, got down on her knees before him, muzzling his hand like a dog and weeping over it. Finally she brought her daughter to him and tried to make her tell Mr. Corey her story. She pulled the girl about, alternately upbraiding her and exhorting her. But the girl just stared stonily ahead, unheeding, apparently lost to feeling or to thought.

He tells one story that has haunted me ever since. An old married pair, who though West Prussians had lived at one time in Russia, dwelt in a certain West Prussian village. The first times the Russians came through, nothing happened. The second time, the villagers, expecting no mercy, retreated before them --- all except this old couple. The old man had left the house for some reason when the Russians appeared. When he returned he found his wife, ravished, still suspended from the rope with which they

hanged her. This atrocious episode occurred in the cellar. The old man went mad. When Mr. Corey passed the house, he could hear inside the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of the old man, keeping his insane vigil within.

Bill tells me that Labe Young says that a Belgian priest told him that there were thirty pregnant nuns in his parish.

March 3rd

Miss Sullivan again in the morning. Dejeuner through a thick fog that looks like a New England thunderstorm and puts a wonderful brassy light on everything. To the Hotel Selecte, Place de Sorbonne where with Mrs. Hopper to the Cafe Medici, opposite the Luxembourg Gardens for luncheon. Mrs. Hopper labors under the impression that the fog is caused by smoke of battle. But Bill tells her that, with modern fighting, the smoke is no thicker than that of a brush-wood fire. She tells us stories of experiences with German spies before the war. They lived in pensions, admitting in the most business-like way to the French people that they were here to study conditions in France, they prophesied that a great war was coming.

Home and to bed for a long nap. Up at seven and with the American Ambassador and Mrs. Sharp to dine --- en famille. Mr. Sharp is a typical American business man with an alert air of success, midle-aged and white-haired. Mrs. Sharp is stout, dark, matronly, extremely pleasant-looking, very chatty. She wears a very pretty, quiet

evening gown of black. She entertains me charmingly, when after dinner Bill and Mr. Sharp have a long talk. Their three children are at dinner with us; a little girl and two little boys, the latter full of the war. The older is remarkably well informed. He tells us, apropos of uniforms, an amusing story about the Chausseurs Alpins. The rumor gets about that their uniform --- of a very shootable color --- was to be changed. Whereupon they protest that they will not submit to such a ruling because, they said, if the Germans were to see them in their familiar colors, they would be so frightened that they would run away. They actually carried their point.

The little girl, slender, dark-eyed, Whistlerian, is charming. "Do you like France better than America?" I asked her. "Oh no," she answers in a little, soft, sad voice. "Would you like to go back to America?" "Oh yes." The poignancy of her tone is astonishing in a child.

A very simple dinner, two men servants. A wonderful big house. On the first floor a huge entrance hall; square, high. On one side is a little livingroom, from which one can enter a garden at the back. On the other side is Mr. Sharp's office, Mrs. Sharp's office and the music room of their grown-up daughter. Upstairs another big square hall; at the right two salons, one small and one large; at the left a diningroom and a smaller livingroom. (I did not go above this floor.)

The house has been built only fifteen years, although it seems much older to me. There are many paintings; a beautiful portrait

by Lawrence, The Gentleman of Kemble; a lovely Greuze. One of the family portraits showed a young woman who, Mrs. Sharp told me, was an intimate of the Empress Eugenie; thin, long-nosed with puffs of brown hair, wearing a white dress and a red shawl. Later, downstairs, Mrs. Sharp shows me a picture of this same woman, when she is old, wearing the same red shawl, the same puffs of hair --- only now they are white. It was curious to see how immeasurably the face had grown in character and how little it had lost in beauty, although so different a face. How curious to live in a house with a picture of one's youth and one's age! There is another painting which I like very much; an actress of two centuries ago, La Clairion in The Chinese Orphan, in a wonderful gown and jacket, embroidered in gold; a cap set on one side of her head also embroidered with gold. The cap was wound with pearls which, together with its gold streamers, are twined in with the braid which hangs over her shoulder. She was a comedienne whose methods are still in vogue on the French stage.

The house is charming and charmingly furnished. Some of the walls are of gray wood trimmed with gold vines; others are of silk. In one room are Louis Something chairs with illustrations from the Fables of Fontaine in their tapestry. I remember now only two tiny, slender, filligree-like statuettes, a male and a female figure, in white marble; two bronze pitchers just alike --- a little Psyche-like figure, who gazes into the bowl of the pitcher,, forming the handle; tables holding little boxes and beautiful

fans; a Rubens, a cherub by Wood; a picture of the owner's mother-in-law, of whom I remember nothing except that she is lady-in-waiting at the court of the Prince of Monaco. I do remember very well though a miniature lying on a table; --- a portrait of such a lovely creature; of such an innocent, tender, girl face. But, somehow, the thing that pleased me most about the whole establishment was that they could light with electricity their beautiful big garden from the livingroom. Of course I did not see this. In these days of air-raids such a thing would not be possible.

Mrs. Sharp tells me of a French woman of the nobility who had one son in the army and a husband who was ill. The husband died and on the day of his death comes the news that her son has died of a wound at the front. The son asked to be buried with his comrades up there and so, though there was a double funeral in Paris, one coffin was empty.

She interests me very much by a description of the housekeeping system here. It is impossible for the mistress of the house to order her own provisions. That is all done by the servants and they get a rake-off of five percent. She gives me some entertaining data about the exclusiveness of the French family, that ferme', family life which they so hate to open to strangers. One Frenchwoman told Mrs. Sharp that she will not even permit her child's governess to stay in the home --- although that governess had been her governess before she had been theirs --- because she cannot bring herself to share her

family life with an outsider.

While I was taking my nap, a woman-friend called and Bill had a talk with her before I waked up. She told him that friends among the French officers said that the snow, which so helped to balk that Zeppelin which was brought down the night before we arrived, was providential. The object of that Zeppelin raid was to destroy the train-shed, which has only a single track. She gave me some figures about the advance of foodstuffs. Eggs, formerly five cents apiece, at the very very highest, are now six and seven cents a piece always. Coal is thirty-seven dollars a ton. Milk and bread are also higher. At the beginning of the war, the restaurants were better than in peace because so much fine hot-house fruit and vegetables came on the market cheap. But now they too have deteriorated all along the line. Mrs. Sharp told me that one of the minor discomforts of war was the inadequacy of pins, both common pins and safety pins.

In France now --- and in Germany as well --- lads of seventeen are being called to the colors. Every year brings nine hundred thousand mobolized youths fresh to the service.

A friend tells us that the French are perfecting an asphyxiating bomb. He says that the Germans are favored by the wind. The prevailing wind is a north wind and that of course helps them in this matter of gas. The south wind, which favors the French, brings rain. He says that a man must have an unusually strong pair of lungs to endure a gas mask, that sometimes soldiers are so tortured, by their sense of suffocation, that they tear them off and die.

He told us of a French officer who got into an altercation with a taxi driver. The driver called him a boche and the officer immediately had him arrested. And Phil Simms tells a story of an amusing encounter he had with a cocher of one of the public carriages. The man had over-charged him. He made some ,long-drawn-out ,voluable explanation of why he put on the extra charge. Simms realizing perfectly that he was being swindled exclaimed "Oh bosh!" and the driver came at him with his whip.

I asked him about the rats in the trenches. He said the story is that the French soldiers take their cats and dogs to bed with them to save them from being eaten by the rats.

While Miss Sullivan and I were working this morning, there came the sound suddenly of a terrific explosion. We stopped for a moment, petrified with terror. But nothing happens and we go on with our work. Just now, Louise, the chambermaid, tells us that it was the explosion of a munition factory at St. Denis.

Miss Sullivan tells me that, never in her life, has she known anything like the exaltation that characterized France for three months after the beginning of the war. That exaltation was shared by the whole people. They walked on air. They had but one thought --- to save France.

She tells me also that lately the midinettes, the little dressmaker apprentices, attempted a strike, but it was unsuccessful. Their salaries were cut at the beginning of the war and they endured that without a murmur. But now that the American trade is coming back, they are clamoring for a raise.

Henry James is dead. Mounet-Sully is dead. Carmen Sylva is dead.

March 4th, Saturday.

Miss Sullivan here for a little while and then to lunch at Paillard's with Daisy's friend, Miss M. and her friends Mrs. Chadbourne (sister to Charles Crane) and a Miss Ellen La Motte. Mrs. Chadbourne is very beautiful, I think, in a slightly-faded, etiolated way. She is of what is called, "an uncertain age" and she has a low, rather monotonous voice. She wore an extraordinary necklace of gold suspending a huge hexagonal, translucent green stone. In her smart cossack-like, black-furred cap was another huge, hexagonal translucent green stone. She told me they were East Indian emeralds --- flawed; she has six of them. Miss La Motte is dark, tall, big, simply dressed in the plainest of suits, very vigorous in her speech and in her movements.

Much talk of course about the war and all extremely interesting, intelligent and informed. Miss La Motte has been for a long time nurse in a military hospital, close to the line. She was under bombardment in Dunkerque. I think a bombardment would affect me exactly as she described the way it affected her. She was walking in the street with a friend when suddenly the shells began to fall. There had been placed, at intervals, in the city, signs that indicated to the pedestrian where to seek refuge in case of shelling. But at that moment, they could find no such sign. "I never was in a position," she said, "when any previous experience or any previous

training was of so little use. There was no reason why I should take refuge here, there, yonder or anywhere. I might just as well stand still. It was all a chance. And yet such a driving instinct to run somewhere and such an over-powering sense of terror!"

This story about the Germans. Eight of them captured a French woman. They confined her in a kind of pig sty to which food was conveyed to her by means of an opening in the wall. Then eight visited her daily for twenty-five days.

Mrs. Chadbourne tells me that she has been visiting a maternity hospital of Paris. Their methods are very different from ours, peculiarly Gallic in fact. They do not wash the new-born babies --- just rub them with oil. In fact they are not bathed at all until the mother leaves the hospital and bathes them herself.

March 5th. Sunday.

All the morning, I spent correcting The Crater. We go for dejeuner to a little restaurant where we have an adequate meal. At one table, accompanied by a boy of about eight years, sits a young mother. She looks so much like the Ethel Barrymore of the Captain Jinks period that it is positively startling. I notice that she pours out quite as large a glass of beer for her son as for herself. Near also a poilu on permission, dining with his sweetheart. He all but eats her up before our eyes --- and I don't wonder. She is a swift, vigorous creature, her white teeth flashing, her dark eyes sparkling as, between dreamy-orbed love-cooings, she examines us coolly and critically.

Afterwards to the Hotel des Invalides where, curiously enough

for the first time, Bill sees the tomb of the great Napoleon, and --- incidentally --- is not at all impressed with it. A huge crowd there; all black, as usual, as to women and all colorful, as usual, as to men. They are very quiet and orderly but intensely interested. Bill takes me about among the German guns, captured in this war, and explains them all carefully to me. It was a terrific, a connotative sight, that mob, immobile, exiled and broken, of enemy guns. After a while into the Museum, but the place is so crowded that we find it impossible to get near anything.

On our way home, we stop at the Hotel Regina to call on the Harrises. We sit in the warm foyer of the comparatively bright and gay-looking hotel, talk with our hosts and a Miss H. from Atlanta who presently called. All about the war of course. Miss H., who is connected with some appui or ouvroir, tells us of all kinds of inappropriate misfits and malapropo cast-offs that thoughtless people are sending from America; delicate evening gowns and delicate evening slippers; great cases of shoes all rights or all lefts. One collection of top hats seemed so impossible that they put them on a shelf, just to get them out of the way. A woman superintendent of a French almshouse, coming in for supplies, spied them and asked if she could have them. They answered that they would gladly give them to her but they did want to ask what could she possibly do with them. She answered that there was only one top hat in her almshouse and the old men inmates took turns in wearing it to funerals. This consignment would mean enough top-hats to go around --- and great rejoicing among her aged paupers.

Mrs. Harris has a filleul. She wrote him once, asking him what he would like for the monthly gift which the god-mother must give her filleul. He replied, "Well Madame, since you ask me, I will tell you frankly --- an undershirt and a pair of drawers." His letter was so charmingly gallant however that Mrs. Harris re-read hers to see if, unwitting, she had written too indiscreetly. Miss H.'s experience was not so pretty. In collaboration with a group of men, she sent her filleul a wonderful bag of comforts, including a thick sweater. His answer was an abrupt, "Don't waste your money on these things. Send me money." Miss Harris's work is at a hostelry in the Quartier, among foreign, girl art-students, unable to get home because of the war, stranded without money and their allowances cut off. They endure terrific hardships. Some of them live on a franc a day in rooms, unlighted and unheated which have been donated to them. Some break the ice in their water pitchers daily to wash their faces. One gifted Greek girl-painter has been unable to hold her palette, her hands are so covered with chilblains. This is terrific of course. But really, I suppose, it is not so bad as it seems --- to youth. Some day they will tell of all these hardships as though they enjoyed them. My mind went back to my first trip to Paris in 1907 and my visit with Gelett Burgess to the little cold studio of the painter Harbin. He was cold and hungry through choice. He would rather be cold and hungry and paint the things he wanted to paint, then be prosperous and do the things he did not respect. I wonder where he is now.

War could bring him hardship, no more than prison could bring it to Andrew Furuseth.

Dinner with Mme. Algi and Gardner Hale at the Medici. Mme. Algi tells us of a model who committed suicide, leaving a note which said, "I die because I am bored with this eternal war." She told us more about the canteens. He said painters or their wives frequently refused to sit at tables with models. Unexpectedly Gardner Hale said that he could understand that. He said that many models were too inclined to adopt a sentimental or a bon camaraderie attitude that is fatal to work. If you become too friendly with them, at this period, you can never get any serious work from them. Mme. Algi tells us that some of the painters are so proud that, not only would they not accept canteen charity, but even asserted that they were going to hire an atelier and give an exhibition. They would not let anybody suspect they were broke for fear that it would ruin them forever. Gardner tells us some of the difficulties of young French authors in getting started. They must attach themselves to a school or a maître, just as deliberately and definitely, as a young painter must. When finally they have written a book worthy of publication, the maître consents to put his name to it, although he has not written a word. It is published and the young author is launched.

March 6th, Monday.

My first letter from Maude and Phyllis today. News of Phyllis presiding at a concert in school. Mrs. S. calls and takes Bill

away to lunch. Later comes Mrs. Sharp with a limuosine and we go for a long ride in the Park. The Bois is beautiful --- have never realized quite how beautiful. The delicate, slim-limbed trees, typical of France, in their frailty and fragility, are as smoothly sheathed with green moss as though they were riding habits. Among them, many white birches, unfamiliarly greened-over too, and many sycamores, also thickly spotted with moss. The trunks of some bear cascades of fine vine. In the branches of others are caught great round, ebon tangles of mistletoe. Green grass and budding shrubbery everywhere. We come upon the Seine, now sinking, though still at a high level, about the trunks of the trees. We come upon little, shining, pewter-smooth and pewter-polished ponds with swans, luminous as silver, floating upon them; white swans and black swans; white swans with black necks and red bills. We come upon ravens. We come upon a group of deer within a stone's throw, silent and, though unconfined, perfectly still, utterly regardless of our automobile; the lovely dappled deer of which I am so fond. And always we come across people; old couples wandering over the pulpy mossy ground, seeking I cannot guess what; mothers with children; nurses with babies; lovers. Everywhere peace and tranquility; domestic love; orderliness and system and quiet, everything that French family life stands for. But above, whirling in the liquid sky of Paris a biplane --- for protection I suppose --- and beyond, stationery, a dirigible --- for spying purposes, I surmise. Once we catch a glimpse of air St. Cloud riding high in the diaphonous

distance. We see the dairy of Marie Antoinette. We pass Longchamps. Mrs. Sharp tells me a story of the jinkle-tree and for the first time in my life, I identify the tree on the Boston Common that I so loved when I was a child. That Boston tree was brought by a Dr. Green from England where it is called the Salisbury tree, because it was first introduced to England from Japan by Lord Salisbury.

Mrs. Sharp telling me some of the difficulties of knowing the French people socially, described with what trepidation she gave a little birthday party of six girls for her daughter. You must be very careful what French you introduce to other French. She says that French girls make one or two girl friends and keep up their friendship with them all their lives, apparently not caring to know anybody else. She tells me that, by temperament and experience however, she is rather fitted for her difficult job; she really enjoys it. In the first place she enjoys meeting people and many of them. In her childhood, her father was always unexpectedly bringing people home to luncheon or to dinner. Her years in Washington, as the wife of a senator, of course developed this quality. She has had the experience of filling up seven rooms of her house with delegations of people all waiting for an audience with her husband, but so irremediably hostile that they must be kept apart.

Baxter --- her third son, a lad of about ten --- accompanies us. I fall in love with Baxter at once. We have a long talk. He has only one ambition in life --- to get back to America,

particularly to Illyria, the town in Ohio where he was born. He describes at great length the joys of the woods or Illyria; caves and pools and high rocks; the nameless and indescribable perils he encountered there. It was the sort of thing that would have shocked correct English people --- I mean his entrance as a conversational equal, into the talk. But I found it most engaging and entertaining. It was all so boy and so American boy. He interrupted his mother and she interrupted him. But they listened to each other and back of their talk gleamed that real friendship which, over and above their natural love for each other, seems so often to exist between American parents and their children --- that sense of repect for each other's rights and opinions and desires.

Baxter has one French friend. Once he as we passed with him through the Place de la Concord, that friend remarked casually to Baxter that twelve his ancestors were gullotined there. Once, Mrs. Sharp described a quarrel which had occured the previous summer between Baxter and his friend. Baxter listened to it with a kind of quaint mortified enjoyment, the expression on his face seeming to say, "Was I ever so young and foolish!"

Later in the afternoon, Bill back from his luncheon, where he addressed some club or other. Then to the little Arenes de Lutetia, the tiny ancient Gallic ampitheatre which I have for so many years wanted to see. It is so late when we get there, it is closed; and so dark that, through the grating, we can distinguish little. But I see enough to know that I shall come back again.

In a taxi with a cocher who drives us around Robin Hood's barn --- and then tries to short-change Bill --- to the Cafe de la Paix where we dine. Our room to our great delight, gradually fills with beautiful females. We stay longer than we wish in consequence. Opposite a beautiful, soft-fleshed, English-chorus-girl-looking blonde to whom an engaging Belge, full of life and mischief, is making ardent and quite shameless love. In one corner a tall, svelte creature in lavender. In another corner a short, houri-eyed brunette, much bediamonded. And at our near right two cocottes; a blonde, tailored and rather smart in type; a brunette, creamy-skinned with a snub-nosed profile which is so correctly lined off that it has as much an effect of regularity as irregularity. Both these girls make eyes at a group of Belgian officers who sit at a nearby corner.

March 8th, Tuesday.

To lunch today with Lord Northcliffe at the Ritz. We were ushered first through a pair of adjoining rooms --- one of which, in terrific disorder, is the bedroom --- to a drawing-room where the table is set. Nothing that Bill has ever told or written me about Lord Northcliffe has given me any idea of his comeliness; the degree of his grace and charm. There is something almost Stuart-like about that charm, except that the Stuarts were --- all but Prince Charlie --- ugly-favored. Lord Northcliffe in a short, frogged velvet morning jacket, apparently fresh from the bath and his valet, looks about thirty-five. He is, Bill says, fifty-two;

fair, smooth-shaven and smooth-skinned, blue-eyed. He moves with an extraordinary, easy quiet grace. He speaks in a rather low voice. He gives me the impression of a very successful leading-man with none of the professional attributes. I mean by that every movement, though unstudied, is the right and graceful movement for that position and place.

When we sit down there is a little box at my plate. He asks me to open it. It proves to be a jeweller's box of white leather, gold-stamped. Inside is a brooch, very delicate, of gold and white enamel; many small diamonds; a sapphire in the center --- charming. It is his wedding present to me. While we sit there, in comes the foreign editor of the London Times; a French captain whom Lord Northcliffe begs to give Bill a chance to get to Verdun; another military person. They make an extraordinary group; Lord Northcliffe blonde, a little full-faced, comely, suave and polished; S. very distinguished-looking; pointed beard; one French officer, semi-blonde, charmingly courteous; the other dark and irregular featured; both Gallic to the last fibre; and Bill wholly American, all fire and light.

The talk brings out many things: that the slaughter of Germans at Verdun has appalled even experienced French officers; that the Germans come on in those immense charges doped with ether; that the soldiers of all countries are much tormented with rats, that volunteers in England now amount to three and a half million; that the English army will be in fighting trim by June. Somebody tells a story of a wounded French Turk who was sleeping in the same ward

with nine wounded Germans. One night he cuts their nine throats and boasts of it with great glee in the morning. He never could understand the horror which greeted this feat. "But you brought me here to kill them," he exclaimed naively.

From there to the American Clearing House where we meet a lot of people. Bill asks them what they want most from America. They answer <u>everything</u>. For now Serbian and Montenegrian refugees are pouring into France, adding their burden to hers. Italy refuses to take them.

To dinner with the Wythe Williams in the Rue Montparnasse. We cross the Seine --- where a young moon of an unparalleled beauty and closely accompanied by Jupiter, almost as beautiful --- is making marvel of the night. Bill makes me look at the crescent over my right shoulder and wish, without telling him what my wish is. A delicious dinner. Poor little Squidgie, the little son of the Williamses, is too ill to be seen. Mrs. Williams, looking like a child, in a little white silk frock, tiny white slippers and stockings, a gold fillet in her hair. Much interesting talk. Two stories illustrating the suspicions of the provincial. A friend of Mr. Williams wrote a fiction story in which he tells of a plan that the Germans had years ago of landing at the remote town in Normandy where he lived. Somehow this got out and he was spied on and bothered until the Foreign Office interfered. He told us some interesting stories of the last days of Oscar Wilde. Once at a party in a restaurant, at which Wilde was present, the conversation turned to ideas of heaven. Wilde said, "My idea of heaven is

a place far away, to which I shall be wafted on the wings of beautiful angels where, I should find in a room, exquisitely bound and printed, all the books I have conceived and never written." That is a wonderful idea, typical of a great artist of a really fecund creative imagination. When I, for instance, now think of the hundreds of novels I've planned, many that I have forgotten utterly, many others that have flashed into my mind for a second and then have gone forever, I also think how much I would like to find them somewhere, wonderfully worked out, exquisitely written, beautifully bound and perfectly printed.

Home through a Paris that seems somehow darker than ever from the loss of the new moon, but a beautiful Paris, tragically wrapped in the robes of an unmitigated night.

March 9th, Wednesday.

Up early and out to the Passy Cemetery to see the tomb of Marie Bashkirtseff. On the way, we pass a statue of George Washington, his sword waving, charging towards his friend, La Fayette. A little late we come on a statue of Benjamen Franklin, sitting calmly in the midst of all this war agony, meditating on --- lightning conductors I suppose. Bill raises his hat to each of them as we pass and I beg them both to consult with Joan of Arc and La Fayette to see if they can give some help at Verdun.

Baedecker says that Marie Bashkirtseff's tomb is in doubtful taste and he emits words of truth. It is a badly proportioned thing; too

tall, cheapish; architecturally a kind of spurious Egyptian. There is a grated opening with a glass door through which one can look. What has happened, we can't conjecture. But all the contents of the room have been pushed back, as though in fear of flood, or in preparation for moving. But as there are no moving-days in tombs, I must conclude that it is cleaning day. And, oh, that furniture! One [redacted]day it may be quaint --- but now; item, one prie-dieu; item, many plush chairs; item, one pale-blue, velvet hassock, shaped like a cheese box; item, loads of faded, giant-sized palms; item, one marble bust not particularly interesting; and then on, joy, item, one tiny picture in color of Marie, herself, framed in a quaint gold frame, the same lovely likeness which appears on the cover of the diary; her beautiful hands clasped beside her cheek. Mary McLane, who worshipped at the Bashkertseff shrine, had her picture taken in the same attitude, a conscious copy of course. It hangs, the picture of Mary McLane, in my house in Scituate, in a little quaint, old gold frame. I was interested to see this tomb, very interested indeed. For like most imaginative girls of my day, I lived, though surreptitiously, on Marie Bashkirtseff. And now little P.D. is living on her. Bill to the American Clearing House from there. I home. Later out for more touristing.

To the Parc Monceau which I love. A delicious artificiality, full of babies, bonnes and small children; the pretty, column-encircled pond as green and scummy and beautiful as ever. And not far off, one of his books in her down-dropped hand and thinking about

it hard, sits that charming, sculptured girl who is the memorial to Guy de Maupassant. From there to the Place des Trois Dumas, where we see a very beautiful monument to Dumas, Pere, with a bronze group at the front; a young girl reading aloud between --- oh such a handsome lad on one side and a soldierly-looking, older man on the other; at the back the thrilling bronze of D'Artagnan, sitting, a hand on his hip, one ruffled knee crossed on the other and his sword laid lightly over his lap --- a young girl's dream of a swashbuckler. The statue to Dumas, Fils has not yet been erected, but General Dumas whose statue was not there when I was in Paris before, is now in his appointed place; a magnificent figure, distinctly negroidal, splendid in the chest and legs.

From there to the American Church where, for over an hour, we talk with Dr. and Mrs. Watson. Dr. Watson a tall, slender, gray-haired, fine type, gives us more material than we can remember. And stories! One we enjoyed particularly. He had been distributing things sent from America for the peasants of rural France for many months. One day an old priest came to him, "I take care of seven parishes," he explained. "All the priests of the other six were young and were mobilized. I walk from parish to parish, as all the horses were commandeered. The harvest is ready now; but we have nobody except boys and old men to gather it. Can you do anything for us?" Dr. Watson told us that he made up his mind instantly what he was going to do. That morning a check

had come from America. It was large but not large enough. That afternoon, while he was walking, he met a rich American. He told the American the story. "How much more do you need?" the American asked. With the two checks Dr. Watson bought an American harvester machine and sent it to the priest. The peasants were astounded at the speed with which their harvest was done. They were full of wonder and gratitude. Later they needed a rooster for their hens. "Get us an American rooster!" they begged.

Dr. Watson's work is mainly among those French people who are too proud to ask for charity. There are many such, suffering agonies, afraid to let even the concierge guess. Some of these people go to bed at four. They have no heat and no candles. Mrs. Watson has an ouvroir which mainly distributes layettes. The French baby is wrapped in a blanket at first and for many days; so that, in addition to the many layette clothes which come from America, Mrs. Watson buys blankets and makes these first blanket garments. The peasant girl wears a chemise, a skirt, a short dressing-sack that is the blouse. She works and sleeps in the chemise. To them Mrs. Watson sends the cloth to make these things. To ladies of gentler habits, she sends daintier things, including always, when they can, the talcum powder which comes in such quantities from America. Every package that goes out bears a tiny American flag. They show us many interesting pictures and give us all of them we want. They read us many touching letters of thanks. The conversation wandered to the beauty of French family life and the

impossibility of strangers penetrating it. Mrs. Watson told of one occasion, a luncheon to which she was invited. There sat down at the table a grandmother and a small dozen of sons, daughters, daughters-in-law, sons-in law. "My children rejoice with me," the old grandmother said as she took her seat. "This is a fete day in my life. This is the first time a foreigner has ever sat at my table." Mrs. Watson offers me all kinds of opportunities to see ouvroirs, refugee Belges; et caetera She gives me a picture of some Belgian children in which there was one little dark-eyed girl, very gay and beautiful, looking like Daisy when she was a child. I chose the picture for that resemblance.

In the evening to the canteen --- L'Appui des Artistes --- on the butte of Montmartre with Marice and Gardner Hale. This is a really wonderful experience. I could not possibly tell now, how we got to the place; except that after leaving the Metro, we climbed many stairs; walked along a little narrow walled alley, turned into a tiny, pretty yard surrounded by quaint beauty, in the way of little low-leaning houses, very friendly under the stars, passed through still another gate and downstairs, striking on a lower level, another yard even tinier; then through darkness into a big crowded room where there were three long tables. On the walls are hung many unframed pictures and sketches. Seats have been reserved at one table for us and we dine there. All the people at our table are strange-looking; two strange-looking women and three strange-looking men. One of the men is a young poet, so hipped on Poe, they tell

me, that he believes himself to be actually haunted by Poe. He had a peculiarly-shaped, pale, dark, mediaeval face with hanging bushy hair. We talked with him of Poe and of Labor. The dinner --- it is Ash Wednesday --- of a delicious soup, one fried egg, baked apples, cheese, coffee, red wine, cider; and all the bread in the world. Bill tells some of his adventures in Belgium.

Afterwards, lighted by the cook who had come forward to meet us, we go into another canteen. This occupies the lower rooms of a studio building near the Cou-Cou, on the corner which was used for the back-drop view of Paris in the opera of Louise. It is a strange-looking building decorated in pseudo-Egyptian designs on the outside. The canteen was almost empty when we arrived. Later we go upstairs to a studio; a huge room, cold as ice, with a great window hanging over Paris. In peace times, they say it is the most wonderful night view anywhere in the city. It was a clear night, but we gazed out on only war darkness. Indeed but for our imaginations, the city would not have existed at all. Yet overhead swung Orion and the Pleiades. Thank God the Germans can not put them out. We examined the studio. I do not think such an extraordinary collection of things could exist anywhere, outside the property-room of a theatre. There were weapons of all kinds, especially swords and revolvers; uniforms and military caps of all descriptions; armor; two beautiful swinging signs of wrought iron --- signs that, as the Scituate auctioneer would say, "were not made yesterday" --- that the owner bought from a blacksmith; old boxes and a medley of bric-a-brac

impossible to characterize. And standing perturbingly about in corners, very natural-looking dummies; Japs in armor; Tommy Atkins laughing and Tommy Atkins sober. In looking at these things, inadvertently, I took the lamp from one corner to another. Whereupon Gardner Hale warned us not to move the lamp again as we might, thereby, bring trouble on our hosts. The police might decide that it looked like spy-signaling. Home by Metro.

March 9th, Thursday.

Indoors all day, writing letters and working at numberless small jobs. Late in the afternoon comes Gelett Burgess for a long talk and a gossip. Then out to the P.s in the Rue Franklin where for dinner, we meet a Mr. W. and Christabel Pankhurst. Miss Pankhurst is very pretty, slender and young-looking with her fresh, English complexion, delicately flaming, and her soft brown hair, delicately waving. Mrs. P. is French and charming; speaks a delightful English, just sufficiently broken, much gesture and much emphasis. Mr. P. is American in an uninteresting, dry unillumined way. Mr. W., though pleasant is negligible. A delightful household though; for there is a darling girl-baby, black-eyed and black-haired; a small, white, woolly pink-eyed French dog; cages of birds, including one parrot who talks and sings. He refused of course to talk or sing for company, but Mrs. P's imitation of him is enchanting enough. Later comes Mrs. P's uncle, a curé; most charming, genial, communicative and kind. He greets the American Mr. P. with kisses on both cheeks.

Mrs. P. tells lovely stories about him after he had left; his harmless but quite Gallic admiration of their maid (a "reduced" widow) his "tres chic!" of her new, gold, American spectacles.

Home, all four in the same taxi, after considerable difficulty in getting one.

This hotel filled up suddenly, this afternoon, with a group of Morrocan Arabs from the Fair at Lyons. Bill returning and finding them here, takes me down to see them; magnificent-looking creatures, brown-skinned but clean; sitting about in long white burnooses, white slippers and white turbans. It was a strange sensation to walk through them, two rows of silently-scornful, keenly-observant men. No one of whom moved to make way for me. Always I had to walk around them and I wanted to knock them down as I passed. It was as though a flock of cormorants had settled upon us.

March 10th, Friday.

At home all the morning, writing and in the evening to dinner chez Laperouse with the Youngers. Estelle Loomis sends me today a wedding gift; a rose and a rosebud made exquisitely of yellow silk deepening to flame. There is a beautiful and a tragic story about it. It is a replica of a rose which grows in the garden of a famous old chateau. The chatelaine lost both her husband and her son early in the war. She now gave her whole time to the duplication, in silk, of her [redacted] roses [redacted] She sells them for the benefit of the wounded. They are the most real-looking flowers I have ever seen.

They are made of a silk so soft that you can crush them, without injury to them, in your hands. The petals are seven times rolled. They will last a life time.

March 11th, Saturday.

All day getting our passports for Italy. It is incredible the number of steps we had to take. I enumerate them in the hope that future generations may see these words and pity me.

First of all, we went to the American Consul. He vised our passports.

Second, we went to the Prefecture of Police where we get a French passport for me, Bill already having one.

Third, we discover, in the midst of all this, that we must each get a permanent permis de sejour. We go upstairs, still at the Prefecture, to apply for our permis; return and receive my French passport.

Fourth, we go to the Foreign Office and get from the French a laisser-passer to Italy.

Fifth, we return to the Prefecture to get Bill's French passport vised.

Sixth, we go to the Italian Consul to get a laisser-passer to Italy from the Italians.

Seventh, we go to the Commissaire of Police to get a sauf-conduit to Lyons.

All this cost nearly thirty francs in fees; and Heaven alone knows

how much in taxicab hire, as we had to taxi everywhere. We talked to, I don't know how many functionaries and had, I cannot stop to retail them, numerous adventures. But there were two delicious episodes which I must not leave out. When we got to the Italian Consul, it was closing time; although we did not know this. The Italian Concierge tried to tell us, but of course we did not understand him. Finally he made a frantic pantomine --- it would have done justice to the greatest pantomine artist that ever lived --- of a key being turned in a lock. I grasped the idea immediately and we ran into the office just as they were closing the door. And at the Prefecture, the courteous gentleman who took down my answers to his million questions, lowered his voice to a whisper when he asked my age.

We missed our luncheon appointment with Bill's old friend Jaccaci, whom I have never met. In the evening with the Burgesses to dinner in a charming little cafe of the Quarter, so papered with pale blue plush and so inset with mirrors that, going into it, is like entering a jewel-box. Here, for the first time, I meet Jeanne, the pretty little Latin Quarter model, whom Bill, in his bachelorhood, taught to call him grandfather. I immediately insist on becoming grandmother; and the bargain is made. Near us sits an interesting group, the kind you see only in Europe; a pretty blonde girl in the midst of a group of coffee-brown East Indians.

March 12th, Sunday.

We lunch with Jaccaci. He accepts graciously our apologies for

the day before. I find him everything that Bill has represented; forceful, striking, picturesque, charming, a distinguished personality.

In the evening again to the little Arenes de Lutece which I find quite as intriguing as I expected;a tiny arena, dating from Roman times, and now surrounded by Paris. On our way back from the Arenes, we pass, for the first time this trip, through the Place de la Bastille. I suppose I shall never cease to thrill to the connotation of that spot.

Dinner at night with the Youngers and Dr. and Mrs. H. As always much interesting talk. Mrs. Younger tells a touching story of overhearing a little girl, the daughter of one of her trades-people, comforting her mother. She was saying something like this; "My petit mere, my petit pere will not be killed. He is too brave. It is not possible that he will be killed. But should he be killed, you and I can take care of ourselves. Everybody is saying how brave are the women of France. Mother, I want you to be as brave as the rest of them."

Mrs. Younger also tells of a little talk with her old fruit woman. "Have you any at the war?" Mrs. Younger asked. "We have three. C'est assez n'est-ce pas?"

March 13th, Monday.

We take a train for Lyons at eleven, two taxicabs carrying our luggage. We go first to the Victoria Palace and leave some important documents with Frank and Estelle. Such a wonderful day and such a wonderful country; a day of huge white shining clouds,

some with the wide sweep of a seraph's wings; a country of great castles and towers; stretches of epic uplands; charming villages; tilted farms; trees with mistletoe, willow osiers.

We arrived in Lyons between eleven and twelve at night. We go to the Grand Nouvel Hotel. Lyons is crowded on account of a commercial fair, and they have no rooms for us. They send us to a pension, but there are no rooms there. We return to the hotel and they give us an address, 36 Rue de l'Arbre Sec. It is in a dark and dismal neighborhood. We arouse the concierge, a dirty and hag-like, old creature. She conducts us up interminable stone stairs, through the windows of which we get terrifying glimpses of filthy, shadow-hung neighborhood, into the most unpleasant-looking room in which I have ever slept.. Shadow accentutes the dust and cobwebs. I fully expected to have my throat cut during the night in this pirates den, but I was so tired that I did not particularly mind. To my great surprise, I awoke in the morning, my throat intact and my body thoroughly refreshed. The place is absolutely, spotlessly clean.

March 14th, Tuesday.

Up early and out for breakfast. First a walk along the Rhone, which is a wide, turbulent stream; a beautiful beryl-green in color. Under the sycamores, which border it, are some of the temporary shacks of the pathetic little Fair. To the American Bar for breakfast, where we have such delicious coffee (in a glass)

that I order a second and a third glass. Then to the Grand Nouvel where we find they will have a room for us at noon. Bill asks the clerk to send for our hand-luggage at the Pirates' Den. The clerk, who was not the one who dispatched us there last night, asks us where we slept. We confess we have no idea where the house is. The entire corps of clerks burst into a laugh, second only in joyousness to the one we gave the porter at Bordeaux when Bill, hunting frantically through every one of his two score of pockets for his tickets, finds suddenly that he is holding them in his hand. It happens by a miracle that I remember --- not the name of the street, not the number; nothing so useful as that of course --- but the way by which we returned. So I conduct Bill backwards over our route and we find the place to be 36 Rue de l'Abre Sec. We return to the Hotel, give the clerk the exact data and then, as blithely as one can in a war, go touristing.

Over the Rhone to the other side of the city where we find a church, St. Martin d'Ainay, very old outside and most interesting inside. Then for a ramble about the town. We keep getting glimpses of an extraordinary hill-height, with what, at first, looks like a huge, towered fort dominating the city and dominating it out of a gray mist just as Sacré Coeur dominates Paris. The effect is very beautiful. Later we learn that this is not a fort but a church, modern as Sacre Coeur is modern. I am at first not much impressed with the city. It seems conjested, dingy, modern without being clean; commercial without being convenient.

Back to the hotel after a while to find ourselves installed in a beautiful big room, overlooking the beryl-green Rhone; two lovely wide clean beds; a huge bathroom; closets --- everything that means comfort and warmth. A long nap in the afternoon, after dejeuner in the hotel. In the evening, to a café which we pick from Baedecker. Not very good and most solitary; where for some reason or other (my own theory is it is my long gold and chrysoprase earrings) I find myself the object of much amused scrutiny on the part of the other ladies.

March 14th, Wednesday.

Breakfast in our room --- then out for a morning of touristing. We go first to some of the big buildings which house the Fair exhibits. We find that we are requested to keep out of most of these, unless we are buyers. The display is so weak and unsatisfactory however, that we soon loose interest. We go first to the church of St. Nizier, then to the Cathedral of St.Jean, both interesting, but the Cathedral particularly so. The stained glass is beautiful I think. An old clock, built on the lines of the Strasburg clock, very much intrigues me. The outside of the Cathedral, although dilapidated and with all its saints mutilated, is picturesque. The pointed arches, which rise above the three towers, are bordered with saints, all lacking heads, arms, feet; anything protuberant that could be knocked off. Built into the wall of this Cathedral are some lovely, long low buildings.

Home to dejeuner at the hotel and then to bed for the whole

afternoon. Out at night to the Cafe Royale; daintily painted and trimmed with garlands of crystal light.

The news is that the French drive will start very soon now, earlier than June; that the Italians are preparing to assist the French at the front. We may be caught in the flow of a big army to the north. Everybody looks for peace soon. The Portuguese Ambassador to Germany, returning home after the Portuguese declared war, says that Germany is frantic for peace; that now they have issured butter-cards that are like their bread-cards; that whenever the Kaiser addresses the soldiers he says, "I am not to blame."

A letter in a Paris paper from an Alsatian begging France to accept his blood for the next wounded man who needs such a transfusion.

March 16th, Thursday.

Up early and to the American Bar for coffee. Three glasses as usual. Up the Fourvière Heights to Notre Dame de Fourvière --- the church which dominates the city. We walk for a little way through the markets, a lively and picturesque scene, with all kinds of little beasties exposed for sale; all of them skinned and some displayed distressingly with their heads on. Across a bridge in front of the beautiful old library. For the moment, ignoring our common dread of a height, we ascend the young Eiffel Tower on the top of the hill. Then up by the Funicular. [redacted] sooner do we begin to rise than we are simultaneously overcome with the horror that

heights always engender in us. We both clung to our seats and pressed with our feet hard on the floor. It was really a terrific experience; for our huge elevator was open to the world from floor to ceiling on all four sides and we seemed to be ascending at least ten miles into the air. The view at the top is magnificent; a little like Venice from the Tower of Santa Maria Salute. The whole city lay before us, or rather around us; and beyond, stretched miles and miles of country --- the Alps in one direction and the Cevennes in the other. The city is red-topped of course, but gray beneath the roofs and very close-packed. And through this we trace the two rivers --- the Rhone, beryl-green, the Saone, mud-green --- as different in color as it is possible for two rivers to be. I even see their confluence --- and a meeting of rivers is something I don't ever remember to have seen before.

Once more --- and very gratefully so --- on the ground, we go into Notre Dame de Fourviere, the big new church. I found the crowd of poilus, who touristing just as we were, more interesting than the church itself. By the side of this Cathedral is a small pilgrim church with a tiny black madonna in the midst of thousands of votive offerings of pictures, cards, etcetera. Very narrow and dark this church, almost like a crypt. Indeed the whole thing is a study in ebony with many black-dressed people praying to a black madonna and a black-dressed girl, tending the candles in the big oval-shaped, tin candle-receptacles. From there down below to the Cathedral which I find more beautiful each time I go into it. Three rose windows of very lovely old glass; combinations of blue and green.

How I love the rose windows. They bloom in the darkness like flowers, not so much of color as of light; great air-jewels, illuminating shadow. We find the interesting chapel of the Bourbons and Bill has another thrilled look at the clock. Home to lunch. After lunch Bill reads me about the history of the Cathedral from the pamphlet he bought of the sacristan. It was made from the stone of an old Roman Forum on the top of a hill and it was smashed by the Calvinists in 1562.

Just about to take my nap when Bill bursts in with the news that the American Consul is below, waiting to take me to a hospital. He and Bill have just come from interviewing an American negro, Eugene Bullard, wounded at Verdun. On the way they tell me his story. Just before the war Bullard had gone to England for "spo'ts" which, interpreted, means boxing, swimming and running. How he came to get into the war, they could not find out. Bullard was, himself, very hazy about his motives. He seems to have enlisted in the Foreign Legion partly because everybody else was fighting and partly at the call of a tempermental flair for adventure. At Verdun he was in charge of a mitrailleuse. He described the conflict in extraordinarily terse language, strewn with what Bill described as similies of Homeric simplicity, breaking at intervals into French. Very good French too. He described one afternoon in which he fired 23,000 cartridges. "The Germans always advanced by fours. Four here! He mowed this four down. Four there! He mowed that four down. Four yonder! He mowed that four down. But always they

advanced. Four! Four! Four! "Toujours quatre! Toujours quatre! Toujours quatre!" If it had not been for the rapid piling up of the dead, he would have believed that they were always the same four. He said it was like mowing down the grain in a field; grain which miraculously grew again as soon as you cut it. He made motions as one using a scythe to express it. After a while he had to fall back. While he was trying to withdraw the bolt which would incapacitate his gun, his hands grew fumbly and so he kicked it useless. I was profoundly impressed with the fact that the instinct of sabotage comes in a military fight, just as naturally as it comes in the economic battle.

Finally a German soldier advanced on him. Bullard's gun was useless so he leaped up from the trench on his enemy and bayoneted him. "He must have thought I was the devil, so big and black." Bill said, Bullard was, indeed, big and black, magnificently built, as shining as jet and with splendid white teeth. Bullard said that when the Germans charged Fort Donaumont, the killed and wounded rolled down the slope until the heap of green-gray grew first to a mound, then to a hill, then to a mountain. How many, merely wounded, suffocated under the pile will never be known. And when those bodies begin to decompose . . . . Bullard has been wounded twice and is to be decorated. He went back under bombardment to get a physician for a wounded comrade.

The Consul is a Virginian who has lived in Manchuria and Winnipeg. He has been a physician, a lawyer, a newspaper man; very good looking;

a little gray in his hair; brown-eyed. He takes us to one of the biggest hospitals in France and the biggest in Lyons. We see some of the wounded, but to my great joy, none of them appear very ill. Most of them are on the road to convalescence.

The hospital was formerly a silk mill and still is partly used for making silk. They take us through the silk-mill part, showing us first the raw, pale-green silkworm-colored silk; then the drying --- a little cart of glowing charcoal under white silk; then the dyeing; then huge skeins of silk, piled in great masses of gold; then beautiful samples of the completed fabric. Afterwards to dinner where we have the chenelles for which Lyons and the Café is famous. Chenelles are mashed fish of the Rhone covered with a delicious yellow sauce which contains mushrooms.

The most touching thing that happens in Lyons is the ceremony when these grand blessés (seriously wounded) arrive. They are greeted by a committee, consisting of a group of Red Cross nurses (who at once take them in charge) and a bunch of amateur nurses who give them flowers and cigarettes. As the walking cases file off, they invariably salute their general standing there; listen to his address; and then are taken to various part of France.

After dinner, home to our rooms for a little talk. The consul tells us an extraordinarily touching incident. A car full of wounded --- the grands blessés --- had just come into the station. He caught sight of a woman running wildly up and down crying, "Pierre! Pierre!" He waited. Suddenly from among the wounded came

a man's voice feebly answering the call. The woman rushed to his side. She gave one glance at the cot, struggled visibly an instant for self-control; then picked the wounded man up in her arms. He was blind and both legs gone.

This day as we rode in a taxi, we came upon a group of soldiers drilling. It was a poignant moment for me when I notoiced the awkwardness and amateurishness of their movements. They are the boys of seventeen who, next year, the mothers of France will have to send to the trenches.

The news is the the third stage of the battle of Verdun is on.

March 17th, Friday.

Out early this morning for coffee at the American Bar and then for a visit to a munition factory --- a great privilege. It was really a wonderful --- and terrible --- experience. The factory was an enormous glass-roofed shed, or rather a series of sheds, full of machinery. It was huge machinery and it was loud and hot machinery. It employs many thousands of workers with day and night shifts; about eight thousand men, from twenty-five hundred to three thousand women. We go about from machine to machine, viewing the process by which shells are made; but to my great regret, not in their order. I saw great metal bars chopped into fragments: shaped: hollowed: turned: curved: threaded: banded with copper. During this process, they were submitted to all kinds of delicate tests and measurments. Little pincers and clips made decisions as to their bulk. Little

hammers passed judgment on their sound. They were printed with letters and signs and marked with chalk. In some places, they were scooped into shape as easily as though they were pencils. In still others they were being melted red-hot and then shaped again. Lines of shells on carriages followed us for long intervals. Of all the workers, I was most impressed by the girls sitting beside flowing rivers of empty shells. Seizing a shell from the stream (which always closed up and flowed on) these girls submitted it to a testing process which looked as simple as trying a bicycle clip on them. I shall have to confess that I got an impression of what seemed an extraordinary lack of system of organization and of coherence in the assemblage of these machines, but of course that came from my ignorance.

In the end, we saw the shells stacked up, empty of munitions still. The loading of them is done in another part of the city. They had paper labels emerging from their heads, blue, lavender, crimson, orange and yellow. With these bright-colored tags, they looked like flower gardens --- gardens whose fruit is death. Everywhere women were working and in some cases at work which, because the machines were so heavy or so complicated, it had never before been supposed women could do.

One giantess I shall never forget. She made me think of the pit-lasses of England. She was a heavyweight. She stood, her arms bare to the shoudler and plunged in oil, handling bars of an incredible weight, turning shells with an incredible speed. She was covered with oil of course; but her hair was most elaborately coiffured. Another, a pink-cheeked Dutch-looking maiden, they

said, handled seven hundred shells a day or lifted what was equivalent to seven tons. A third --- and she was an amateur --- was handling a huge machine and what looked to me like a very difficult one. Oh how pretty she was; a blonde, the swell of her slim hips outlined by her leather apron.

Women everywhere and all with their hair very elaborate as to combs and coiffures, no matter how dirty or unkempt or shabby their clothes. And most of them looking at me with a strange cold disapproval. I suppose they were wondering why I was not at work. The consul tells us that he recognizes among them former demi-mondaines.

Noon comes. And suddenly the machines all slow down. The women make, at a dead run, for the doors. One hour and a half for lunch in a day of eight and a half hours. Their pay runs as high as six francs a day.

To lunch at a resturant on the Rhone and then to a hospital, to see an American and a newspaper man enlisted in the Foreign Legion! He is recovering from an abcess gained in the prison, to which he was sentenced for striking his officer. I asked him if there was anything I could get him and he answered --- a flexible file. His greatest discomfort apparently was not being able to file his [redacted] nails.

March 27th.

Crossing the border from France into Italy was not easy for us. At Mo[redacted]dane, the border town, everybody got out of the train for the

Customs and for something much more important, passport examination. When we presented our passport, it was of course examined. After a while, we were invited with the maximum of courtesy to step into a private room. There, we underwent a rigid cross-examination at the hands of the official in charge, a middle-aged, gray-bearded, blue-eyed gentleman, looking no more French than we. The trouble is that Bill's passport carries a Belgian vise, the relic of that first month of the war when he, Irvin Cobb, Richard Harding Davis and Arno Dosch (Dosch-Fleurot) scuttled all over the face of Belgium. Now of all the data that my go on a passport, the French distrust the Belgian vise most; for of course Belgium is the obvious road for spies to take into France. In vain Bill shows his credentials. In vain he tells our interlocutor that, then, he represented an American monthly and that, now, he represents an American weekly, the most powerful in the world. In vain he uses all he has of explanation, argument, entreaty. Our official though still perfectly courteous, grows more and more frosty. It is apparent that we are going to be sent back to France, and then suddenly Bill has an inspiration. He searches his portfolio, retrieves from it a letter written by Jusserand, the French Ambassador at Washington, in which he congratulates Bill on his articles on France in the war and wishes him a pleasant journey. The effect is magic. Not only are we instantly released but every facility is put in our way.

We got into Rome last night, a little after seven, after a long

afternoon on the train. A beautiful day. Almost as beautiful, though not quite, as that day from Paris to Lyons. But much the same effect of a blue sky filled with great shoulders and knees of cloud and the sun shining through and around and beyond them. And shining most of the way on Tuscany --- the fairest country God ever made, except California. Tuscany is one huge vineyard. The little trees, so pathetically cut and shorn, serve as sticks for the vines to clamber over. And between the rows of trees such greenness of grass! This crop grows on both sides of the track and, as far as the eye can reach, upon level plains and in valleys and up and down hills at all possible angles of slope. And then, beyond, hills and hills and hills; some with castles on them, broken and ruined, making, oh such athletic outlines against the thrilling sky; and others, holding the little hill-towns which are the marvel of Italy. There are sheep here and oxen there, the mouse-gray, long-horned oxen of the South. Once we came to a beautiful lake; and in succession Arezzo, Chiuzi and Orvieto tumbling down hill. What a contrast to those gray, little shivering villages of the Alps, huddling together for warmth --- seeming by means of piazza and loggia, to hold hands --- until they merged into one building.

From the station to the Grand Hotel where we get two big rooms and bath for nineteen liras a day; rooms of a heavenly spaciousness, cleanness and whiteness. Even while we unpack our suit-cases, our trunks arrive. With joy we unpack completely --- the first time in

a week. Out somewhere after nine. I suggest that we ride to the Piazza dol Popolo and then down the Corso with the idea of finding a ristorante. This we do, passing in the meantime through the tunnel of the Via dei Due Macelli, which was building when last I was in Rome, coming out on the Piazza dei Spagna where I see my beloved Bernini fountain --- the little barque --- then onto the dignified, but very cold Piazza del Popolo (I can't imagine any social revolution being pulled off in that piazza) down the Corso, past the Piazza Colonna, to the Piazza Venitzia where I see, for the first time, gleaming whitely in the brilliant, Venus-lighted night, the new Vittoria Emanuele monument, just begun when I was last here. We have a rather bad dinner; and then home and to bed.

This morning up and first of all to the Forum which we find more beautiful than ever, wisteria-covered and full of sunshine. Into the Coliseum which impresses me even more than on my first sight of it. And then to the American Express, passing through the Piazza Barberini and by my beloved Fontaine dei Tritone (oh, yes, this is my favorite of all Roman fountains) where, still at it --- his beautiful back green with moss --- he continues to blow a single jet of water high into the air. On the way we pass Queen Margarita's Palace. I look up 51 Via di San Basilio and the little vicolo beside it where, in 1907, the carnival singers made merry under my window. Then home.

In the evening Bill out to call on the Ambassador. When he comes back he knocks. I open the door and he stands aside to usher in — Arno Dosch-Feleurot. I have never kissed Arno before. But in a

foreign country and in a war, I rush to him, throw my arms about his neck. Out to lunch to a little ristorante of Arno's choice. On the way, who do we see but Bill's old friend Cienfarra. Bill stops the carriage, rushes to his side. They embrace like a pair of girls. After lunch, we take Arno over to the Capitoline Hill to give him his first glimpse of the Campidoglio. I make him shut his eyes and lead him around to the back loggia that overhangs the Forum exactly as, a decade ago, Perry (the artist) did with me. And what a wonderful moment that was. Could I ever forget it? Arno is much struck with the Central Road of the Triumphs. Then, inside, for just a glimpse of the Campidoglio Museum. I find the Dying Gaul, which somehow never appealed to me before, stupendously poignant. It is so real, so terrible and so beautiful; and the marble has turned such a lovely alabaster, dusty brown. I see the Campidoglio Venue with her dimpled back. I see that room ful of busts of Romans, all looking --- as S. S. McClure once pointed out us us --- like Americans. I see Hawthorne's Marble Faun. Then, stopping only to look at the live wolf and the live eagle in their cages and the statue of Marcus Aurelius on his horse, all emblems from immemorial time of Imperial Rome (and not entering Santa Maria Aracoeli which I very much yearn to do) in a carriage, passing the king's palace and, outside, the Horse Tamers looking very clean and new somehow in the brilliant morning sulight, to St. Peter's. There, we have time just to walk once about the Ciborium of Bernine to look at the Altar, to stop on our way out to see the Michael

Angelo Pietà which, after a long absence, I find making the impression that, eight years ago, I deplored not getting. Then down the great piazza where the fountains blow, in a careless unshapedness, like great veils of white mist; and the semi-circle of columns opens its vastly-spreading arms. Then home. A long nap and out again, with Cienfarra to dine at the Umberto and for coffee at the Aragno.

Arno has just come from Egypt and Greece. He is full of Venizelos, whom he has just interviewed, and of the pep and punch of his personality. Also he has interviewed the Sultan of ---- He tells me that the Sultan is most interested in his accounts of the feminist movement. His comment on Arno's description of the last suffrage parade in New York is, "Magnifique!"

March 29th, Wednesday.

Out this morning to the Pincio, stopping at the Piazza di Spagna and up the Spanish Steps through the flowers --- and, oh such flowers; mammoth bouquets of pansies only a franc, freezia, tulips --- past Keat's house, to Trinita di Monti; thence, under the great, squarely-trimmed tree-hedge (with a crescent cut out of it to give a view of St. Peter's) past the French Academy, to the Pincio where we stand for a long while looking out over Roma beata. With what joy I discover forgotten, but easily-remembered and much-loved details; especially Garibaldi, on horseback, seeming to dance among the tree-tops. The new Vittorio Emanuele Monument stands in a very commanding position at the end of the Corso. It gives me the same impression

that the Opera House in Paris gave --- of a new impulse in architecture, of a fine and well-proportioned use of the dimension of height. I particularly like the big colonnade high up on the building. I think it very magnificent, although I know I am expected to loathe it.

Writing all the afternoon; a nap and then with Mr. Cienfarra to dine at the Concordia; afterwards again for coffee at the Aragno. The Concordia is typical of Rome. They say that a whole city could be excavated from underground Rome. Everywhere, when the Romans start to build, they come across old pillars and walls. The law forbids builders to remove these. In the Concordia are many such old columns. Checco (Fred) the proprietor is world-famous. Lately he celebrated his fiftieth year of service as a waiter. He is an old, old man with such a delicious, kindly, whimsical face, papery white with age and full of frosty characterizing wrinkles, but with something mime about it; an aged elfinness. He wears a little black cap over his white hair. I was delighted with him. I could look at nobody else. Our host says, that he is always very thoughtful of the comforts of ladies and particularly kind to children.

The Cafe Aragno was filled with men. It is what corresponds in Rome to our clubs. Most Italian clubs are gambling clubs. Men, who want the companionship and conversation of other men, come here every night, leaving their wives at home. I asked Mr. Cienfarra why they did not bring the women with them. "If they did that," he said, "it is likely that some handsome young officer would start

to flirt with them. The next day a personal would appear in one of the Roman papers "Will the lady with the blue feather at the Cafe the other evening, kindly indicate where the officer, who so much admired her, may see her in order to pay his respects. And then ---" Mr. Cienfarra shrugged his shoulders. He added that the Italian wives themselves seemed quite content with the present arrangement.

March 30th, Thursday.

In the morning to the Thermae where I show Bill the Kneeling Boy which he had never before seen and which I find even more beautiful then I thought at first. I showed him also a little headless Venus of which I am so fond. The delicate drapery, which leaves one tender breast bare, falls so softly yet so closely about her lovely girl-body, that it reveals every line without seeming to do so. I am glad the head is gone, for I could not bear it to be disappointing. Bill was much struck with the gigantic bronze pugilist there; a figure sitting, his mailed arms resting on his knees, his head turned to one side, apparently conversing, Baedecker says, with a comrade or the referee. Bill and I decide in favor of the referee. Bill says that many, many times he has seen boxers in the prize ring sitting in that very attitude. This one has a lump on his check; a nose several times broken; three cuts on his body. The system of fighting then was to hit downward with those mailed forearms. It was easy to kill by that violent method. We have no time to examine further the

beautiful new arrangement of the Thermae treasures; and miss, as I learn later this day, a beautiful new Venus discovered within a year. But somewhere I find a collection of the little toys --- always dedicated to Venus by Roman maidens when they married --- very endearing and quaint.

Luncheon with Commandatore **Cortesi** in an old palace at the apartments of a delightful English woman. Several guests. The rooms, big and beautiful, and filled with Italian loot; wonderful views from all the windows; and wandering about a gorgeous, white angora cat with eyes like aqua-marines. A delicious luncheon and much interesting talk. On our introduction Commandatore **Cortesi** asks to be allowed to guess my nationality. His decision is [redacted] a woman of northern Spain, or Sicily, or Greece.

From there to the Police **Station** where we get our permis de sejour. Then to tea at the Palace Hotel with the Richardsons — Mr. Norval Richardson and his mother. Their rooms overlook Queen Margarita's garden where, they say, often they see majesty strolling. Mrs. Richardson is a perfect picture of the old time Southern lady; a model for Whistler in her lovely long, black, soft silk gown, coming up into a transparent white-silk yoke and a little, standing, white-fur collar. When she bent over me, the skin of her old neck wrinkled under that chiffon. Her eyes were so big and brown and bright, her face so full of kindness, esprit and distinction that I looked at her all the time. Come later an American couple; he, a correspondent for the Outlook and New York Post and she, a pretty, sweet-voiced

American girl. Home for a little while.

Then comes Arno Dosch-Feleurot, who takes us to call on his friends the Maurers, who have recently married and are living in an apartment in a big palace. They have just moved in and are buying in the antique places, one by one --- waiting to get just what they want --- pieces of furniture; pictures; bric-a-brac. They conducted us by the light of a single candle through room after room; immense, high-studied, their ceilings painted or frescoed or carved. They showed us this queer, little, old bit of painted furniture or that strange mammoth old bit of carved furniture . . . everything. The bathroom with a bathtub and an automatic, water-heating arrangement. The kitchen with a gas stove; the only modern things in the house. A lovely little wooden closet (you have to provide your own closets in a Roman house) a huge walnut sideboard. They show us a pair of paintings, most curious, picturing [redacted] Italian fairy or bogle or hobgoblin creatures. We wound up finally on the roof --- their private terrace --- to which one ascends by a spiral stairway. From it, we get a beautiful glimpse of the nearby Tiber, just where it most beautifully and gracefully bends, and distant St. Peter, and farther-away mountains. Mrs. Maurers is a slim, pointed-faced, dark creature, beautiful, very English. He is slim too, a blonde, but very American. They are full of enthusiasm. All the time they were showing me these things, I kept saying to myself youth, youth, YOUTH. Nothing but youth could contemplate furnishing that mammoth place with occasional purchases at sales or in the antique establis-

ments with the intention of giving it up in three years.

He represents the Chicago Daily-News.

Out to dinner, all of us, to Pastarellaro where I have the best cooking I have ever tasted in Rome. The dinner was served to us by the proprietor whom you must call, not Signor, but Sor Luigi --- a hunchback. And we ate it in a room lined with mural paintings which, Mr. Maurer tells me, are characteristic of the Roman dining-rooms, whether it be ristorante or villa. These particular murals were all out of doors; flowers and fruits and cherubs. While we ate, itinerant musicians played, on stringed instruments, the beautiful street songs of Naples and the beautiful Canal songs of Venice. There was a French girl in our party, whose name I cannot remember; pretty, dark, but silent perforce, as she speaks no English and we so little French.

The talk all about the war of course. Mr. Maurer has been in Paris, in Brussels and in Rome since 1914. He told me that one day he was sitting in his office (the office of the A.P.) in Paris, near the Avenue de l'Opera, when there came the sound of an explosion. He ran to the window. The aeroplane, from which the bomb had just been dropped, was floating above. As Mr. Maurer watched, the aviator loosed [redacted] a German flag. It fell down into the midst of a crowd of people and was immediately seized by a policeman. The story appeared in the Paris papers the next day with this addition. The policeman at once marched with the flag to the police-station. He advanced to the Chief's desk and laid

the flag down. "What is that?" demanded his chief. The policeman saluted, "An aviator has just flown over the city," he replied, and --- contrary to city regulations --- dropped garbage into the street."

Also he told us this story of a German whose name he gave. He was one of eight men who had just taken eighty Belgian prisoners. The officer commanded him to shoot them. "I will not do it," said this intrepid person. "Neither will any of these men. Why should we? They have done nothing to us." "You refuse to obey orders?" demanded the astounded officer. "Yes." The officer drew his revolver, but before he would shoot, his man shot him, killing him. Then he turned to the Belgians, "Run for it!" he said. "None of these men will do anything to prevent you. I must run too." They all escaped. The Belgians gave him a letter which they all signed, begging everybody to be good to him. With that recommendation, he got safely through Belgium to England. He tells me about the letters written by a French friend in the trenches. "Our wall," this man wrote his wife, "is made of stones and wood. In one place is the body of a dead man whose loose hands flutter in the wind and whose big-nosed face glares at us all the time." Talk about the death of a poet, friends and dramatist, [redacted] Maurer said, "When last seen he was running, half a dozen bombs suspended from him in various places, the fuse in his mouth." Last of all a terrible story of the conquest of the Congo --- starting with Stanley and coming down to present times. I wonder if we shall ever know

the exact truth about that bloody interval in history. One detail. When one tribe captured another tribe, they always killed their prisoners and ate them. By this method, they broke every bone in the victim's body first, and then, suspending him in the river so that only his head appeared above water, kept him there until he died. The main story --- the capture of tribe after tribe by a group of Arabs.

Home through the Venus-lighted dark, past the massive stately Pantheon, which I see this day for the first time in my life, and recognize from a picture, I saw in my childhood, in Rollo in Rome.

March 30th, Friday.

In bed until lunch time. Then out with Signor Cienfarra and his wife to lunch at the Palace of the Caesars on the Aventine Hill. By carriage there, passing the Forum and the Coliseum, a beautiful, softly-balmy day with all the sunshine of an Italian June streaming on our heads. The Café offers an enchanting view of Rome with the Baths of Caracella in the foreground, the Alban Mountains --- two of them snow-covered --- in the distance. Much talk about the war, but not very affording. Home by way of San Giorgio, Santa Maria in Cosmedin; the arch, Janus Quadrifons, and the little Round Temple --- supposedly of Vesta. Immediately I have my hair shampooed. While in the chair, the Marchesa calls. She is a beautiful girl, looking like a Du Maurier; very slim; delicately featured; so smart and so simple in her plain, blue-serge suit and her lovely, little dark-blue hat from which falls,

in such pretty folds, a short heavy black veil. Again much talk of the war and of an ouvroir in which she is interested. It was started by two Roman ladies of the nobility. It employs fifteen thousand women and makes garments for the same prices that the manufacturers do. And because there are no profits to be divided, they manage to pay the women a little better than the manufacturers. Very anxious to get orders from France and Belgium for underwear. Bill recommends a letter to Hoover.

Comes to her, as we leave, the young English officer whom we have seen so much about the hotel. He is a Canadian, with a hole in his forehead, the deepest I have ever seen. It was made by a bullet which hit him across the head and then slid down taking an eye. He lay three days in the trenches and his orderly sat beside him all that time. They saved his life. But the hole is still protected only by the skin --- the bone is gone. The spot throbs as visibly as the fontnelle on a baby's head. Now he wears a metal protection inside his hat. But when he gets home (if he ever does get home) he is going to have part of his shin-bone removed and put in to cover this spot. He is very pleasant, Bill says, and full of life. Among the many British officers here is an elderly one whose neck has been broken, his head is settled deep down between his shoulders.

Also, this day, I met and talked with C., and American, imported from the Curtis School to teach aviation in Italy; a slim-featured, gentle-voiced, likable person. Much talk with him about flying.

He tells us that in the Villa Borghese there is a zoo. The animals are not kept in cages. They are separated from pedestrians by trenches only. As the trenches are concealed by low bushes, you get the effect sometimes of coming unexpectedly on lions and tigers.

My nap and then to dinner with a Red Cross nurse whom Bill met at the Embassy and invited to come with us. Of English birth but of New York bringing-up, she is a delicate, small-featured, curly-haired, pink-cheeked, soft-voiced slip of a girl, dressed in a covert coat, khaki skirt and a big Stetson hat. She tells us a story that is stupendous enough to match these stupendous times.

She came to Europe, August 12th, after war was declared. On her way to Serbia she went to England first, then to France. She was eighteen days crossing France. Since then she has been in Serbia, Athens, Saloniki and is now engaged in bringing hundreds of refugee Serbians from Corfu to Marseilles.

She told me that she had typhus, herself --- she and a woman friend. It lasted two months and their only attendant was an Austrian prisoner. It was an awful story, so long and detailed that I can give it only in snatches. I remember only frightful suffering --- of her sitting wrapped in her blanket on the stone floor, just for a change, when she became convalescent --- the awful nights with no light, [redacted] nothing to eat but black bread and meat. She said, for instance, that she never could get water enough; for though she could drink all she wanted, it had to be boiled. She said that you must once have been desperately thirsty and compelled to wait for water to cool, before you could drink it

to know how long it takes. Sixty thousand Austrian prisoners shrank to thirty thousand; then to ten thousand. Finally she had to operate herself. She and her friend operated, although she had never operated before. She said the Serbians, their hands all frost-bitten, would beg her to operate on them. She said that on one of her trips from Corfu to Marseilles, an Austrian aeroplance followed them for two days, dropping bombs. They never managed to hit the ship, although all around them, the water geysered. She told of cooking on board for eighteen hundred. When they approached quarantine, realizing that their sick would hold them up there a long time, she went among them and persuaded them to get up on deck and into the air. When they got to quarantine, they seemed so well that they sailed serenely through. She told us of a baby found deserted by its mother --- "Its arms were the size of this fork," she said. At first it shrank from everybody. The mother, having to go out to work, had left it in the care of two old people who maltreated it. Now it is quite a different baby and actually smiles. She seemed to think American nurses were superior to English nurses.

Home and to bed exhausted after a long day.

April 1st, Saturday.

Touristing! First to the Vatican. We find a guide who seems very intelligent. The Sistine Chapel and the Raphael Stanze are not open, but we go through the picture gallery. I see again the Transfiguration which I have always found very moving, although I always wonder why the whole emphasis of the picture, by gesture

particularly, is placed on the boy gone suddenly mad. I see again the Domenichino, Death of St. Jerome, moving too; beautiful color; fine expressive faces. The wonderful Titian portrait of a Venitian Doge. Then we go to the marbles where I see, perhaps with the greatest delight, the Amazon with the crescent-shaped shield. I am intrigued with Amazons wherever I find them. And, as always, I enjoy the beautiful sleeping Ariadne, the stupendous bronze Hercules, the lovely Antinous, the fine Minerva. I always look at the Laccoon, but I don't enjoy it. In the midst of all this for a long walk through the Vatican gardens. They are not so beautiful, I think, as the Boboli or the Villa d' Este gardens. The hedges and vistas are wonderful enough, but the fountains seem baroque. I would say --- and perhaps this is appropriate to the Garden of a Holiness --- that it lacks romance. Yet I was conscious all the time of a great sense of adventure, walking in the Garden of the Popes. There was a smell of box in the air.

Into St. Peters later where a crowd surrounds a bronze crucifix, placed in front of St. Peter's tomb. People pass their rosaries along the line to be touched by the crucifix, paying a penny apiece for the privilege. At one side, people kneel and kiss a little metal cross set into the pavement. The atmosphere is like that of the French churches in the war. To lunch at the famous Restorante Greco, which has been a rendes-vous for artists for over a hundred and fifty years. It is interesting but like many such places, curiously depressing. Then home for a long nap. Not being hungry

at night, we go to the Aragno where we have chocolate and many little cakes. Signor Cienfarra comes in and we talk with him.

April 2nd, Sunday.

In bed reading Hutton all the morning. Then with Dosch Fleurot in the afternoon, first to the zoo, then to tea at the French Academy. We went to the Zoo just to see wild animals kept, not in cages but in the open. We found one lion and two lionesses occupying a trench together. One of the lionesses came leaping down into the trench just as we approached. It was thrilling to seem to be separated from them by only a tiny wooden fence. The tigers and the bears have the same comfortable effect of freedom. We pass the monkey cage and although I dislike monkeys, we had to stop here, for a group of soldiers --- and oh how handsome they were in their Italian gray --- were roaring with laughter. Someone of them had passed one of the monkeys a hand-mirror. He sat with it in his paws, looking into it intently. Every other moment he passed his hand back of the mirror, to find the monkey he saw in it, a most puzzled look on his face all the time.

From there to the Band Concert on the Pincio. Indifferent music; but the lovely weather of the last few days has brought out great numbers. It is the usual Sunday afternoon crowd at the Pincio, a replica of the Sunday afternoon crowd of everywhere; bourgois, lots of mammas and papas, many children, hosts of eager young girls --- peering everywhere in search of romance --- but here of course many wonderful Roman nurses, carrying babies.

At five we go with Dosch Fleurot to the French Academy. Imagine a more lovely spot if you can. Sometime, centuries ago, trading a villa elsewhere in Rome for it, the French Government came into possession of this estate. They immediately turned it into an academy for French students. Just beyond Trinita de Monti --- and just back of that spot in the wonderful hedge of trees, in which, through a crescent cut in the hedge, a single jet of fountain soars high --- we stepped away from the dusty, sunny glare of light and heat, the noise of the crowds streaming homewards, passed through the Academy, into such a heavenly quiet as I would have believed reigned only in the gardens of the Pope. Just back is the formal garden, one of the most beautiful I have seen in Italy; a perfection of clipped hedges; long and geometrically perfect, bulging and irregularly picturesque cypresses of a notable blackness, stone pines of a notable cloudiness. The place comprises thirty acres. One part of it is forest as wild as possible; that is to say as wild as it was in the beginning. And all this is in the very heart of the city.

We stroll down one of the allées to meet our hostess and her party whom we see approaching. Madame is a wonderful type. About sixty, brown-eyed, big, but a shapely, vigorous woman! Her silky, rippling hair is a perfect silver, combed in delicate softness and fineness straight back from her face. Few young faces can stand this style of hair dressing. It is, I think, of all styles the most trying --- it seems to demand a perfect oval. Madame's face stands it exquisitely, however. Her skin, old but very soft and

white, is much powdered; and her lips are tinted a brilliant crimson. She wears a wonderful black gown; over that a long, falling-like loose-cloak arrangement of black brocade, of which the wired lace collar comes up straight to the point of the chin, concealing the flabby fullness of old age. With her is a rout of people, among them her daughter, a red-blonde, slender creature whose flat black silk gown, serrated at the edges, floats and flutters about her slim legs as --- much like Botticelli's Spring --- she flits on ahead of us down the allée; a young mother with two lovely, slim-bodied children --- like Greuzes with their violet eyes and their soft pale-gold curls --- in sweet, little pastel-blue frocks; a Russian girl, very smart in a broadcloth suit of reseda green and an exceedingly trim, military-looking, three-cornered hat.

Indoors, all of us and to tea, very elaborate and very expertly served by a regiment of men-servants. But Bill and I know nobody in the extraordinary group of French, Italians, Russians, English and Americans who rapidly assemble and we leave soon.

Home and to dress for the dinner of the Marchesa O. I put on my Chineses green and yellow "nasturtium" gown which is the first time I have worn evening dress in war-time Europe, and we go to their hotel. We are ushered into the Marchesa's sitting-room where the Marquis presently joins us; a small, dark, big-nosed, very gentle-mannered Italian, enormously well-informed and speaking remarkable English. The Marchesa is in blue and silver which adds to her Du Maurierisque height, her lovely long slender arms bare; the line of her throat most entrancing; her heavy hair, quite

gray but very abundant, arranged charmingly. She proves to be a great bore, utterly humorless, a little fatuous, and without illumination or vision of any kind --- and she has feet like boats. The other guest, the much-touted Dr. X., an American, a big, dark, robust man, full of Teddyisms, proved to be an awful bore too. He said nothing with which I could agree. He wanted America to come into the war instantly. He was sure that Roosevelt would be elected the next President of the United States with acclamation and unanimity. He deplored the invention of moving pictures; announced that he had never seen one of them and that nothing would ever induce him to see one of them; stated that the greatest catastrophe that had ever happened to civilization was the invention of printing. He was quite as irritating in his way as the Marchesa. She was one of those beautiful women who make many promise of vivacity or originality and redeem none of them. He was one of those men who with a superficial appearance of strength, gayety and social savoir faire makes an equal number of promises of intellectuality and redeems none of them. A long, tedious evening.

Asquith has been here for two or three days. While I was in the hotel-lobby yesterday, I saw him come back to the hotel in his motor --- a man you would pick for a person anywhere; white-haired and a slim, reddy-dark. While I was dressing for dinner, cheers from outside pulled me to the window. In his motor, at the head of a file of motors, Asquith was proceeding to a dinner somewhere. What he is doing here --- after the conference at Paris --- nobody knows.

Bill hazards the daring guess that it may be mere vacation. The populace at any rate, cheers him lustily wherever he goes. Bill, who has often met him, says he looks worn and shows the strain of this war. Reception to him at the Campidiglio.

April 3rd, Monday.

In the morning over to the Vatican again where we find the same guide. Under his expert guidance, we see Raphael's Loggia, the Stanze and the Sistine Chapel. I have never seen the Loggia before and I find it a delicious architectural fancy; most entertaing; most sumptuous. The Stanze have always seemed Raphael's high-water mark to me. The School at Athens and the Deliverance of St. Peter are my particular favorites. As for the Sistine Chapel --- we must have stayed there quite an hour. How the bigness of the thing grows! As stupified as I was by my first sight of it eight years ago, I did not, even then, grasp its stupendousness. What marvels of strength and rugged grace --- those figures! What a wonder, the enormously intricate yet perfectly welded composition of the Last Judgment! And then Perugino, Botticelli, Signorelli! The Raphael tapestries were a revelation to me. I don't understand yet --- this is of course as much a compliment to the weavers of Brussels as to the art of Raphael --- how the expression in those faces can be rendered so perfectly by wool and silk and gold. Some of them are exceedingly beautiful and all with an extraordinary

vraisemblance. God, what a period!

To lunch on the Concordia where we see again the aimable and charming Checco. That three or four hours at the Vatican, says Bill, is the biggest eye-full he has had in Italy. So home and both of us to a three-hour nap. Out to the Aragno for chocolate and cakes. We walk part of the way home, stopping at the Trevi Fountain on our way to the Piazza del Popolo and through the Via Babuina to the Piazza de Spagna where we get a carriage. The street sights! Extraordinary old women looking like Cumaean Sibyls; groups of peasanta who might be from the time of Horace; the pretty girl conductor stopping to flirt a little where the cars change; the Venus-shaped young mothers with babies hanging to their skirts; the slim, dusky girls. Always and everywhere the shining, midnight-dusky heads of the women.

April 4th, Tuesday.

Indoors most of the morning, darning and mending. Then out to the Thermae of Diocletian, primarily to see the new Venus and secondarily to recover the umbrella which we left there on our last visit. We asked at once to be directed to the Venus. We had been warned that we should see something beautiful --- but not suffic-- cently prepared. We gasped when we entered the little, pale-blue room, where, in solitary state, she stands enshrined. For though I will not say she is the most beautiful Venus in the world, I will say she is the most beautiful Venus except the Venus de Milo. I will add that she is quite as beautiful as the Venus de Milo though

in a different way. And I will conclude, without fear that I shall ever be successfully contradicted, that she is the most beautiful bit of marble --- considered as marble --- in any gallery anywhere. She gives the impression somehow of flesh. This is because the marble seems to be of flesh color. Not rose, not pink of any sort. I can describe it only by saying it approximates the color of an open melon. I do not mean color at all; but the suggestion is of color. The blue, lustrous walls intensify this. I have never seen any marble like it. It is absolutely different from the mortuary white of the Apollo Belvidere which looks exactly like marble; or the dusty-brown of the Dying Gaul which looks like alabaster. I can only say that you get the impression of being in the room with a living woman. She is headless and armless; a standing figure, nude. Beside her, on a pedestal, is a dolphin who has caught a fish and over that hangs the fringed robe, which she has abandoned. She has apparently just emerged from her bath or is about to plunge into it. Her figure is absolutely perfect. From the slightly square shoulders and small pointed breasts --- perfect; through the exquisite torso and the flat abdomen --- perfect; to the long slim flanks and lovely feet --- perfect. Her legs are sturdy. Bill avers that the Venus of Milo is the perfect woman on that first, frosty morning when youth has turned into maturity. This, I insist is the girl on that first, full-sun morning when spring turns to summer. She is ineffably lovely, even kissable; so girl, so woman; with always the miracle

of that smooth, lustrous, warm, life-tinted flesh.

The guard who showed her to us, turning her many times and very slowly on her marble pedestal, was as enthusiastic as we. He told us that she was found in Africa by Italian soldiery. He pointed to the dent in her side made by the pick which first discovered her.

We had to stop a moment to look again at the Kneeling Boy who, all earth-brown as he is, seemed to have lost in beauty in comparison with the radiant, gold-apricot flesh of the Venus. It is surprising I think that her burial, many hundreds of years in the earth has stained her so little. Then we looked again at that other favorite little Venus of mine --- the headless one, whose drapery, so thin, so exquisitely adjusted, permits her perfect body to gleam through it. She too, alas, had momentarily lost in beauty; for the marble of her was eaten and rough, whereas the new Venus has a subtle live-flesh quality of smoothness.

Out for lunch and, on our way to the Concordia, stop at the American Express in hopes that our first mail may at last have arrived. Bill leaves me outside in the carriage and goes in. He warns me that I must not be disappointed if no mail has come. I fall into a dream, surrounded by the flowers of the Piazza di Spagna. Suddenly I feel a flutter at my side! I turn. It is Bill holding out an armfull --- a whole armfull --- of mail. Nobody who has never been through it can know what it means to receive long, <u>long</u>-delayed mail in a foreign country. And even he

must have been in a war to appreciate it. We sped to the Concordia where, to the surprise, mystification and ultimate disgust of our waiters, we proceed to devour our letters. There are half a dozen typewritten letters from Maud, Daisy, Phyllis & Co. I put them all together in their order; but find it hard to read them. Actually I tremble with excitement. But after a while I stagger through them. A letter from R. and a pleasant note about The Californiacs; an offer to translate Becky's Job into Roumanian; and a request for autographed books for Radcliffe from Heben Leah Reed. Home and to bed where I read my letters all over again. To sleep, utterly exhausted by the excitement of the home-news. Suddenly Bill appears at my side and asks me if I don't want to tourist. I do, as always; get up and dress like lightning.

In a carriage to the Protestant Cemetery to make our promised pilgrimage to the grave of Keats. On the way we pass the church San Paolo and Giovanni. Bill insists on stopping and showing it to me. With a handsome, dark, ascetic young monk to the lower decks of the church where there still exist, dimly frescoed, the ruins of a Roman house; diningroom, livingroom, bath. All very cleanly excavated and ordered --- extraordinary. Then into the carriage again --- passing, all the time, one side of the Palatine Hill which presents a beautiful, irregular, age-brown sky-line --- to the Cemetery.

I had forgotten or at least underestimated the peace of that spot. It is beautifully serene, even though it is so closely packed with

graves. It runs down hill. Everywhere the cypresses keep watch. And everywhere in roses, violets, wisteria and camelias is the Italian spring. We see first the grave of Shelley, his friend Trelawney buried near; then the grave of Constance Fenimore Woolson whose tragic suicide I have never understood; then --- an attention I pay the memory of Aunt Lora --- the graves of the Howitts, William and Mary. Then outside and through a little door, into the older and barer cemetery where, in a far corner, sleeps Keats. Surely never before was engraved so bitter an epitaph --- Here lies one whose name was writ in water. Keat's friend, Severn, is buried beside Keats, even as Shelley's friend is buried beside Shelley. And in the corner, near the entrance to the lot, is the forgotten grave of the little Severn baby, who was accidently killed and at whose baptism --- this apparently is what makes the baby memorable, for it is recorded on its tombstone --- the poet Wordsworth was present. Violets all over Keats grave. Everywhere, grass. Just beyond, pointing upwards in a perfect geometrical shapeliness, the pyramid of Cestius breaks the Roman wall. The last time that I visited the grave of Keats, a new moon, pearly-soft and liquid, seemed to be bubbling out of a peacock-colored Roman dusk. It was like a tear in the great eye of heaven. This time an airplance wheeled and circled, droning all the time --- an airplane over the grave of Keats!

From there to San Paolo Fuor le Mura --- very impressive with its bare simplicity in the growing Roman dusk. Bill is much im-

pressed with it. I also (am impressed,) as always, with the fine proportions; the double colonnades at the sides of the nave; the massively simple altars of malachite at the ends of the transept. Only two others there beside the monks who are divesting the altar. Very strange that lonleiness. We take a peep at the beautiful cloister. Then again into the carriage to stop at San Stefano Rotundo where it is too dark to see anything.

Home, passing a hospital. The wounded are wandering about the warm dusk in blue hospital suits and white stocking-caps; another of those occasional reminders, like the aeroplane, that Italy is at war. Home and just as we are about to go to the Termini for dinner, comes Dosch Fleurot, to say goodbye and to invite us for the evening to the Maurers. I am too tired to go. A delicious dinner in the station, then home and to bed.

April 5th, Wednesday.

Mending all the morning and a long letter to Phyllis. Norval Richardson comes to lunch and we eat at the Grand for the first time. A beautiful, light, white diningroom, filled with flowers; high bushes, blossom-loaded. A very smart gathering. One or two pretty women; notably the Italian girl in a black riding-habit whose quarrel with her English chaperone I overheard in the lift; a big fat Italian short and heavy, with a jolly disposition and a raucous laugh; English officers in khaki.

From there to the Piazza di Spagna where we indulge in an orgy of shopping; a girdle of white Roman pearls for Jane Adams, many

single strands of Roman pearls in various colors. Roman scarves, a small marble bust of Napoleon for Andrew Gallagher, a queer little painting of Venice, very ancient-seeming and I think most amusing; an umbrella to take the place of the one we lost in Bordeaux; a hat and pantouffles for Bill. It is not much fun shopping in an Italy at war. The shops display not half of their usual show and the shop-people ,themselves, are discouraged and worried. My picture of Venice, for instance, is listed at fifty lire. I really only price it on chance. We shake our heads. "What will Madam give for it?" the shopman asks immediately. Bill says, "Twenty-five lira." "That would be giving it away," says the shopman and suggests thirty. We assent and at thirty we get it. Before the war there would have been a delightful debate, lasting fifteen minutes. Home where I undress. Comes Bill presently with a racking, roaring headache which gets rapidly worse and worse. I finally apply hot clothes --- dozens; scores --- as hot as I can hold them; and ultimately he drifts off to sleep. I to bed.

April 6th, Thursday.

Indoors all the morning; then out to lunch with the Peter Augustus Jays. They live on the Quirinale, near the King's Palace, over the tunnel; in beautiful rooms, big and high and light and airy and --- I should say modern^ beautifully done in chintz with Japanese prints everywhere. At one side, a loggia with flowers and climbing vines. A very elaborate luncheon, served by two men servants; then

coffee on the loggia. Mrs. Jay is tall, slender; very beautiful. She strikes me as a very able woman; full of intelligence, tact, sympathy, understanding, a courteous hostess and an exceedingly well-informed conversationalist. She has apparently had all the experiences that come with the life of an attaché of the Embassy. She has lived for instance three years in Egypt where she knew Kitchener. She spoke in passing of her mother being entertained at the house where General Robertson was once a footman. But the most interesting story she told --- and to me it was absolutely thrilling --- was an experience of her teens. When she was a girl, she went abroad every year. She always kept a diary. On this special trip, Prince Henry of Battenburg, accompanied by his staff, was on board. He was returning from his visit to the United States. She said that Prince Henry kept below all the time, but that she walked the deck every day for two hours, with a member of his entourage --- Von Tirpitz. Von Tirpitz spoke with great frankness of their disappointment in finding that the Germans in America were no longer Germans but Americans. (From that time, Bill told me afterwards, began the German propaganda in America; the revival of German customs, clubs and songs.) Von Tirpitz spoke with the utmost frankness also of the great world war for which the Germans were steadily preparing. He said to Mrs. Jay, "In twelve years we shall be ready." When the war broke out, she thought that Von Tirpitz had made a mistake of the year. She looked up her diary. This conversation took place in 1902.

From there, all about Rome doing errands. To the Post Office where we telegraph a forwarding address, as it looks now as though Bill would get to the Italian front; to Pialle's for the papers; to the American Express for our mail. Then out to ride on the Campagna through the Porto Nomentano and over the Ponte Nomentano bridge, the way all festooned with wisteria. Such wisteria! In some places it has climbed to the tops of very high trees. The green is actually smothered in blossoms. Indeed the blooms are so thick that it is as though the vines had no leaves. Only in Japan, I believe, is there such abundance of purple beauty. After a long while, we come on to the Campagna proper; beautiful, green, rolling country. We pass the wonderful old farm which I remember perfectly from eight years ago, with its stately barricade of stone-pines. Poppies gleam in silken crimson along the way. We meet many soldiers; many peasant women bearing burdens on their heads; women whose faces begin to show that fierce untamable expression which gets stronger the further south one gets. Home after a long while; and then out to the Ristorante Umberto where we have an expensive and indifferent dinner.

On our way to the Campagna, we stop at Santa Agnese fuori le Mura. It does not look much as I saw it last on St. Agnes's day in January, 1908. Then it was overflowing with tourists; the old English monks crowding the aisles while two little snow-white lambs, one garlanded with scarlet ribbons and the other with green, were blessed and consecrated. Now all the hanging crystal lamps are

(From the wool of these lambs is made the pallieum (I think it is pallium) of the Pope.

gone. Instead of tourists, rows of children --- little boys on one side, little girls on the other --- were listening to a talk from a priest. I could not understand a word of course; but had my back been turned, I should have known that he was talking to children, that he loved and understood children. There were in his voice the tender inflections of one who is making himself simple and understandable to those he loves. St. Agnese is much smaller than I remembered, but, oh, such a pretty church, with an original feature in the shape of a little, balcony-like loggia, high up.

April 7th, Friday.

Up early, it being pretty nearly settled now that Bill will go to the Italian front, to get less expensive rooms for me. We have been given the names of two hotels, the Boston and the Eden. We go to the Boston first. They show us three rooms and a bath on the fourth floor which are, plus pension, less expensive than our two rooms, without pension, at the Grand. Aside from that, those rooms overlook such a view. It was a little like that first glimpse of the sunset sky on my first night in Italy ten years ago, at Rapallo. Just below is a street and --- on the other side of the street --- an old and rather humble house; a charming combination of roofs and yard and stairways, with all kinds of unexpected adorable additions to main buildings. Beyond and at one side is the great grassy oval, strewn (even at this distance I could get their white and gold) with daisies and

buttercups the Villa Borghese; the Belevedere and what I call the wild wood of the French Academy, the two rectangular towers of the Academy pointing out of the trees. Nearer are the two towers of San Trinita di Monti. Beyond that is a great triangular slice of Rome, pearly in the morning light; beyond that, St. Peter dominating the Jamiculum; and beyond that, a hill with a long stretch of stone-pines. Without even going to the Eden, I get Bill to engage those rooms, solely on the strength of the view.

Riding all the afternoon, seeing churches. To San Clemente first --- which is constructed after the pattern I like most among Roman churches --- the pavement an old, old inlay of many marbles and stones in color, green and purple, porphyry predominating; the choir, built of marble, and continuing in the rectangular form into the nave; the ambones rising out of it. A guide takes us to two, and I think three, layers of ancient churches beneath. All these old churches are wonderfully clean. Two of them are Christian churches with frescoes quite clear and very interesting; simple and impressive. One church, lower still, contains a heathen temple to Mithras. It is a little rectangular room, looking as though it were cut from the solid stone with great shelf-like arrangements on each side; solid rock too and high, out of which seats have been rudely scooped. At the very end is a heathen god. Here the earth is damp and, at several spots, we hear running water. There were electric lights, but that sound of running water gave one an eerie feeling. I kept

thinking of the mythical "lost waters" of Rome. But indeed in Rome, you rarely get far from the sound of running water. Above ground, as soon as the tinkle of one fountain fades from the hearing, another seems to take it up.

From San Clemente we went to San Giovanni Laterano which is a church that I do not particularly enjoy. But I see the cloisters for the first time. And they are beautiful.

From San Giovanni we go to Santa Maria Maggiore; but for some reason this patriarchal church was closed. So, not to be balked, we went to San Pietro in Vinculi and stopped just long enough to see the Michael Angelo Moses --- a magnificent figure.

One great pleasure --- though a selfish one --- of touristing in these sad times, is that you have these wonderful places all to yourself. Now and then a fellow tourist (he is very likely to be a soldier --- especially in France) --- and, occasionally, an Italian woman (unmistakably from the comfortable peasantry) share our vigil. But in the main we see no one else. I suppose I shall never forget that interval in San Paolo fuori le Mura; the quiet great empty, bare silent religious reaches and but for a pair of priests divesting the altar, we alone in them.

On our way home, we run into Bill's friend, a tall, blonde, rather good-looking youth. He is from the Middle West and so persistently "subtle" that his remarks often leave me far behind. Curiously enough, I like some of his point of view. He regrets bitterly all

the years he spent at school and in learning. So do I. He thinks the Baths of Caracalla better than the ruins of the Palatine. So do I. We go home, drop into bed and into sleep almost simultaneously. I wake about eight, but neither of us cares for dinner. So back to bed and to sleep again.

April 8th, Saturday.

We pack. Loathly business! We pack first of all. Then we pay and tip. No brief nor small matter, that last. We go to the Boston where I hang out of the balcony enchanted. We arrive just in time for dejeuner. I meet one of Bill's friends of the U.P. We have coffee in his rooms and he presents me with six pictures of the new Venus in the Thermae. We spent the afternoon unpacking and undergo the novel experience of finding that we have many more bureau drawers than we have things to put in them. At dinner that night we meet a lot of people. Later we talk with a Mrs. Donahue whose husband is an English journalist. Bill remembers meeting him at Boulogne. In Paris, she has had the charge of a bureau for the reuniting of lost relatives among the refugees. She told us many touching stories. One about a boy-scout impressed me particularly. He carried letters from invaded Belgium to the Belgian front until he was finally arrested by the Germans and put in prison. He told Mrs. Donahue that the only thing that bothered him was that he had a cold in prison and but one handkerchief. He spoke with boyish enthusiasm of his friend, an older lad (he himself was but fourteen) because when that older lad was

summoned before a German officer and asked why he did these things, he replied, "Well, wouldn't you do what I did if Germany was in the same fix?" Also a story of a mother in northern France who, just before the war broke out, sent her little daughter on a visit with her parents in what so soon became the invaded district. It had been nine months since that mother had heard either from her parents or her child.

April 9th, Sunday

Indoors all the morning. Out in the afternoon for a long touristing. First to Santa Maria in Cosmedin which we find a quaint and charming little church in the style of San Clemente; the many-marbled and many-colored pavement which I so much admire and the choir built down into the nave. The altar there is a slab of marble laid across an old Roman bathtub. It is very quaint and lovable. Bill is crazy about it. Heartened by his admiration I take him to San Giorgio Velabro, for all this neighborhood is one that I very much enjoy. The same old guide, a poor, dirty, forlorn-looking creature who tackled us when we stopped here that day we rode with the Ciefarras, came forward. We, failing of the cynical brutality towards the professional guide of the native born, listen to his account of the Arch Janue Quadrifons,, the Arch of the Money Changers. Then he takes us through the [redacted] and smelly alley, under ancient brick arches, to see the Cloaco Maxima. We retreat from the unpleasant neighborhood as soon as possible;

Bill consoling me with the information that, disagreeable as the experience is, at least we have seen one of the oldest things in Rome.

As we emerge from the alley, a group of half-grown girls playing jump-rope, came racing into the Piazza; gay-faced, laughing dusky creatures. I stood and watched them as long as I dared; so splendid were their dashes; so picturesque their grouping. I think I shall never forget those beautiful Roman maidens.

Then, guided, this time, by a woman trailing a large-eyed cherub of an Italian baby, we go into San Giorgio. It is tumble-down; but there are four beautiful Roman pillars, stolen from somewhere; old frescoes gradually coming to life; old bits of Roman temples. Bill is delighted with it. And emboldened by this second success, I suggest going to Santa Sabina on the Aventine. A friendly monk, in black and white, holds the door of the sacristy open. Glancing in I find it full of his companions. I, fearful of interrupting ceremony, shrink back but he, in friendly fashion, motions me on. Santa Sabina, which I have always loved, proves to be in the process of restoration. No chance to see the treasured Sassaferrato over the altar which I remember to be beautiful. But above the great front entrance is a huge mosaic inscription, very impressive. And the side door proves to be one big piece of wood carving, of which the corner panel is thought to be the earliest picture of the Crucifixion. Whether it is the earliest or not, it is certainly crude. The Christ and the three thieves appear to be standing on

the ground. Opposite this door is a window. Through that window we see an orange tree --- today it was in full fruit --- that St. Dominicus planted.

From Santa Sabina up the hill. It was such a steep hill that Bill gets out to ease the poor horse who has frequently to pause. Passing the garden of the Knights of Malta, our cochiere points to the keyhole, through which, one gets a charming view of St. Peters'. We pull the bell and presently appears a very pleasant-faced, blue-eyed old woman who unlocks the door and lets us wander at will. Of course we make through the giant-high hedge to where the beautiful garden ends in a sheer hill-drop. There we overlook a pearly Rome and a brassy Tiber. Curious that I should, this very day, find awaiting me at the Boston Hotel a copy of the story in print, The Night Before in the Century Magazine in which I have described that garden. We had intended to go from here to San Stefano, but on the impulse turned to the Baths of Caracalla.

I find them on my second sight quite as impressive as on my first; sky-touching [redacted] fragments --- so vast; so broken; so poignantly beautiful. Poppies everywhere. I forget what it was that Shelley wrote here --- it seems to me to be Alastor. I can imagine writing anything here. It would be interesting to know, of how many masterpieces, Rome has been the inspiration. It was in Santa Maria Ara Coelie, of course, that Gibbons first conceived the idea of The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

As we leave the Baths, Bill is struck with the facade of a little

old church near. We dig up an ugly, porverty-stricken hawk of a woman-guide who takes us in. It is old and crumbly beyond belief. Much of its makings was evidently stolen from the Baths of Caracalla. In front of the altars are big Roman vases, of primitive shape, not hollow, solid, of marble. Bits of what looked like heathen altars are used in the back of this Christian altar. An inscription says that St. Gregory delivered one of his homilies here and a fresco in the semicircular choir illustrates that event. There is also a list of the saints buried in the church. It is all so interesting --- and so ancient --- that we wonder why it has been permitted to fall into such decay. In Santa Maria in Cosmedin, they were uncovering beautiful pillars and antique frescoes. Bill and I had the feeling that this church would deliver up stores, equally connotative of the past, if somebody would only investigate.

Home and to bed.

April 10th, Monday.

Indoors all day until the afternoon. Then out to buy rosaries, as Mr. Wood tells me I shall soon receive an invitation to an audience at the Vatican. Then I, alone, to a friend's to tea. She has charming rooms all in blue; a lovely garden into which you step from her hall; with lemon trees, wisteria, roses, camelias --- with gold fish and turtles.

At this moment, all Italy is garlanded in wisteria.

Mr. Wood tells us at dinner that battles, on the mountain front of the Italian line, often employ avalanches for weapons.

April 11th, Tuesday.

Indoors all the morning. Then out for a shopping when I get my veil to wear to the Vatican. To Mr. Wood's tailor where Bill purchases trousers made especially for the front and to a military shop where he buys a water-proof, green-gray coat, hooded, such as the Italian officers wear --- very smart. From there to La Tour's Piazza Colonna where we have tea (at least the others have tea) I have citron pressé and the most delicious toast of brown, war pane. We talk of many things and decide that the climatic conditions in America tend to race suicide.

In a letter in today's Daily Mail appears the following paragraph; "In Germany women, especially of the lower and middle classes, are almost forced to become mothers. As a Prussian officer said to the wife of a French officer, engaged in nursing German and French wounded (I quote from her book); "You, madame, in France have no children. Our wives have many. It is the only recreation permitted to them."

April 13th, Wednesday.

Last night as Mr. Wood, Bill and I were sitting at dinner, the summons to the Vatican came; a big printed invitation, in a big rectangular envelope and scaled with the Vatican seal. It contained very specific directions as to clothes. I was very glad I had bought the veil. I spent the evening sewing black lace over the yellow and grey collar of my black coat. Though the audience was at twelve, Mr. Wood warned me to be there by eleven. I started

in a carriage from the hotel at about a quater to eleven. I rode through the city all in black and in my black veil. I was much embarrassed at first until I realized that I was attracting no attention whatever. Rome is accustomed to this spectacle. My first adventure, when I reached the Vatican, was to have a woman rush up to me and inundate me with an avalanche of excited Italian. I replied "Je ne comprend pas and she instantly left me. What it was all about, I shall never know of course. I entered the Vatican, passing a group of Swiss guards in a costume which makes them look exactly like the figures on playing cards. Finding a group of black-dressed, black-veiled women about to ascend the stairs, I followed them. We went up and up and up over interminable flights of low-stepped, stone stairs. We passed through innumerable gorgeous rooms and numberless gorgeous corridors. Then again we went up. We came finally into a big sala where were many women. Some were alone. Some were in groups. Many stood. Many sat. But they were all engaged, though of course without mirrors, in the immemorial woman-job of primping. Most of them were removing hats and gloves; putting on veils. I was already ungloved, black-coated and black-mantilla-ed; and, so, I sat for fifteen minutes watching the scene. It was most picturesque. In passing, I must say, that the mantilla is becoming to the average woman. And it was most interesting and very different from the usual scene of a presentation. The women supplied no color; they were like a flock of crows. But the soldiers grouped at the other end of the room, the members of the Swiss guard,

various officers of the Vatican, were as colorful as an aviary of tropical birds. The women, I found, had not lived up absolutely to the dress requirements. One of two were dark-blue, serge suits; one, a blue silk suit with a veil, faintly purple. Almost all of them wore earrings and, several, boots with mouse-colored tops. The veils were of all kinds and varieties from the white communion veils, which draped the heads of the very young girls, through straight folds of black maline or tulle, to real lace, Spanish, Venetian, Chantilly. Almost everybody showed white at the neck and wrists; and young girls even wore white shirt-waists. Some, whose heads bore small close hats, put their veils on over them. And one woman had dropped her veil over her widow's bonnet.

It was --- as far as the women were concerned --- a gathering preponderatingly Latin; Italian and French. I think I was the only American, the only Anglo-Saxon. This was of course an extraordinary experience. Indeed, I doubt if any American woman has ever before been present at such an interesting audience.

In contrast with all this black was the paroquet-like group of the Swiss guard. Their costumes are I think the most picturesque in the world. I learned tonight, from Mr. Wood, that Raphael designed them. The background seems to be a close-fitting deep blue with flutings of scarlet; the top a short jacket, pointed at the back. Over this are slashings of a brilliant yellow; slashed, leg-o-mutton sleeves; slashed knee trousers. They wear a helmet and they carry a halberd. They stood, grouped at the further door, as though resting.

They walked across the room singly or in pairs, as though exercising. And from time to time, elegant functionaries and inportant-looking flunkies were passing through the sala; many priests in the customary black robes and black beaver hat; officials dressed in crimson brocade. Once a brilliant, scarlet cardinal appeared. Instantly the guards came to attention, saluted.

I noticed finally that groups of people --- and often they included men --- entered this sala; gave their invitations to one of the crimson brocade officials and that, thereafter, they were immediately ushered forward and out of sight. It did not at first occur to me that they could be going to the audience, for none of the men were in evening clothes. After waiting a long time, however, with nothing happening, I moved across the room and stood near the door with my invitation prominently disposed in my hand. One of the crimson brocade officials came forward immediately and took it from me. Then he indicated, by words that I could not understand and by gestures that I could, to follow him. I did so. He brought me into another huge sala, lined with chairs, in which people were sitting. There was, at one end, a great amorphous statue-like thing, shrouded in gauze, with a gold angel at its base. At the other end was a huge, gold throne-like seat. I took it for granted somehow that the Holy Father would come into this room. And, so, having carefully seated myself at one side and discovering that on the other side there was another seat giving me a better view of the door, I moved over.

I examined the company. Here, ranged around three sides of the room, were all the people who had gone in ahead of me. Men, women, children. The men, no more than the women, had dressed for the occasion. They wore their simple shabby peasant or bourgois best, even when it was not black. There were family parties; one, I remember, of two women who herded three little boys in blue sailor suits and tan shoes. Presently, however, men in evening clothes began to appear --- a member of our Embassy, carrying rosaries and prayer books. Among them, a man prostrated himself at the foot of the gold angel, prayed passionately, tenderly fondling its golden feet.

We sat there for a long time in silence.

Suddenly one of the officials entered the room, called and beckoned to us. We all arose and hurried like a drove of sheep into a third room. Here we were ranged about the room, side by side but in a single row and standing — the men lining one wall, the women the other. The three little sailor-suited boys stood in front of their mother. For a long time we waited here. Some nuns near me --- one with <u>such</u> a cheerful, humorous face --- talked in French, but everybody else spoke in Italian. There were several doors, but just opposite me was one which looked into a long series of rooms, all filled with people and all guarded [redacted] soldiers. Soldiers began to pass through our room, entering from this door. Some of the soldiers were in blue-grey with epaulettes and belts of gold, carrying guns and wearing white gloves. These were members of the Palatine Guard. Others in dark blue uniforms, trimmed

with red, very rich and smart, wore massive, golden helmets which curled up forwards and back into a long metal horn. These were the Noble Guard --- men chosen from the nobility. There was considerable restlessness among them; they kept looking back through the door. And somehow partly because of their restlessness, partly because we were kept standing, it got to us that the Holy Father would come through those rooms and enter that door. We, who commanded that line of rooms, watched steadfastly.

Suddenly at the end of that vista, I caught a flutter of white.

Somebody else caught it, and without orders from anybody we sank, the whole line all around the room, to our knees. It was like the breaking of a high-crested wave. The soldiers came to attention. The flutter of white drew nearer, became a robed figure which ultimately crossed the threshold --- and I was in the presence of Pope Benedict XV.

He is a very little man, no taller, I should say, than I, though slender; not imposing at all, rather white-faced; ascetic, thoughtful and very fine looking --- of the type of Henry Irving and Andrew Furuseth. I said to myself, as I was driving to the Vatican, "I am going to see a tired and worried-looking man." He looked all of that and even more --- he looked utterly exhausted. His garments were of white cashmere or of some similar material. He wore a little round cap of white, watered silk and a sash [redacted] The sash was fringed with gold and embroidered with gold insignia. His slippers were of red velvet. About his neck hung a cross of diamonds and

emeralds.

He began at the end nearest the door and gave his hand to each woman. They kissed his ring. It seemed a very small hand that I took in mine --- cold and fleshless somehow; perhaps, not so much fleshless, for it was plump enough, as unfleshly. I kissed the ring. It too was of diamonds and eneralds. He proceeded about the four sides of the room, stopping here and there to listen to the special prayers which people asked of him.

Twice I saw him display a tact that was as instant as it was effective. When he came to the boys, in the sailor-suits, he put his hands on their heads and blessed them. Now these boys had been, up to that instant, little silent statues of awe. The moment the Holy Father touched them, they contracted, like regular little boys, and acute attack of the giggles. Instantly the Holy Father turned his back on them and instantly they ceased to laugh. And when he came to the man, who had prayed at the feet of the golden angel, this man dropped to the ground and, grovelling there, attempted to kiss his feet. His Holiness side-stepped that hysterical outburst as quickly and neatly as any professional boxer.

After he had made the rounds completely, he stepped into the middle of the room and gave us his blessing. Then he disappeared. All the time he had been attended by two chamberlains in long priestly robes of purple, one of whom always smiled sympathetically as the pilgrims stumbled through their requests. Then we all filed out. I got a carriage and arrived at the Boston just in

time for lunch. I calculated that the Holy Father appeared to us at about half past twelve.

April 14th, Thursday.

Indoors all the morning. At eleven, Bill comes back from the Berlitz School, where he has been brushing up his French, early because his teacher is ill. Out to St. Peters. Rather empty with all the altars and pictures covered, the crosses swathed, the chapel being dismantled of golden ornaments --- all in preparation for Holy Week. To the American Embassy --- walk for a little way with a friend over the Quirinale. He points out to us, in the Royal Palace, the apartments of the Queen and the door --- or rather the direction of the door --- through which escaped the last Pope who lived outside the Vatican. He describes the beautiful garden within.

That afternoon to the Golden Gate Tea Room with a woman-friend. This tea room is kept by a Californian woman, who has made such a success here that she has opened a second tearoom in Frascati, [redacted] will presently open a third somewhere else in Rome. Then to ride on the Janiculum, (from which [redacted] is as beautiful a view of Rome as of Florence from the Piazzale Michael Angelo. I see again and with great pleasure the spirited, equestrian statue of Garibaldi. We pass the church where Tasso is buried. Home past St. Peter's! The sunset light turns the brown facade to a wonderful warm gold. Dinner with Mr. Wood.

April 14th, Friday.

When we sat down to petit-dejeuner this morning Bill caught a glimpse of a dirigible sailing, or seeming to sail, through the pearly-misty morning. We watch it for a while, but it does not move. It stays anchored there all the morning. Bill packed all the afternoon for the front.

Later we then go to San Pietro. Early twilight and the great church, still light, and comparatively quiet, as though everybody were waiting for Easter Week. In the evening to two cinemas with Mr. Wood. We come into the middle of the first show, but I get the thread of the story very easily. Nothing notable about them except that, as all the scenes are laid in Italy, the back-grounds are often very beautiful. Bill sleeps tranquilly through both.

April 15th, Saturday.

Out early in the morning and while Bill visits the Embassy, I go into Santa Maria Angeli. A disappointing big church --- a little like a younger and smaller St. Peter's. It begins to pour. Driven indoors by the rain and outdoors by the cold, I compromise by standing in the doorway, reading Baedecker and waiting for Bill.

When he comes, it is with the news that Richard Harding Davis is dead.

Home to lunch and for more packing. A woman-friend calls in the afternoon with my story in the Ladies Home Journal. In the

evening over to the station to see Bill off for the front. The scene is very interesting there: a Japanese military attaché in khaki, scarlet and gold: and all the departing soldiers, surrounded by groups of women relatives, making tearful farewells. One girl holds the hand of a soldier, which is stretched down to her through the window of the car, until the train leaves.

April 16th, Sunday.

Up very early and over to St. Peter's with Miss Rohe. The tickets which she had obtained at the American college admits us to reserved seats. We sit there the whole morning --- from half past eight until nearly one. When we first got there, priests seemed to be singing in strophe and antistrophe. Then came a High Mass, followed by the Passion. It was an interesting occasion; gorgeous and picturesque.

Merry del Val presided.

He is a true prince of the church, tall with a magnificent figure, a splendid carriage; handsome with a clean-cut, hawk-like face; richly-brown; plushy-brown hair; satiny-brown skin and in all that brownness, eyes blade-blue. His costume is of course beautiful and colorful. Au fond it was of scarlet and lace. But over this were placed, at various times in the service --- I do not know how many --- thin gorgeous robes of old rose and gold. He was attended by two other church officials, equally gorgeous, who put on and removed these wonderful vestments. During the services he wore five different hats --- a little round cap of scarlet, a black

biretta (I think that is what it is called) a high, pointed headdress that one connects mainly with the Holy Father; finally a round, scarlet, brimmed hat, like the black ones the priests wear ordinarily. There was another, but I cannot remember it. The procession, of which he formed a part, was gorgeous. First came two chamberlains with maces. Then came choir boys --- or perhaps they were young student priests. They wore dark purple with facings of a like color and short loose garments, trimmed with lace. Then came canons. Some wore black with the thin, short, lace-trimmed white garments, caps of white fur. There were many priests in the ordinary black. In the midst of the ceremonies, they formed a procession and walked to the entrance of St. Peter's, where, after knocking on the door, they were admitted again. This was symbolic of something, but of what I do not know. We all stood on our chairs --- even the row of nuns back of us (one of whom offered us her book, in which we read all about this strange ceremony) to watch the procession return to the altar. And what a magnificent blaze of color it was.

Then came the distribution of the palms; very complicated ones, faded or bleached to brilliant yellows and plaited most interestingly. There were three sizes of these palms and they were distributed in sizes that matched official ranks. Presently the choir-stalls were filled with them. But I liked better the olive branches, alive and green, which were pre ently given to us. After the Passion, which

was very long and a little monotonous to one who did not understand, the procession filed out of the church through a side door. Crowds followed, so we followed. What ceremonies, Merry del Val performed here, I do not know, but he went into a building, off at the side He disappeared [redacted] a door, back of one of the tombs, through which I have never passed. The crowd waited outside and presently he reappeared. He passed into another building, some of the crowd intercepting him and kissing his ring. There he stayed.

Then we went home. I should say that there were not more than a thousand people in the church; mainly priests, monks, nuns, a few tourists --- and all Italians.

In the evening to the theatre with Alice Rohe where we see Othello. The music was all unfamiliar to me and not especially pleasing. The soprano, Baldesarre Tedeschi, does a beautiful piece of work in the singing of the prayer in the last act. The Othello is impressive in appearance only. I am much interested in the enormous theatre with its four balconies of loges and two, above these, of seats. There are not many people there though and it is not a particularly interesting occasion.

April 17th, Monday --- the beginning of Holy Week.

Shopping all the morning in the Via Condotti and the Piazza di Spagna. In the afternoon, following the directions of a little book in English, vilely written and atrociously printed, called Holy Week in Rome, Alice Rohe and I go first to San Andrea Ponte

Molle. San Andrea is outside the wall. To get to it, you pass through the Porta del Popolo and into a section of the city I have never seen before. San Andrea proves to be not much more than a tiny burial chapel. Back of it is a cemetery, equally tiny, where the brothers of the order are interred. It is a silent place with quiet, old lichened walls and quiet, old inscriptions on them, two tall cypresses guarding one end and two more guarding the other. And we are the only people there --- the important hour, it seems, is later in the day. It was here that the head of St. Andrew was received by Pius the Second in 1462. And there is a statue of St. Andrea in the tranquil little cemetery. Somewhere I have read that it was planned first to take the head of St. Paul and St. Peter to meet the head of St. Andrew. But this hospitable idea was, much to my regret, rejected. And for what reason I do not know. This pilgrimage, from the point of view of seeing religious expression, was of course disappointing.

Santa Presseda, to which we went next, offered a more interesting experience. We saw a respectable-sized audience, mainly of priests and of nuns, some of the priests very young. Ceremonies were going on at the altar. At one side, the chapel of St. Zeno, closed ordinarily to women, was open. A portion of the column, to which Christ was bound when scourged --- a broken fragment of black and white stone --- is preserved under glass on the altar. There are interesting ninth-century frescoes all over this little chapel, one of a woman, Theodora Episcopa. Presently we saw people going down

a lighted stairway, just in front of the choir. We too went. We saw displayed in silver cases on the altar, three thorns from the crown of thosrns; the sponges which St. Presseda filled with the blood of the martyrs; a piece of the gown of the Virgin. On the side of the passage, leading to this altar, were two tombs; one containing the bodies of St. Presseda and St. Pudientiana, and the second the bones of other martyrs.

Home by way of Santa Maria Maggiore which we walk through. Oh such a noble church! It gives me the same sense of space and spaciousness that San Paolo fuori le Mura does, but of course it is infinitely more mellowed by time. It was quite empty. I love to have these churches to myself. That is the single advantage of touristing in this wartime world.

In the evening to the theatre with Alice Rohe, to see The Magistrate and a play called The Daughter of Jetta. The first is light and not especially interesting; the second rather good but, I thought, with a false climax. The acting exceedingly fine. Strange how they managed to give me, in the climax scene, such a feeling of suspense when I had no idea what it was all about. Later however I did find out what it was all about, becasue it was all explained to Alice Rohe by a pretty little black-eyed, smiling Roman girl beside her. A huge theatre, as big as the opera-house, with six galleries of boxes and, at the back, the royal box --- the first I have ever seen. It is draped with crimson velvet, dropping from a huge golden crown. Big mirrors hang on the rear wall. Home through a beautiful moonlight

by a route which takes us past the Pantheon and my favorite fountain --- the Triton. It seems strange to think that, ever since I left Rome, eight years ago, he has, without cessation, blown that stream of water into the air day and night.

April 18th, Monday.

In the freshness of the morning to Santa Maria del Popolo. Curiously enough this region of the Piazza del Popolo always depresses me; so, in consequence, do the churches there. But Santa Maria del Popolo is really a very interesting church. Curiously enough, I knew that I had visited it before, although I could not recall the circumstances. I knew this by --- and oh what tricks the memory plays --- that ghastly tomb near the door, where, through a grated window near the wall, a marble skeleton appears to glare at one. Also, I vaguely recall the monument to the Princess Chigi; made from a combination of marbles. Also I recall the lioness. There are some beautiful tombs here too, one decorated by Mina di Fiesole. But here are also a chapel and a choir full of murals by Pinturrichio, the latter, possibly more beautiful, viewed merely as a complicated design. But the former contains an Assumption of the Virgin which is one of the sweetest pictures I have seen in Rome. There is also a Capello Chigi, filled with beautiful murals by Raphael. All these murals, without being restored, are seemingly as fresh as when they were painted. Equally fresh, I remember, were the extraordinary Pinturrichios in the Library

at Siena. One of the Chapel paintings alas, due to the religious rigors of the week preceeding Easter, was covered, but the others we saw. They had acquired a tone infinitely more lovely than the freshness of the Pinturrichios. There are many beautiful tombs here when all is said and done. And in spite of the fact that the trail of the baroque lies over everything, it is one of the most interesting churches in Rome.

From there we went, according to the orders of the little book, to Santa Maria in Campetelli --- a rather interesting church, grey in color. I was most struck with two baroque tombs, one of which says simply, Umbra and the other Nihil; also with the architectural dexterity, of which Baedecker speaks, by which, at the narrow choir-end, a transcept, which does not really exist, is suggested. The miraculous madonna which ended the plague is placed so high that we cannot see it. From there to the Aventine, where --- still following orders --- we went to Santa Prisca. We find a small, restored church, modernly whitewashed and frescoed. It is empty, but a ceremony of some sort --- presided over by a solitary priest and answered by a chorus from a screened balcony at the back --- is going on. Presently we do down under the altar and see the tomb of St. Prisca and the baptismal font that St. Peter used. Then home.

April 19th, Wednesday.

At home all the morning --- reading, writing, performing a lot of small, fussy, fiddling jobs which amount to nothing. In the

middle of the afternoon, with Alice Rohe, to Santa Maria Maggiore for the singing of the Tenebrae, the Lammentations and the Miserere. This is scheduled for about four. We get there very early and find the church almost empty. Gradually however it begins to fill. While waiting, we study the choir mosaics and the great rich chapels on each side. Again and again we visit the sacristy to ask for tickets but always find nobody there. On one of these calls, we run on to a good-natured, fat, middle-aged priest who is also waiting to obtain a ticket. He remarks sarcastically that they must all still be sleeping. After the crowd has become quite big, however, and we are wondering if we shall be able to see anything. Alice storms the sacristy alone in a last desperate attempt. In her absence I hold down the inferior places which we have managed to find. While I wait, and old woman, English I should say, seats herself on the stone steps near me. I hope I shall never forget her face, so full of character; and the scoop-shaped straw hat which sat so high on her piled and rolled gray hair. Somebody suggests to her that she might get tickets. But she cannot get up unassisted and, so, two courteous gentlemen, one a priest, stepped forward and lifted her.

Presently Alice Rohe comes tripping across the big shadowy nave, two huge yellow tickets in her hand. She explains that she got them by stating simply that she represented seven hundred American newspapers and that I was the most distinguished novelist in America. "But don't think," she added "that it was 'the most

distinguished novelist in America' that got them. It was the seven hundred American newspapers." These tickets admit us to a draperied stall, at the left, between the high altar and the choir, so elegant and so comfortable that only the most important could possibly be allowed there. [redacted]. Presently in comes the procession of priests and we listen to a long but a very beautiful service. At one side stands a triangular-shaped candlestick in which are burning fifteen candles. During the service, these are put out, one by one, until but one is left. They represented the apostles who deserted Christ. Then the altar candles were extinguished. Finally the officiating cardinal dropped on his knees at the high altar, facing upwards. As he knelt they drew, over his head, the red hood of his red vestment, so that it fell in long folds, like the hood of Dante, over a face, in that fading light, was extraordinarily Dantesque. He remained like this, praying silently for many moments. In the meantime, the shadows fell deeper and deeper; softer and softer; the great congregation grew quieter and quieter. And then suddenly it was all over and we were moving out of the church in a great crush of people. And, so, home.

April 20th, Thursday.

This has been one of the most extraordinary days that I have ever experienced in my life; so crowded that when I sit down to write about it, my mind aches with the confusion of detail; the procession of colors; the rivers of music; the clouds of incense;

the succession of churches; the crowds.

In brief the great events of the day were, first, at San Giovanni in the morning, the blessing of the oils to be used in baptism; confirmation and extreme unction; second, at St. Peters in the afternoon, the Tenebrae, Lammentations, the Miserere, the washing of the Papal Altar; third, the visiting of sepulchres any time in between.

This visiting of the sepulchres requires a little explanation. On this day, every church in Rome, or nearly every church, has a special altar beautifully decorated. According to my guide book, after Mass, the Blessed Eucharist is removed from the tabernacle on the altar and carried in solemn procession to this other altar—erroneously called a sepulchre, but really an altar of repose. The reason for the removal of the Blessed Sacrement is to prevent all interruption of the Passion at the chief altar of the church. The rubrics of the church require the chief altar to be left without any ornament whatever on this occasion. All the afternoon long and late into the evening, the Romans go about visiting these altars of repose. The devout make it a point to visit seven; that is considered a day's chore. Alice Rohe and I visited <u>seventeen</u>. They were San Giovanni Laterano, Santa Croce; Santa Maria Maggiore, Santa Maria Vittorio; San Andrea delle Fratte; San Silvestro in Capite; Santa Maria in Via; San Marcello; Santa Maria Sopra Minerva; San Eustacio; San Agnese; San Agostino; San Luigi in Francesi; San Pietro; San Lorenzo in Damaso; the Jesu; Santa Maria in Aracoeli.

We got out to San Giovanni early. As usual we seemed to [redacted] arrive [redacted] before everybody else and, as usual, the great church gradually filled up. We discovered that all the tickets had been given out, so that we could not sit in the galleries on either side of the choir. But we found a place near the baldacchino. The service was a long one and the music very beautiful. Once the procession of priests left the altar and went to a side chapel. That we conjectured --- we could only conjecture --- was the time when the Blessed Eucharist was placed on the Altar of Repose. When they left the Altar to return to the choir, Alice and I followed --- to come on a most wonderful and picturesque scene. The group, spread down the nave in a long fan-shape, were on their knees before the great Gothic baldachino, in which were exposed for veneration the sacred relics of this church --- the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul. It was a splendid picture because of the variety of color and the beauty of the vestments. For on this day, in addition to his usual assistants, the Cardinal is attended by twelve priests in chasubles, seven deacons in dalmatics and seven subdeacons in tunics. It was one of those pictures, like the Cardinal in his Dantesque robes kneeling before the High Altar in Santa Maggiore yesterday, that one feels one will remember all his life.

All this day, in this church, was exposed over the altar in the left transcept, a table which is alleged to have been used at the Last Supper.

The ceremony of the washing of the Papal Altar at St. Peter's

was most wonderful. Previous to it came the singing of the Tenebrae and the Miserere. The Miserere ended, as at Santa Maria Maggiore yesterday, with the beating on the choir-stalls by the priests to indicate the earthquake and confusion which followed the Crucifixion. The music was beautiful beyond my powers of description, especially one voice --- high, pure, clear --- delicate as a woman's voice. It is music infinitely appealing, full of minor, a long mournful wail. Ever since I heard it yesterday at Santa Maria Maggiore, it has been ringing in my ears; it floods through my sleep at night.

After a while, the priests in the choir were given what looked like round yellow sponges, mounted on wands and the whole procession. Cardinal Merry del Val, bishops, canons, altar-boys, all preceeded by gorgeous, uniformed officials carrying plush-and-gold maces, proceeded to wash the High Altar from seven silver vases which were standing alone there. Then the whole procession, beginning with Cardinal Merry del Val, passed by the altar and with an aspergillum (the sponge-ended wands they carried) passed --- each --- a cleansing stroke across it. Finally the five canons wiped the altar dry. In the meantime, it had been getting later and later. In our reserved seats, in front of the choir, Alice Rohe and I had agreed that we should not be able to see much more if the services continued. Never-the-less, we both said we were glad to see St. Peter's in such an exquisite, twilight darkness. Suddenly light flamed; colossal clusters of electric bulbs in each of the high, gold barrel

arches. The effect was magical.

When the procession came past us, everybody in the reserved seats --- nuns, priets, laymen --- quite frankly climbed up and stood on their seats. We stood with them. That procession, ranging from the cardinal at the head in scarlet silk and white lace to the tiniest altar-boy at the end in violet cassock and white cotta, was, in that half light, impressive beyond description. It was only a half light, for even those enormous star-clusters could not wholly illuminate mammoth St. Peters. All around us sounded, as it had been sounding the whole afternoon, the voice of the crowd, of a St. Peter's crowd --- a vast, sibilant, whispering, echoing, hollow half-roar and half-murmur which could have been the voice of the mighty Campagna; or the mighty sea, or even the more mighty, eternal space. Immediately after this ceremony, there came a pause while the crowd swayed in the direction of the statue of St. Veronica. Above, far, far, far above, was a balcony, upholstered in scarlet velvet with candles burning. Suddenly appeared there a priest or a canon or a bishop, I could not get which, holding a silver reliquary in his hand. All about us, people fell to their knees. One by one, high up there in the air, were displayed St. Peter's treasures; the lance which pierced the side of Jesus as he hung on the cross; a fragment of the true cross, the handkerchief of St. Veronica.

It was like watching action on a distant star.

Then we went home. Between these two great church functions,

we visited the seventeen Altars of Repose. I cannot of course remember all of them; although I do remember easily enough Santa Croce in Jerusalem because that was the first; all decorated with flowers; low flat arrangements of purple and white. I remember perfectly St. Peter's in Vaticabo where there were no flowers; but a great many candles burning against a rich, beautifully-draped background of crimson cloth, falling from a golden crown. And San Andrea delle Valle where, as gay as though it were Christmas, there were many colored lights strung among the flowers and candles. And the Jesu, where the candles burned straight up to a huge ball of lapis lazuli that is set at the very top of the chapel; an exceedingly rich effect. But the rest, just a melée of impressions, I cannot recall by name. One, freshly floral, with great bushes of white azaleas at the sides and low bunches of pink flowers in between; another had much green with white callas; another had charming little garlands of pink flowers, thick in the middle and tapering to mere threads. In another, which was apparently a poor church, the lights burned in glasses, which had been covered with colored paper, and there were great crosses lying on the floor of the Chaper, of a strange, yellow-green, grass-like growth.

But I shall not soon forget our last sepulchre in Santa Maria Ara Coelie. We visited that long after night had come. With the exception of a pretty Italian girl in picturesque costume, a handkerchief on her head, we were the only people in the Church. To enter, we had to ride to the side entrance back of the Campidoglio;

thereby, passing twice a pair of lovers who had sought this forsaken road for privacy and much resented our intrusion. We had to grope our way through half darkness into the dimly-lighted church. I saw it for the first time in this visit to Rome and recognized, with a great throb of affection, that for unusualness, for the true antiquity of a pagan temple Christanized, it was all that my memory had treasured. Very strange to be there all alone in that dim light! The very pavement turned under my feet, so loose are some of the old stones. And then, finally home through the peacock-blue twilight of a moon-lit Roman dusk, with the fountains making music at intervals, and the roses, which have succeeded the beautiful wisteria, making color and perfume everywhere.

It was a true Roman crowd which filled this day; people of all sorts; the bourgoisie in their respectable clothes; the working class in their picturesque costumes, handkerchiefs or veils on their heads; nuns of all kinds of sisterhoods; seminarians of all nationalities except the scarlet-clad Germans; priests; strings and strings of girls and boys from various schools; nurses carrying babies, some of those babies so young that they were laid on pillows; hundreds of little angel or cherub children, being very good or very bad, just as it happened; carbinieri and soldiery of all descriptions. Out of the day's crushing and crowding remain two pictures; one a young lad, beautiful and looking a little pale, as one much worried; shabby, praying before the sepulchre at St. Peter's praying in such a reverent attitude, praying with such longing, praying with such

a heart-break in his voice. He looked very like the Praying Knight at Siena. I have wondered many times since what was the story back of that lad's prayer --- a dying mother, a father at the front? The second picture, the face of a young nun, watching at St. Peters, the procession going to purify the Papal Altar. She was in her early twenties; round-faced but clear-cut; of a warm, brown beauty; frank. She was smiling with the joy, a joy that was spiritualized, but yet had in it the gaiety of youth and beauty too.

April 21st, Friday.

A beautiful day and out in its first freshness and most pristine sweetness, to Santa Croce in Jerusalem. Everywhere markets displaying treasures of fresh vegetables and beautiful flowers. Everywhere women balancing big, flat, round baskets of flowers on their heads. Everywhere girls carrying great bunches of flowers in their hands. Everywhere the colorful, faded costumes of Rome. Everywhere the shining black heads of the women. Everywhere angels and cherubs and cupids of babies.

The events of the day on Good Friday are the Mass of the Presanctified, so called because the Host, consumed at this Mass, has been sanctified the day before; the Desolata or Three Hour Service, which consumes the period in which Christ hung on the cross, the Tenebrae and the Miserere.

Alice Rohe and I decide to see the Mass of the Presanctified at Santa Croce; the Tenebrae and Miserere, at San Giovanni Laterno.

The Mass of the Presanctified is very solemn. The altar is in black and the priests wear black vestments. Attending them were gentlemen in black knee-breeches and black silk small-clothes, ruffled. These were members of the old nobility who, by custom, are much mixed up with the Lateran celebrations on Good Friday. Part way through the service, a big black cross with a figure of Christ in silver, was brought down to the middle aisle. All the officiating priests and any others in the church who desire, kneel and kiss it. Some kiss merely the feet. But others kiss --- and with great tenderness --- the head, and feet, both nailed hands and the wound in the side. Beside it is a silver plate and they deposit money there as they rise.

It was an interesting churchfull; many beautiful little children squirming in the impatience of an enforced quiet and movelessness. One old man, oh very old indeed, ancient rather, wrinkled and gnarled as the branch of a dead tree, touches us acutely. He brings his little grandson, a mere toddler, and teaches him how to kneel and kiss the cross, removing his hat the while.

Much of the time, I sit and look at the beautiful Pinturicchio over the choir. In it is a procession of figures that I cannot quite get, although I do see the figure of Helena holding the cross. But back of this medley of figures is a comely Italian landscape of high, abrupt hills with trees and winding paths.

After the Mass is over, holy relics are exhibited from a balcony high up, preceeded by that strange clanging sound of iron shutters

being lifted, which marked the display of the relics at St. Peters. Afterwards, we stop at Santa Scala which, according to schedule, many are ascending on their knees; not however in the numbers or with the fervor that I expected. Jesus is said to have passed over these stairs on his way to Pontius Pilate. At the top was a black crucifix which the devout kissed. Beyond was a chapel with windows open but grated, in which hung --- it was too far away for us to see it --- the picture of Christ, reputed to have been painted by St. Luke.

Before we go home, we drive to Egiziaca, a little old, worn, tarnished neglected church, made from a very beautiful old temple and sunk quite a bit below the level of the street. In that we saw our seventeenth sepulchre. It was said to be a perfect representation of the sepulchre at Jerusalem. It was a little cell-like place, in which lies entombed --- with a realism almost too great --- a painted wooden figure of the Christ. Two big crosses here of wood so old that it is worm-eaten and falling to pieces.

A charming neighborhood. Exactly opposite is the house of Rienzi; and just around the corner, my beloved Santa Maria in Cosmedin; the adorable Round Temple and one of the most charming fountains in Rome. We go home through a street which has, at the corner, an incredible fragment of ancient Rome --- a gigantic marble foot. No single antiquity in Rome brings so acutely home to me the strangeness of the city as this colossal foot. We pass the Portico of Octavius; three beautiful pillars, nothing more;

lonely memorials to a vanished greatness.

In the afternoon, we go for the last singing of the Tenebrae and the Miserere to St. Giovanni Laterno where, thanks to the kindness of Father O'Hearn we --- Alice Rohe and I --- have seats in a lofty balcony just over the choir. A golden lattice protects us from the gaze of the vulgar, but we see everything plainly. Beautiful singing. The most beautiful we have yet heard; for this is the Holy Father's own choir. It deadens all consciousness as to the passage of time. Here, as at Santa Maria Maggiore and San Pietro, are fifteen candles; one for each of the apostles, one for each of the two Marys; and one, the apex candle, for Christ himself. These are extinguished, one by one, after certain psalms are sung, until only the Christ candle is left. It gets darker and darker. Still the heavenly harmonies continue. And we sit there, closer, it is likely, than we shall ever again be, to the mosiac in the choir --- a Paradise where there are big figures of saints, standing; tiny cherubs playing; birds; a hen; a pigeon; and, Hutton says, a peacock; while just below, in the river Jordan, float beautiful swans; frail boats containing other little cherubs. The music ends with a knocking on the stalls as usual and abruptly we awake from our dreams. As we go out, an old, old priest, wrinkled and with silvered hair, approached us. "You have come all the way from America," he said. "Have you ever heard such singing as that?" We admit we have not. "It is not the singing of men, but of angels," I said. He smiled and turned away. There was something of

Fra Angelica in that music.

April 22nd, Saturday.

Up betimes to San Giovanni Laterano where, by the presentation to a gilded sacristan of a few simoleons, we again obtain places in the little golden, Venetian, carved-wood gallery. Again --- and yesterday I thought I should never have this exquisite opportunity, --- we sit close to the mosiacs where the saints stand in a Paradise that is covered with flowers and filled with feathered creatures; where swans and tiny shallops, holding cherubs, float on the river Jordan. We sit in a huge crowd, among which are a flock of nuns --- who bother us by their continual chatter --- through a long, long service in which, first, sub-deacons were ordained; then deacons; then last of all priests.

I could not of course follow either the words or the symbolism; but parts of the ceremony were most interesting. In one place, the sub-deacons knelt, one at a time, before the presiding priest and he cut the hair on the back of their untonsured heads. The priests of the service presented to each of these three groups of church officials, a different set of garments. I cannot describe those garments in detail, for I don't remember them. But one set received a white cotta; a second a rather eleborate gown of white and gold; and a third, a long, white robe with enormous crosses in color embroidered on the back. These various orders passed before the cardinal in single file, bearing their new clothes in their

hands. In every case, these garments were folded by another set of officials, who seemed to manage the procession and who placed them on the out-stretched arms of the men in the file in the way most easy for the cardinal to put them on over their heads. After the cardinal had placed them there, the men in the file would go back to their places, struggling to get the garments down. The assisting officials all the time were guiding them, pulling and smoothing and patting the robes into seemliness as though these newly-made, church dignitaries were debutantes.

Somewhere in the midst of it, a great bell which hung in the left transept where it joined the nave was rung for a long interval. The music was beautiful. But no music has been quite so beautiful as the Tenebrae and the Miserere. I shall never forget those wonderful dying chords, those lamentations as of an unbearable agony, a world-deep heart-sickness. I have never even imagined such music.

In the afternoon, Alice Rohe and I out for a little touristing. Passing the Piazza Vittoria Emmanuelo, we went in and I found immediately the Portico Magica which so impressed me the last time I was here; and of which I had told Alice so much. It is, in brief, a marble doorway, brought from where, nobody knows. On it, in untranslatable cipher, is a recipe for making gold. It is guarded on each side by an extraordinary Gothic, gargoyle-faced gnome. The legend is that an unknown person of mediaeval times, finding somewhere this formula, had it inscribed on his door in

the hope that some passerby would be able to translate it. As we sit looking at it, a soldier passed between us and the magic door. He stopped and held the carnation he was carrying to the nose of one of the ugly gargoyles. He waited an instant for the gargoyle to show some appreciation. Then, as none was forthcoming, he passed on with a sorrowful shake of his head --- a proceeding typically Latin.

On our way over to Trastevere, we stop to see the ruins of a Temple of Minerva. It is a mere shell. There is not much more really, than a portico; but with the remains of what must have been a beautiful frieze and a fairly well-preserved Statue of Minerva. Also on our way we go to the Forum of Augustus; another beautiful fragment of gigantic ruin bursting out of the city heart. At last, through picturesque, narrow-streeted Trastevere, swarming with handsome soldiers, gossiping mothers, beautiful babies --- and very dirty ones --- to the church of St. Cecilia.

I have never seen St. Cecilia before.

All during these three months that I spent in Rome in 1908, I meant to visit St. Cecilia, but somehow I never did. I had the most extraordinary sensation, when I entered this church, that I have had for a long time. It was an effect of lightness and brightness, of grace and charm, of a delicate, fastidious clean modernity that I find quite indescribable. I can only say that it was like going into the boudoir of some pretty women of exquisite taste. It gave the effect primarily of being of wood; wood of a

softness like satin, painted a green that was picked out with gold. And indeed wood has been employed in the ceiling, although the pillars are of a composition stained green. We walked straight up to the altar and there, lying underneath it, in a little rectangular chamber open to the view, is the famous statue of St. Cecilia. It is beautiful --- most beautiful. It is said to be a reproduction of the body as they found it, marvelously preserved, in her tomb. She lies on her side with her hands, close together, falling in front; her head turned away from the spectator. It is very wonderful, I think, how unmistakably it is the body of a dead woman, but dead with dignity, beauty and a tremendous sense of repose. I hate physical death, but somehow all that is loathesome and shuddersome about death has been subtracted from this figure.

The altar above and about her is very beautiful too, inlaid with colored marbles and much lapis lazuli. The rails, which separate you from the altar, are of brass and are decorated with huge pomegranates, also of brass. There are ninety-six brass lamps perpetually burning.

They take you downstairs to another chapel. This is done --- and very charmingly I thought --- in modern mosaic. Cardinal Rampolla, whose church it is, had it thus restored. There is something light and airy and gladsome about this too; a something almost Moorish. There are many little arches of which the mosaic is, though rich --- delicate; everywhere are pretty figures of the saint, her husband and her brother.

Off at one side, upstairs, near the front of the church, the sacristan conducts one into what is supposed to be a part of the house of St. Cecillia, the bath in which her persecutors tried to kill her. There are some more pictures and frescoes, all of which I forget.

The church of St. Cecillia has a portico in front. And above it rises, rather squatty, an attractive early Campanile. You approach it through a big court. As we rode away, I looked back on a huddle of roofs, all a part of the church, all built at unbelievable angles, all stained unbelievable colors, and wondered how it could possibly happen that I had never seen it before.

In comparison to St. Cecilia, Santa Maria in Trastevere which we visit next, is most disturbing and perturbing. The altar is an extraordinary conglomeration of effects. To begin with, it is a big church and a high church and you go up stately marble steps to the main altar. There comes architectural perplexity; a teasing, a fatiguing aggregation of color, shape, detail and of carved guilded vaultings, mosaics, organs, balconies, chapel. Something, basically noble, survives all this; for the church is ample and beautifully proportioned.

From there to St. Peter's. We wander about the church, first studying the Bernini baldachinno. This baldachinno was presented to the church by the niece of Pope Urban the Second. She gave it in gratitude for surviving childbirth. The artist immortalized her pregnancy by inserting in the marble pedestals, seven faces of a

woman. These faces indicate, by their expression, the gradual accession of pain in child-bearing. The last two faces are distorted; the seventh might be childbirth itself. The eighth is the head of a baby, vigorous and beautiful but impish too, with great clusters of curls.

Now all the pictures and monuments in the church are uncovered, Good Friday having passed. We gaze for a long time at Michael Angelo's heavenly Pietà. How unmistakably it is a virgin mother and how unmistakably she is holding the body of a dead man! Then again I hunt up the Stuart tomb by Canova, which I have always liked --- it is so simple and impressive, compared with the hideous statue-of-liberty bric-a-brac which for me spoils much of St. Peters. And I love the two angels --- "English boys" Hutton calls them --- who weep, one on either side of the door. Last of all, the quality of the marble is exquisite I think.

Coming out of St. Peters, we happen upon a man who arouses our curiosity to such an extent that we follow him about for a while. He was dressed in a brown suit; short trousers, long boots; a brown cape; a pointed hat with a feather in it. He carried a huge staff, the end carved with some religious insignia. About his waist was tied what looked like a huge rosary. He knelt and prayed devoutly at the various altars.

He was a little, slim man; middle-aged; pale, brown-haired, blue-eyed; a face full of character and religious quiet. Crowds followed him. There was something of the spirit of Easter in Rome about him;

a spirit curiously enough, more potent than anything else I have seen. He was a religious pilgrim, I suppose. And in time of peace, it is likely that Easter Rome would be filled with such as he. I found him, strangely enough, romantic. He made me think of The Cloister on the Hearth and The Talisman.

April 23rd, Sunday.

Easter Sunday in Rome and the three hundreth aniversary of the death of William Shakespeare.

A dubious morning and cold, after a day so delicious as Saturday, very like the composite picture, which I retain of Easter in Boston, Massachusetts, windy, cloudy, chilly --- disappointing. Up early however, at seven to be exact, and over to St. Peters before nine. High Pontifical Mass, Cardinal Merry del Val presiding; a procession, much more gorgeous than any of the rest because everybody, except Merry del Val, is in white and gold. He is in the most glowing and gorgeous cardinal's scarlet, and as always is a singularly handsome and impressive figure. The profile is as clean cut as a hawks, the smooth skin seems unusually brown, the big eyes, unusually blue, appearing between the white fur of his neck-piece and the hexagonal scarlet of his biretta. In this procession, there appear, just after the red-plush guards who carry the plush-and-gold maces, four young men who I guess to be servants of the cardinal's household. Their uniforms are curious; short trousers and long-tailed coats of blue trimmed with wide yellow braid. The coats of one pair bear one coat-of-arms and the coats of another a second; but they are all

worked in scarlet. They wear white collars, white gloves, white stockings of wool and they are the most immaculately washed, shaved and brushed quartette that I have ever seen in Rome.

I was much disappointed in the Easter service. Indeed, as I think it over, I have been disappointed with some aspects of Holy Week. At times, the services have seemed **perfunctory**, the congregation to lack piety. Detached groups, here and there, showed a real religious feeling, but the majority were more passive on-lookers. It may be that the war, instead of bringing out piety, has, for the moment, stunned and paralyzed it. Except for the pilgrim, the praying boy, the beautiful nun --- and that not-so-very-great-crowd going up Santa Scala on its knees --- I have received no sense of a religious ecstasy. That exultant outburst of Easter joy, to which I am accustomed in the Episcopal service, seemed lacking, notably in the music. But the music of the rest of Easter Week, the Lamentations, the Tenebrae, the Miserere --- <u>that</u> has been wonderful. <u>That</u> I shall never forget as long as I live.

In the afternoon, back to St. Peter's again where we witness the procession of the Three Marys; a procession which winds about the vast church, stopping at chapels here and there. We stay for Vespers. We wander about. looking at the things we care for; at the tomb of Innocent III; of which the behest of a later pope, the beautiful nude figure of JUSTICE was covered with a white-painted tin chemise, and --- the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament being open --- at the tomb of Sixtus IV and on it the bronze figure of

Sixtus himself with its extraordinary espression as of life not extinguished but merely arrested. As we go out, I get a flash of another kind of picture; a big group of black-clad-seminarians dropping suddenly, like a flock of young birds, to their knees in front of the chapel. It is very touching; they look so young, so boyish, so absorbed.

Back through the crowded Corso under a black sky which suddenly breaks in the first hailstorm I have seen in years. And so home, after a week's steady going, our chiesaing done. Alice and I rest on our laurels. After awhile she comes to my room for a long talk.

To bed about eleven, to be waked up about two by the most terrific thunder-storm that I have ever experienced. I lie, I know not how long, shivering with terror. If it had not been for the lightning, I should have thought the city was being bombarded --- the thunder claps were so pretracted and the noise so terrifying. They would start with a rumble; gain gradually in speed, noise and weight; sometimes dwindle a little; then suddenly start up again; accumulate; bursting in a horror of sound that left me faint. Once the storm seemed to die away, but again it rolled up with redoubled fury. The lightning too came in vivid, blinding terrible flashes that had a most paralyzing effect. It lasted a long time and I was sure that something near was struck. Finally it died down for good and I fell asleep.

April 24th, Monday.

Early in the morning I called on Ruby Goodnow and Nancy McClelland.

and Nancy McClelland. They are here representing Wanamaker's in New York, buying exquisite things for Au Quatrieme. Then writing in my diary. Then I have my hair most beautifully shampooed. In the afternoon to tea where I meet an American woman who is doing Y.W.C.A. work over here. She told me some of her difficulties in working against English mid-Victorian Evangelism, the Italian Protestants and the Catholic Church. She said the English Evangelism was the worst, for it had not progressed as far as Italian Protestantism. I met also Preston Lockwood, an American student at Oxford and a great friend of Bill's who called the other day when I was out, And a lot of other people.

To the Excelsior with Ruby and Nancy for dinner. I see there a beautiful, smart young Polish mother, very vigorous and virile, who wears her skirts so short that they reach about half way between her knee and ankle. She also smokes cigars. I see dancing everywhere, her two children; a little boy in a quaint long-coated costume; a little girl, like a sprite in filmy white. I see near me a plump lady in a very low, very long, black evening gown, with an enormous pink rose caught in the hem. We speculate whether the rose is meant to be there or whether she dropped it. When she rises, we find that it is firmly attached. At another table is a little girl of about fourteen, so beautiful that I cannot keep my eyes off her. Her face is oval. Her sleek, dark hair is parted in the back, so that the long braids fall forward, one over each ear. Except for its innocence, its look of young virginal

quiet and incuriousness, she might have been the Fornarina, she is so softly brown; so gently calm; so unstirred and untouched.

I hear also about a gentleman of ninety-eight, living [redacted] at the Excelsior, who pays his valet each year a bigger salary for having kept him alive the preceding year. This nonogenarian was an ambassador to the court of the father of the present Emperor Joseph. They say that the ninety-year-old often goes out for a stroll. He walks briskly, followed by a nephew who is supported by his valet. I meet a Baroness from Switzerland whose husband's people have, for years, supplied the Pope with his Swiss Guards. There is a chapel in the Vatican preserved for the Baron's ancestors. The Baroness is a plump, golden-haired, brown-eyed lady in a black evening gown and a crimson velvet cape. Mr. Richardson calls in the evening. Much talk of magazines and book publishing and of the possibility of war after Wilson's message to Congress. Mr. Richardson takes me home.

April 24th, Tuesday.

A wonderful experience today. The two girls, Nancy and Ruth, come here to lunch. Then afterwards, by motor with them, in company with a Commissionaire, Signor Nelli, to Cività Castellano. We started at three-thirty and got home at nine. We went forward through thirty miles of rolling green Campagna, flaunting blood-red poppies; all the time in the full sweetness of the April sun. And we came back through thirty miles of the same green Campagna; Venus-

lighted this time and the sky filled with millions of powdery, fine stars. As always whenever I go out of Rome I was struck with the quickness with which one leaves it behind. The city seems to cut straight off. Before you know it, you have plunged into the immeasurable, melancholy, immemorial Campagna. In a little while, a very little while, we could look back upon Rome; a mass of pearly white, dominated by the blue bubble of St. Peter's dome. Twice only, I think, we passed through little villages, one all pink. And twice we saw, off to one side, mossy clusters of settlements like the Alpine villages that dotted our way into Italy. These great clusters of villages were all one building however. What feudal combination they represented, nobody knew or could conjecture. Occasionally we came across a solitary ruin on a hill; sporadic flocks of sheep, long-horned oxen, mouse-colored and sleekly velvety, moving with a resistless slowness along the road. But in the main we passed over rolling, green country that seemed to get higher and higher, as though gradually and as if by an enormous effort, it were raising itself to the height of those blue mountains which, all the way, on our left, followed up and followed us with a constant change of their impalpable, blue-misty shapes.

At last, however, we found ourselves in Civitá Castellano. It is a charming little town; very pink; but green in spots, too, blue and even yellow, but all exquisitely faded. And dangling everywhere,— from this high, slim, iron-railed little balcony or that low, broad, iron-railed big one are all kinds of hanging vines and blooming

roses.

That was the background and, against it, in the generous square, such a flaunting, flaring, flamboyant shamelessness of promiscuity; open doors and windows from which appear the extraordinary faces of the village women; babies tumbling about in half-naked beauty; little girls like elves and little boys like cherubs; everywhere soldiers, soldiers, soldiers.

Our arrival creates sensation.

We have tea under the eyes of the enjoying multitude, in the tiny, outside cafe of a little osteria. The osteria produces coffee not tea; some delicious little cakes which are the specialty of the house; toast and oranges. Then we go to the porcelain manufactory where Ruby and Nancy expect to leave a big order. It is a dim, clean place with enormous, worn old beams in the ceiling and enormous, worn old stones in the floor. Pretty girls, who might be madonnas, are tinting plaster of china. We spent an hour or more looking at the lovely vases and dishes which are made there. Ruby and Nancy make dozens of suggestions to the partners who own the business and they listen avidly, taking notes. The girls end by leaving a big order for the New York house, which has sent them on this extraordinary quest in the middle of the war. In the midst of the discussion, our host brings to our observation two lovely plaster casts which he is going to use for pedestals; casts covered with vines, flowers, trumpets, little burning torches --- delicate nervous work. We ask him who made them and where they come from.

He answers, Mina di Fiesole and that the originals are in a church in that very town. Later he shows us the casts of two angels which he says are in the Cathedral. He asks if we would like to see them. We should like --- and do. So, first, to the little church, ancient and faded and soiled, where a few old women sit in meditation or kneel in prayer. The Mina di Fiesole is back of the altar, a marble wall decoration, the center of which is now a hole which should be closed by a little door. That door opened on the tiny closet in which was kept the sacred oil. Ruby shows them how with the extirpation of the figure of the Christ, the whole thing can be made into a beautiful fountain.

Then to the Cathedral. Here is a surprise. The facade, a little like Santa Maria in Aracoeli, is very beautiful. It is of a rough red-brown stone, trimmed with marble, in which --- green and purple and gold --- are set narrow bands of mosaic. All kinds of antique marble fragments are let into the wall. Guarding the door are two strange lion-like beasts, standing under the pillars that they support. Inside, all is faded and musty and old with the tawdry altar decorations, inevitable to the poor little churches of Italy. But first of all our hosts conduct us to one side where, in addition to the two angels that we saw in the casts in the manufactory, is another marble wall decoration. Then they take us down a flight of stairs back of the altar. We come into a low-studded, many-vaulted chamber, white-washed but old as old. It is upheld by many beautiful pillars, the tops of which, as nearly as we can distinguish

in that dim light, are all different and all beautiful.

At last back to the automobile where we find awaiting us three beautiful nosegays; roses; peonies; callas and some little white flowers, unknown to me.

And there I get one of my most intimate glimpses of the war in Italy. An Austrian prisoner comes back from his day's work, marching between two Italian soldiers, each with a gun. Of all the details of the day, that stands out clearest. He was tall, lithe, but muscular and vigorous. And he strode, agile, free-footed as a chamois, between his two guards.

We stop for gas in one of the two little villages, through which on our way, we had already passed. We sat in the car, in a fairly big piazza, for a long time. Somehow in that falling light, surrounded by pink houses and the spacious, coral-shot, twilight distances and by the strangely-shaped, exquisitely-stunted trees of Italy, the scene was more foreign than Italy itself. Somehow it reminded us all of our idea of the Holy Land. Then, spinning fast homewards, we passed beautiful Mount Soracte which, on its further side, presents an almost perfect pyramid; bare; plain, grey, acutely carved in the daylight. It became gradually, however, a soft shadowy hump in the distance; a hump on whose curved flank glittered a circlet of light --- a hump which became a great, grey, sleeping creature.

To bed without dinner.

April 26th, Wednesday.

After a morning of writing, in a vettura over to Santa Maria Vittori to see the Bernini Santa Theresa. It is all that, for an inappropriate prankish frankness, the commentators say of it, but really very beautiful. Nothing though had prepared me for the prominence of the figure, unmistakably Cupid, who is shooting his arrow into the saint's heart, nor of the extraordinary expression, half whimsical, half sardonic, with which he contemplates her.

From there over to the Keats house, overlooking the Spanish Steps, where I spend the morning. A most interesting experience! I am shown through the big room which Severn occupied during those terrible vigil months at the bedside of his dying, boy-genius companion. It is now filled with the books of Keats, Shelley and Byron in many; and perhaps all, editions. Then they showed me into the very little room in which Keats died. In America we would call it a hall bedroom. There is nothing left in it that was there when Keats occupied it, except the ceiling, painted in squares with rosettes. This is because, as is usual in Italy with rooms in which deaths occur, all the furniture was burned. Of what did Keats think oftenest, I wonder, as he contemplated that ceiling? I got the same sudden poignant spasm of sadness in this room that I got on my first visit to the grave of Keats. It contained a copy of the pictures in the National Portrait Gallery in London; the life mask; a copy of the death mask --- looking oh so many years older than the life mask. Scattered throughout the place were many interesting things: the painting of Shelley writing Prometheus Unbound in the baths of

Caracalla; two paintings of Lord Byron; two locks of Keats' hair. Most interesting of all, I think, is the original of that extraordinary sketch which Severn made, in order to keep himself awake, the night the poet lay dying. On it, he wrote, "Done to keep me awake; all night he has been covered with a deathly sweat." Also out in the little hall are stretched, in frames, scores of pictures of places that concerned the lives of the three poets; pictures of the Spanish Steps and of the Protestant Cemetery in all stages of their history; of Keats's family, of Fannie Brawne, of Byron's Countess Guiccioli, of Lee Hunt; of Hazlitt. The very intelligent Italian in charge told me a great deal about everything. But he was not able to tell me anything about the infant who lies buried so near the grave of Keats. The inscription on whose tombstone recalls that he was killed by an accident and that the poet, Wordsworth, was present at his christening.

The Association which has this house in charge, has issued two volumes of data in regard to the group of poets. I bought them both. I find, in looking through them, that Keats yearned for death in those last months; that he asked for a description of the cemetery where his body would lie; that once he said he could already feel the violets growing over him; that, as the end approached and each day found him alive, he grieved that he had not died in the previous night; that, when his body was examined, it was found that the lungs were almost gone; that Fannie Brawne's letters were buried with him. Somehow, although the death of Keats has always weighed tragically on me, I had no idea how sad it was.

The story of the stages by which Shelley's ashes were finally interred in the Protestant Cemetery is an extraordinary tale. And the story of the way Trelawney's ashes were finally deposited beside Shelly's is a tale a degree more extraordinary.

In the afternoon out with Alice Rohe for a ride on the Via Appia. We stop at San Sebastiano because it is one of the seven Pilgrim churches and because here are preserved the foot-prints of Jesus. We find that they are excavating the very nave of the church. A young monk shows us about. They have already uncovered some tombs. He shows them to us. He also shows us the foot-steps. From there out on the Via Appia, far beyond the tomb of Cecilia Matella, to the Cazale Rotundo. Really the most beautiful part of the Appian way lies beyond this tomb. It was a sun-drenched afternoon. A brilliant blue sky, mountainous white clouds, a smear of scarlet poppies everywhere, made the background for that file of broken tombs on both sides of the road. And in the distance, the aqueduct of Claudius, leaping in great bounds across the Campagna to the hills. Once we came on a single statue, a tall, slim, thin woman in white marble, standing by the roadside. The effect was of a ghost, waiting movelessly there for us.

We came back by the Via Nuova and stop to go through the Villa Latina where we see the most beautiful frescoes I have ever seen in Rome.. There are two excavated rooms decorated in white stucco, with exquisitely carved little figures, placed in the center of squares. Both are beautiful but the second is fanciful in addition.

Here are sea-monsters ridden by sea-creatures. There is one fairy being with wings so filmy that they seemed almost to flutter as I looked at them.

A talk that evening at dinner with two of the women in the house. One of them, a young girl, a Californian (University of Berkeley and Oxford) is learning the Latin shorthand which is used in manuscripts of the middle ages, learning it in preparation for her study of mediaeval cities. She said that all her courses had been suspended in Oxford. Of more than three thousand students, the war has left only five hundred and those mainly foreigners.

April 27th, Thursday.

Moving all the morning to a room on the first floor and writing the rest of the time. Ruby calls and invites me to go with her and Nancy to the House of Livia this afternoon. I agree to be at the Excelsior at two-thirty. The immediate reward of my promptness is that I see the pretty Polish countess, the one who smokes cigars, fluttering about; her hands in the pockets of her black and white skirt of a huge check; slim-ankled; sleek-haired; olive; boyish, chic, original.

After a while out over the Ponte Molle to the House of Livia where is preserved, in the diningroom, frescoes, beautifully faded, of trees filled with singing birds. A beautiful contadina, named Filomena, shows us this. The view, straight to the Sabines and Albans, with Soracte back of us, is marvelous. We stopped once on

the Campagna at a house covered with a pink wash, into whose doorway are unbelievably incorporated two beautiful antique columns. Everywhere, poppies; everywhere, smaller, satiny bluebell-like flowers with a soft furzy pouch; everywhere tiny, vivid, velvety purple flowers; everywhere, even smaller, specks of orange flowers. Everywhere mouse-colored cattle. Above a sky of shining blue with incredible clouds. We go back by the Trastevere Road through new Rome; past St. Peter's, past the Round Temple; to the Palatine, where we see the town house of the Lady Livia. This has frescoes, even more beautiful than the country house. One room is decorated with huge garlands of delicious green and yellow fruit. The other is decorated with painted windows which look out onto groups of gods and godesses. There are beautiful pavements, in black and white mosaic, of the most charming patterns.

It is very wonderful to be wandering about this high place of magnificent ruins, catching a glimpse on one side of Janus Guadrifons of the tower of Santa Maria in Cosmedin and of St. Peter's, and on the other of great piles of ruins; arches; walls; columns; colossal fragments; tiny fragments. Most surprising of all --- an altar to an unknown god.

To Latours for tea. It is nearly six, still very hot, and crowded with the smartest crowd I have yet seen in Rome. At dinner tonight Ruby tells me about meeting a girl who is employed by the Government. She was so exhausted that I asked her what the matter was. She answered, "Only that I have done the work of three men [redacted] since the war began."

A telegram from Bill telling me that he would be back from the Front in a day or two.

April 29th, Saturday.

Waiting until nearly eleven and Bill not returning. Alice and I took a carriage to San Lorenzo. We speed through a part of Rome, which I have never seen before, and out of the city through a lovely old gate. In a few moments, we come to one of the most beautifully situated churches in Rome; a big piazza in front; a campo santo at one side, and grouped all about it great, velvety, shadowy-green, close-furled cypresses. The exterior of the church is very simple and beautiful, like Santa Maria in Aracoeli and San Paolo fuori le Mura, reminding me a little of the Cathedral at Cività Castellano.

Inside it is a wonder of lightness and beauty. At this moment it is empty. An old pavement of the kind I never fail to admire; a mosaic of marble, porphyry and verd antico. A beautiful ceiling of wood, recently --- and Baedecker crushingly says gaudily --- restored which I, nevertheless, take the liberty of finding very beautiful. [redacted] antique columns and one of them containing, among its carvings, a frog and a lizard, the sign manual of the sculptor. A pair of beautiful ambones, not alike but equally lovely. The sacriston motioned us to ascend the ambone, from which we could examine the frog and the lizard. It was the first time I have ever taken such a liberty. At the rear of the church, a complication of architecture that I find hard to describe. The fact is that

the church consists of two churches. The present choir is built into and over the other, so that the magnificent pillars of the lower church extend upwards and --- with rather an awkward appearance of being cut off --- become the pillars for the choir of the upper church.

Those pillars by the way are most beautiful, more like alabaster than marble; a delicate pinky-cream through which meander veins of a purply grey. In the choir, back of the high altar, is a beautiful papal chair; again of that combination of which I am so fond --- white marble, green serpentine and purple porphyry. In the midst of the choir are lovely old mosaics of saints. All this is simply built and clearly cut. It gave that impression of whiteness (but of a tempered light) that I so much enjoy in churches.

This church also has a balcony. San Lorenzo and Santa Agnese fuori le Mura are the only churches in Rome with a balcony.

It seems impossible to exhaust San Lorenzo. Going down to the left of the altar is a flight of stairs, leading to the lower church. That lower church is cleanly white and cleanly light too. Here is preseved the perforated marble slab on which, it is said, Saint Lorenzo was stretched after his martyrdom. Here also is a chapel, really very beautiful, I thought, done in modern mosaic; in the manner of the Rampolla Chapel in St. Cecilia in Trastevere. The coloring of the figures is quite gay and bright. One picture, I remember, showing the various nations on their knees to the church, represents America, draped in red, white and blue. It was

a very curious experience, after all that exquisite antiquity above, to come upon the stars and stripes.

As we left, the sacristan gestured us to go upstairs into the balcony, where we had the strange sensation of gazing down on the church as from a loge at the opera. Also he gestured us the way into the sacristy. There a monk, in brown robes and sandals, standing before a big wardrobe, was setting out the cottas. Through the window, we caught a corner glimpse of the famous cloisters, the cloisters that are forbidden to women. I got a fleeting impression of arched walls; of stucco, painted red; flowers and greens everywhere. This was an ideal sacristan. He just pointed to us where to go and let us wander at will. He got a pourboire worthy of his sense and discretion.

We found also that we had struck a cocchieri equally discreet; for, on our return, he took us, of his own accord, to a monument that I have been wanting to see ever since I read about it in Baedecker,— the tomb of a baker, Eurythases. This gentlemen, who seems to have been a very successful baker, had the foresight to provide his own tomb. By that simple expedient, he insured immortality to himself. He had it made after designs of his own choosing --- a huge cube of baking paraphernalia; with a frieze which pictures the processes of baking and contains a bas relief of his wife and himself. The bas relief has been cribbed and built into the side of a house on the piazza where it presents an incongruous appearance, not unpleasing, in fact rather piquant.

From there we go to San Giovanni Laterno. We visit the little ampitheatre of Castrenze which I have so long wanted to see. I am making a collection of amphitheatres, although it is a very modest one as yet. It consists of the Coliseum at Rome, the Ampitheatre at Verona, a much broken Ampitheatre at Bordeaux, the Arnes of Lutec in Paris --- and this. This is a great disappointment to me, as nothing is left of the theatre itself but the outside. Inside is all kitchen and flower garden. Really there is not as much here as in the little Arenes in Paris which is, I should say, about one third of its size.

From here to the Piazza Navicella --- a sentimental pilgrimage just to see the little marble boat which ornaments it. All these years I have remembered it as one of the most endearing fragments I have ever seen. This time, we find it filled with human beauty, a trio of little Italian children, all black curls and black eyes and tangly, black lashes. The marble is much eaten by the weather and it looks as though it might have been deliberately broken in places. But it is a perfect love of an antiquity. How I would like it for the garden in Scituate. I have been reading a book tonight on the churches of Rome. I find that it is a replica of a stone boat which ornaments the Vatican Gardens. The first time I ever visited the Vatican, the guide silently motioned me in the direction of a window. Stealing furtively over, I found myself looking onto the Gardens, and directly below, on a little stone boat. I wonder if that could have been the original.

In the afternoon comes a friend who takes us to drive and to tea. As we come out, we run into Mrs. Fulloni who tells us that her husband is being sent away from the office of the Ministry of War to train recruits. She feels that this is the beginning of the end; that it means, ultimately, he will be sent to the front. It brings the war very close when I see this beautiful Californian girl in such distress. The tears streamed down her face. We beg her to go to tea with us, but she cannot bring herself to say yes. We comfort her as best we can, although, in this business of war, anything one says in the way of reassurance sounds hollow and futile. We are in scant mood for merry-making when we leave her.

We go first to the Palazzo of the Cenci; a gloomy pile, built part way around a court. Alice Rohe points out the window which is said to be the room of Beatrice. Opposite is the church [redacted] which the monster father built to bury his family. In the pavement of the piazza are three iron gratings through which you look down into deep narrow cells in which, they say, the Cenci used to confine his children. Against the church is a lovely broken fragment of marble, said to have been a fountain once.

The neighborhood is poverty-stricken. It teems with children, washing and garbage. Somehow the shadow of the Cenci seems still to linger there. It lacks completely that atmosphere of bustling, hustling cheerfulness which slums, especially in Italy, usually display. We go into a little osteria near and have some of the artichokes for which it is everywhere famous; the artichokes of

Judea. They are delicious. We eat also another famour Roman dish, bread, toasted and buttered with buffalo cheese. For some reason, the big mouse-colored Italian cattle are called buffalo. We sit in a dirty, little, picturesque back room. There are besides ourselves three men; Italian teamsters, I should say. One of them is a singular-looking being, an Italian Falstaff; red-faced and huge-faced; great jowls hanging over his neck; a gargantuan gold watch-chain, loaded with Brogdinagian charms of gold and coral.

Our talk is all about the war. Our host was on the Sussex when she was torpedoed in the Channel. It was a frightful experience; he is so inarticulate about it that I change the subject. I have the feeling that he may be nervously uncomfortable when discussing it. And the teamsters talk too --- about the war also I suppose --- and lift their hats politely to us as they leave.

From here we ride up the Janiculum, where we stop at San Pietro in Montorio, to complete the day's pilgrimage by visiting the grave of Beatrice Cenci. We enter what seems superficially a rather uninteresting church. It is now in the process of repair, as it was injured in an earthquake. A smiling young monk, in brown robes and sandals who, it appears, has lived in America, takes us about. He talks in very good English and shows a great appreciation of Alice Rohe's allies. He takes us first to the grave of Beatrice. Unmarked, it is the second slab to the left of the altar. On the right side of the church is another altar. It is screened by a rail which bears four sets of angels, carved by Michael Angelo;

big, robust, lovely cherub-beings, betraying in every bold curve the touch of the genius. Opposite are duplicates done by somebody else. We look at a few pictures; one by Sebastiano del Piombo, representing the scourging of Christ, in which Michael Angelo appears as the scourger. The young priest laughed rollickingly when Alice Rohe suggested that this was not a very pretty compliment for the artist to pay his friend, Angelo.

Outside, in the court of the monastery, is an exquisite little Tempietto, designed by Bramante, very like the one which appears in Perugino's wonderful painting in the Sistine Chapel. The Tempietto has a tiny chapel above and a tiny chapel below. It is built on the spot where St. Peter is supposed to have been crucified --- and crucified upside down. By means of a long staff with a metal spoon on the end, the young priest scoops up, from the depths of the lower chapel, some earth which is said to contain gold. I am haunted by the menory of seeing the same thing done in another church when I was in Rome before. I can't remember where. The young priest, thinking to give us a treat, takes us into the Spanish Academy next door. A student conducts us about. We see nothing of importance.

Out again, into the sunlight, where we come upon a group of young seminarians who seem to be having a very good time, overlooking the city. All the way coming up of course we have been getting charming glimpses of the city spread out below us; now and then extraordinary ones. One, for instance, the golden statue of

Vittorio Emanuele, in front of the gigantic marble building which is his monument, comes out in brilliant relief against the brown tower of Nero. We study the view carefully; find the dun-colored curve of the Coliseum walls, but can not seem to locate the Forum. At one side, faintly looms the filmy blue shape which is Soracte. And on the other side curve the Sabine and the Alban Hills, electrically blue; little, carved-ivory towns glittering white on their flanks. We drive home, passing myriads of pretty women, bare-headed and in the costume of the country; colorful but faded skirts and blouses; dusky heads bare or covered with wonderful scarfs.

Once I glance upwards and see, looking downwards, a black-haired young mother, holding a perfect angle of a blue-eyed and golden-haired baby. I smiled at her, called the attentions of the others by pointing upwards. The delighted young mother lifts her baby high for us, smiling and nodding, but first she glances proudly at her son's face, as though she were seeing it from a newer and more triumphant point of view.

April 28th, Friday.

Rather a quiet and uneventful day. Down to the Piazza di Spagna to the Keats memorial again. Home and reading about Keats and Shelley all the morning especially the extraordinary vicissitudes, to which Shelley's ashes were subjected before finally they were buried --- and then buried in two places. To tea with friends at the Golden Tea Room. In the evening a long talk with friends. All about ghosts

and haunted houses. Curious story of Mme. J. and the Petit Trianon. Also of Elsa Barker's book. A Living Dead Man.

April 39th, Sunday.

Writing in my diary this morning when suddenly Bill arrives, so deeply crusted with tan and sunburn that he seems to be peeling in layers. Talk all the morning about conditions at the Italian front, mainly about the mountain fighting of course. My mind one huge whirl of snowy trenches --- white uniforms --- avalanches --- telefericas --- wounded being carried in baskets over snowy chasms --- mule trains --- guns being dragged to incredible heights --- Austrian deserters --- the black Carso --- the Adamello --- charming Italian officers --- delightful Italian poilus --- American-speaking Italian privates --- and perhaps that was the most striking impression I got from it all --- that so many of the common soldiers of Italy have worked in America and speak English. Bill says that they always asked him two questions. The second was always, "Who is going to be elected president in the fall?" But the first was always, "Who's going to win the world series?"

Stay indoors until late in the afternoon, listening to Bill. Then out for a drive up and down the Corso, onto the Pincio; home through the Villa Borghese.

May 1st, Monday.

Out early with Alice chiesa-ing. First to San Gregorio Magno which I have always found very attractive in site and outward appear-

ance. The inside, however, does not quite come up to my expectations and my disappointment was further aggravated by a filthy woman guide. She showed us a little room, off at one side, where St. Gregory is supposed to have lived; the tiny closet in which he is supposed to have slept. Both room and closet, I believe, have been brought from his house. Over an altar, at the left, she showed us the miraculous madonna who once spoke to St. Gregory. [redacted] This madonna formerly hung at the end of a deep scoop in the wall. Now a copy hangs there. In St. Gregory's room was a beautiful, old marble chair, in which he is said to have sat, [redacted] later we saw a wonderful, marble table at which he fed twelve priests daily. One of the most beautiful stories of the church is that an angel once made the thirteenth guest. There are three tiny outdoor chapels adjacent to this church; St. Barbara, St. Silvia and St. Andrew. This table was in the chapel of St. Barbara. St. Silvia was the mother of St. Gregory. In the chapel of St. Andrew were two frescoes; one by Guido Reni, the other by Domenichino. Both show incidents in the life of St. Andrea. I cared for neither of them particularly, but it is interesting to me that one of the figures in Guido's picture is said to be Beatrice Conci. Certainly she wears the turban that Beatrice wears in Guido's own portrait of her.

From San Gregorio to San Stefano Rotundo where I see all the martyrdoms of the saints again, portrayed in I do not know how many pictures; each picture a maze of martyrdoms, the principal

event in the foreground and half a dozen others in the middle distance and background. A very impatient young woman shows us all this. She remarks after a while that it is time for us to leave and when Alice Rohe asks when we can come again to see it, she replies that we have had time enough. However, we linger a bit longer. Once San Stefano was very much bigger than it is now and, even yet, it covers a considerable area. It is the biggest round church in the world.

From there to Santa Anastasia which proves to be a rather uninteresting church. But there are excavations beneath and finally --- under the guidance of a slim, dark, middle-aged woman, refreshingly willing to please, guided by the light of an oil lamp which she carries --- we descend over damp, mossy stairs and through great dark, damp mossy areas, into the very bowels of the earth. It is interesting only because of association and of an extraordinary juxtaposition. The wall we see here belonged to the houses of an ancient Tenderloin which formerly bordered the Circus Maximus. Yet some of the proudest cardinals of the church lie buried here. Somehow one gets the impression of evil from the place. I was exceedingly uncomfortable all the time I was underground; the more so as our guide was distinctly terrfied at being in what she always euphemistically referred to as "those places where they danced." It did not diminish my discomfort when I tried to picture our plight if the lamp went out.

After this home. Our cocchieri, a handsome white-haired, brown-

eyed, tan-faced old creature, volunteers that he has one son at the war and two preparing to go. He proudly shows us the picture of his son. In the afternoon to tea with the Marchesa. A very dull occasion except that Bill is brilliant. The Marchesa had just been out to the Villa of Livia and was very enthusiastic about it. They tell stories about the Sussex. The torpedo struck at luncheon. At one table all the men sitting on one side were killed. Their bodies were found fallen over on the table.

I hear also today that the woman in deep mourning, who lives at our hotel, was widowed by this war. Her husband was killed in an avalanche that the Austrians artificially produced. Also, they tell me that the smokeless little paper stoves, used in the mountain trenches, were invented by a woman.

May 2nd, Tuesday.

To the Barbarini and the Borghese Palaces in the morning. At the Barbarini, the principal picture of course is Beatrice Cenci. I had seen it before. I find the daughter of Raphael Mengs more interesting. At the Borghese, the galleries are closed; but they have brought, where one can see them, Sacred and Profane Love which is a favorite picture of mine, Raphael's Entombment and others. But I am most interested in three bits of Bernini sculpture, all done when Bernini was very young and in, I should think, his best manner. I like the very serious look of his David, and though the Daphne and Apollo is a little baroque, it is full of the action

and blowing draperies. It quite beautifully suggests a flight. It indicates quite charmingly too that Daphne is turning into a tree. Twings are growing from her fingers; roots from her toes; a tree trunk is gradually encompassing her slender figure. I liked the Rape of Proserpina also. Alice Rohe called my attention to the dents in the flesh, made by the fingers of her abductor. Of course I have to look at Pauline Borghese again. She is as beautiful as ever, although of course as sculpture, it is a smooth, well-licked performance --- the lady a little too pretty. Some bits of beautiful bric-a-brac here; lovely alabaster vases with the sun shining through them; a bath of porphery; a vase of ophite.

In the afternoon, dead tired, but out to Santa Pudentianna which interests me mainly from its association with two woman martyrs. There are some beautiful old mosaics in the apse; some bits of ancient pavement in the aisles; underneath --- and to these we were conducted by one of the Duke of Farrara's dwarfs --- remains of ancient vaults; a bit of fresco with three figures. From there to Santa Maria delle Pace. We stop to look into the Palazzo Messimo with its romantic, double courts, ancient, mossy, melancholy and falling to pieces but very very beautiful. In this, doubtless, St. Phillip Neri performed his miracle of resusitating a dead child. There are frescoes in the outside walls. We passed the Pasquino a bit of statuary on which malcontents used to hang their pasquinades, i. e. lampoons. Baedecker says that the Pasquino is "sadly" worn. Baedecker is certainly euphumistic. It is almost impossible to tell

what it is. I find Santa Maria delle Pace, though hexagonal in shape, rather uninteresting. And although I admit the beauty in composition of the celebrated Raphael sybils, I was much disappointed in them. There is a modern madonna over the altar which reveals, when the sacristan pulls it up, a "miraculous" madonna, of which everything, except the face and arms of mother and child, are done in silver.

Home and to lunch and to nap. The charming Fallones come to dinner which we make gay with champagne. A very remarkable and very likable pair. He is Italian-American, much traveled, rather quiet, speaking remarkable English, very dark. She is a Californian; vivacious, very beautiful; very blonde. He tells us that the young mining engineer, who has just blown up the Col de Lana over the burrowing Austrians, came from San Francisco, that he had an office in the Phelan Building.

May 3rd, Wednesday.

Out early into what is the most brilliant sunshiny warmth yet, on a visit to the French Embassy for passports. We find it established in the beautiful Palazzo Farnese. Near, the rag-fair is going on and, in the adjacent neighborhood, are picturesque vegetable markets. We get little satisfaction at the Embassy, especially as the man at the door, an Italian, talks but the poorest French; and we are blithely told to come again <u>domani</u>. The room, in which the Embassy is established, is beautiful with seats of stone three-steps

high, in the deep windows. When we come out, I start at once for that beautiful central court which makes green gorgeousness of every Italian Palazzo. But one of the uniformed ogres who guard these structures, forbids us with a "C'est défondu, monsieur."

Balked of this, we turn to the rag-fair for comfort. It is rather amusing, but there is nothing very interesting; a few beautiful boxes, in the exhibit of what is quite obviously an antichita shop. After a brief stroll among the booths, we turn back. We pause at the Cancelleria and look inside. I remember nothing of the place itself; for, just as we entered, a carriage drew up and there alighted --- in black clothes, trimmed with violet, his ring over his violet gloves, a cardinal, attended by two priests. We stared at him as at an apparition, he seemed so much of the mediaeval world, appearing suddenly in that blinding sunlight. After he had passed, he turned and stared at us, perhaps wondering who these mad forestieri were. I remembered, as we came out, that the Cancelleria is one of the two buildings within the city limits, still in the possession of the church. From the Cancelleria, I take Bill for a glimpse into the Palazzo Massimo and to the Pasquino and finally, at his request, to what he calls the Forum of the Bad Cats.

I told Bill the day that he went to the front, what my cocheri told me --- that all the bad cats in Rome were put in the Forum of Augustus for punishment. He has been champing at the bit ever since, in his impatience to visit this evil institution. We find it

inhabited by at least six or seven criminal cats. To the complete mystification of our coccheri Bill left the carriage, advanced to the side of the forum, made a short and very touching address to these cats, "You would steal meat from the table would you?" he demanded in his opening sentence. But he gradually softened his air of severe disapproval, as he pointed out to them the error of their ways, begged them to mend them.

As it is just a step a round the corner to the Temple of Minerva, of course we make that step. Lord, Lord, how extraordinary it is to think of those beautiful old things staying, half broken, all these centuries!

That evening we make a call on two Californian women in the hotel. One reads some letters from her nephew who is in Stanford. They are full of Ray Wilbur. Beautiful rooms; three of them in a row, giving on to a balcony which, in turn, overlooks the Villa Aurora. There are beautiful Roman things about. But one water-color interior of a remodled New England farm house, filled with the familiar old furniture, makes us both quite homesick for Scituate. Afterwards down to the pink parlor which the hotel management has suddenly put at my disposal where a group of us talk ghosts for the evening. They are much struck with Bill's story of his haunted Washington Square apartment.

The Daily Mail today gives an extraordinary account of the surrender in Ireland of the Countess Markievitz who with a force of one hundred and twenty rebels had been holding the Royal College

of Surgeons. This is quoted from that account.

"At eight o'clock on Saturday morning, the white flag was hoisted in place of the rebel flag, and a communication was sent to the officer commanding the attacking force to say that the garrison would surrender at eleven o'clock. At the appointed hour, the Countess marched out of the college, followed by her force, who were walking in twos. She was dressed, as she had been throughout the week, entirely in green --- green tunic, green hat with a green feather in it, green puttees, and green boots.

It was a picturesque scene. She led her men to the British force, saluted the officer in command, kissed her revolver, before surrendering it with her bandolier to him, and then announced: 'I am ready.' Her men were disarmed and marched under armed escort through Grafton Street and Dame Street to the Castle."

This is certainly one of the most extraordinary incidents of the war. It took Ireland to produce it.

May 4th, Thursday.

To the French Embassy again early in the morning, the divine sunshiny, rose-torrented weather still keeping up. Again they tell us to come domani. Alice accompanies us this time as she and I intend to Baedecker the rest of the morning. We decide to go to the Thermae of Diocletian and Bill rides part of the way with us. Suddenly we change our minds in favor of the spot where Caesar was slain. That decision resulted in a wild goose chase that took half an hour. It began with a visit to the statue of Pompey in front

of which Caesar was stabbed. They point to a rusty spot in the marble of Pompey's bare legs and tell the tourist [redacted] that it is Caesar's blood. I am one of those weak souls who always want to believe everything, but this is a little beyond even my credulity. Then we embark on a wild raid of the surrounding neighborhood, to find the site of the ancient theatre in which this event occurred. We finally identify the curve of its wall by the curve of the street --- and let it go at that. It is perhaps as near to identification as anybody can come.

From there to the Thermae where we leave Bill to follow his own devices. Never somehow did any palazzo court look so hot to me as the inner court of the Thermae this day; the flowers blazing in the fiery, white-as-the-moon sun. And never did the galleries seem more contrastingly cool with their long rows of white sculpture. We visit the new Venus in what we very much fear will be our last call. How exquisitely girlish she is! How satiny as to flesh! How firmly modeled, especially as to cuplike breasts and robust legs! And over her everywhere that faint flash as of breathing life. Then we see the Venus Rising from the Sea --- sculptured in relief --- that I so very much admire. I look again for the last time at my adored Sleeping Fury, my little draped Venus, my huge brass Pugilist. I discover to my great delight the Resting Mars, (What?) [redacted] I had believed to be in the Vatican and had overlooked in the hurry with which we went through it. We see the ancient boat and the extraordinary bronzes, fished up from Lake Nemi. The

girls Ruby and Nancy told me that Mrs. Humphry Ward describes these discoveries in her Eleanor. As usual, I stop to delight in the white figures on a white background. Last of all we visit the bronze statue of Mithras, recently excavated on the Janiculum. Near it is a model placed in the ground exactly as they found it and a photograph of it when they found it.

From there home to lunch where Commandatore Cortesi comes as Alice Rohe's guest. A long talk and an interesting one about the war, feminism and all the topics that inevitably develop from those two. I am most struck with Commandatore Cortesi's idea, which I hear voiced for the first time, that the war may end in a United States of Europe. To bed, thereafter, and then out to take Miss Underwood to tea at Latours where, as the day is still blazing hot, we choose ices instead of tea. Much pleasant and amusing talk about Rome. Miss Underwood tells me that when the Kaiser came to Rome, he was entertained at the Doria Palace on the Corso. When he left he invited his hosts to Potsdam. "But of course we can show you nothing like this," he said. Afterwards Bill and I alone for a long drive through Rome, up the Corso to the Palazzo delle Popolo; down the Corso again; then over to the Coliseum. As we come rolling down the hill, three little boys begin turning hand-springs by the side of the carriage and Bill --- who always insists that he wants to encourage athletics --- throws them all the change he has. To the first two fall twenty centesimi pieces, but to the last and littlest only a soldo. When we come back --- to our amusement, to

the amusement of our cocchiere and to the amusement of a passing teamster, this little fellow protests volubly against this discrimination; holding up his soldo and demands another one. Home by way of the Forum of Bad Cats where, again addressing a skulking collection of lonely and criminal inmates, Bill points out to them the error of their ways, for the last time, entreats them to reform. As we start to come into the carriage, our cocchieri calls out something that I do not get. I hear the word bambini however and he points into the Forum. We turn back and there is a mother cat, carrying a baby kitten in her mouth, across the Forum. Bill points out to me the sinister eugenic significance of the situation --- criminals propagating their criminal kind. We stop once to see the Porta Magica which Bill finds very interesting. Then home. After dinner another talk about ghosts. An experiment in table tipping which was very unsuccessful.

May 5th, Friday.

To the French Embassy again, where to our great joy, we receive our passports, thus establishing our permission to leave Rome for Paris on Sunday night as we had hoped. I am wild to go, although now that our departure is settled, Rome clutches at my heart with all her old passionate intensity. Rome has always been, except London, my favorite city of all the world. And when I think of leaving the ruins and the roses, the fountains and the churches and all the brilliant detail of the thrilling street life —— But

somehow France seems to call insistently and poignantly in these days --- it is so much nearer to everything that is going on. Not only is Paris nearer to the French front than Rome is to the Italian front, but France itself seems so much more deeply involved in the war than Italy. This is partly because Italy has come in only recently and partly because France is, after all, suffering much more terribly. War seems to be devouring France like some mighty metal monster, tearing the hearts of the people with blood-red claws; grinding out the very life of the country with its horrible weight. One gets restless away from it. For my own part, I suppose that I never feel Rome to be quite so much in the Italian war as Paris is in the French war. This is mainly of course because the church, always the predominating interest here, goes on peforming --- as indeed she should and must --- her immemorial rites, quite as though there were no war.

On our way back from the Embassy, we stop at Cook's to buy our tickets. It seems ridiculous in these touristless times to register especially as we are just leaving, but we do so as a matter of form. Presently enters a young man, accompanied by a very pretty young woman. Bill says to me, "I ought to know that man." After a moment the young man comes over to us and asks if this is Will Irwin, recalling that they met in London. He introduces the pretty young woman who is his wife. They are Australians. In less time than it takes to write it, he has asked Bill to give him the English rights to his stuff. We go over to the Grand Hotel where we have a Tom Collins and a little talk. Our host tells us some extraordinary

stories about Lord Northcliffe whom he imitates perfectly. Once the office had been subjected to great changes; economies had been instituted. Lord Northcliffe visited it alone one night and made a tour, unaccompanied, of the building. He interviewed everybody, asking them all minute questions, taking all their names and raising all their salaries. "I like you," he said to one old man with whom he had talked a second. He liked him because the old man happened to have a pencil when Northcliffe asked for one. I immediately point out it is sufficient grounds for worshipping anyone.

At one o'clock to the dentist for a last treatment of a recalcitrant tooth. Afterwards home. In the afternoon with Alice to the Villa Farnesina where we see again Raphael's beautiful Cupid and Psyche pictures and the Galatea. They are charming, more charming even than I remembered them. The Cupid and Psyche pictures have even a quality of fairy beauty. One group, which includes Venus, June and Ceres, is most lovely. And the big ceiling pictures of Psyche among the gods are fairly revelrous with color and beautiful detail. Somehow they make me think of the land of Shakespeare rather than the land of Dante, there is a suggestion of the **Midsummer Night's Dream** about them. The Galatea too is charming; a most pleasing womanly creature, reminding me always, I don't know why, of the famous painting of St. Cecilia. The little Cupids, the Tritons blowing wreathed horns, even the dolphins, seem to me in the very best vein of Greek fantasy. It is a delight, in the midst of this war, and after so many purely religious pictures, to see these

mythological improvisations. Afterwards we wander in the garden, beautiful but a little faded and run down.

To dinner that night at the Fullones across the Tiber; a delicious dinner served in their room. That room was made homelike by Mrs. Fullone's Californian photographs. It was made lustrous by some old bronze lamps brought from Mexico. And Mrs. Fullone, herself, was like a creature out of the very heart of the Renaissance --- yea, Botticelli --- in a simple, straight gown of peacock blue, turned away in a V from her slim throat and belted by a narrow band of something gayly embroidered, at her slim waist; her light hair hanging in great clusters about her head. I said to Mr. Fullone once, "How does it happen that you, a Socialist, abandoned your home in California, to come over here to fight for a monarchy?" He answered, "I did not come to fight for king or country, but for the spirit of the Latin race."

Home late.

May 6th, Saturday.

Up early as usual and out with Alice as usual for a long, mad spree of Baedeckering. But first, through Bill, I meet Jim Sleven, a handsome native son of California, a graduate of Holy Cross, against whom Bill used to play football. He is a typical product of California and Ireland; with a look of a highly athletic, gigantic-sized Greek god; straight Greek features and an air of bounding health. He was the first person to film the Holy Father. It took him just a year of life in Rome to accomplish that. He tells Bill that he is returning to Paris to be married,

asks him to be best man at his wedding.

First with Alice to the Rospiglioso Palazzo to see Guido Reni's ceiling painting, Dawn. I thought, ten years ago, that I appreciated all these paintings as much as possible. But now they seem much more beautiful than I remembered them. I hope that means that my powers of appreciation have grown. I had no idea how beautiful was the coloring of Dawn; how charming the composition and how delicate some of the details. I suppose, more than any of the figures, I liked the girl in green, dancing just back of the chariot of Apollo, her gown slit to above the knee and caught there by two brooches. The last of the three girls, who is supposed to be Beatrice Cenci, is also charming. So is Phoebus in his tawny, brown-gold draperies, from which rises so superbly his beautiful head with its airy blonde curls. The Aurora, who precedes him, is a lovely being too.

From here we go to the National Museum, only to be told that it is closed for the war. Nothing daunted we turn to my favorite Santa Maria in Aracoeli which I had thought I would not find time to visit again. I do though and this time, Baedecker in hand, thoroughly. The beautiful antique pillars, which I so much admire, are swathed in red plush and gold, in preparation for I know not what picturesque church event. Alice and I (Baedeckerists, equally inveterate) looked at everything, studied a beautiful, sunken and broken old pavement, made in rather a different pattern from others of its kind that I have seen in Rome; the beautiful, beautiful old ambones different, each to the other, and so old that they are broken and crumbly; the beautiful altar to St. Helena; beautiful

tombs, set with mosaic or carved with recumbent figures.

Alice left me for a moment to go into the sacristy to see if we could have one of the chapels opened. Suddenly she emerged and beckoned to me. In a side chapel, three women were kneeling. A priest had taken out the great treasure of this church --- the little wooden bambino --- who is said to perform the miracle of healing the sick. He held its feet toward each of the women; they kissed them weeping and praying.

From here up the Janiculum to see, first the Villa Doria Pamphili which we are not allowed to explore for more than a little distance; then Sant Onofrio. Coming away from the Villa Doria, we get a really wonderful view; the Villa itself, a great sweep of green; flowers and beautiful trees. Then we pass the broken Villa Mills (I think that is the name) which Garibaldi either tore through, getting into Rome or defended getting away from Rome --- I'm a little mixed on my history. From there, catching all the way glimpses of Rome that were almost heart-stopping in their beauty, to Sant Onofrio. We went into the Tasso Museum first. That is not especially interesting to anybody but a Tasso student. The church, itself, is the smallest I have seen in Rome, except the little chapel to Santa Andrea beyond the Ponte Molle. It is principally famous because of Tasso's grave. Also a remarkable madonna, containing the picture of the donor; the madonna beautiful and very spiritual; the donor ugly but highly characterized. A surprising frescoe in the adjacent monastery.

From here to Santa Maria Sopra Minerva. We have only time to scurry through, as presently comes a monk in white garments, clicking two enormous keys together, the sign of lock-out time. But scurrying on ahead of him, we make time just to glance at a beautiful tomb at the left; a duplicate Mina de Fiesole work, so delicate and nervous. Somewhere else, also, a beautiful picture, mosaic on a gilt background; very winning in its simplicity; a cardinal presenting three poor maidens to the Virgin. Most wonderful and appealing of all, as invariably his work is, a Christ by Michael Angelo. A standing marble figure, it has about it something of the same poignant simplicity that is in the Pietà at St. Peter's. And last of all the tomb of Fra Angelico who, rightly, I think, should be buried in Florence.

From there home and to bed all the afternoon, not feeling quite myself.

May 7th, Sunday.

A long and beautiful and wonderful day! We spent it, or spent most of it, in what seems to me the most appropriate way to spend one's last day in Rome, at the Forum and on the Palatine. As I look back upon it now, it seems as though I had traveled --- and at an incredible speed --- through hundreds of centuries. It has been wonderful. We began the day by packing. At ten o'clock that was finished and Bill asked me where I wanted to go. I left the choice

to him and he suggested St. Peter's. And so in a carriage, through another day of sunshine so brilliant that it was almost staccato, across the Tiber and up, for the last time, between the glorious, rainbow-hung fountains, past the magnificent colonnades, over the worn steps, to that wonderful facade so like russet velvet. We had hoped to get there before high mass was over, but we found ourselves too late. Many people were in the church though. We lingered there, taking a last farewell. I showed Bill all my favorites; the childbirth faces in the pedestals of the baldachino; the Michael Angelo figures on the tomb of Paul III; the tomb, by Pollaiuolo, of Sixtus IV. The recumbent figure on that tomb has one of the most interesting faces I have ever seen --- it seems subtly to smile. Then I took Bill to see what Hutton calls the two "English boys" guarding the closed door of the Stuart tomb. Last of all to the Michael Angelo Pietà, which I consider the most beautiful pietà in the world; the figure of Mary is so unmistakably that of a Virgin and a mother holding her dead son and the figure of Christ is so unmistakably a dead son, lying in the arms of a heart-broken young mother. On our way out, we stopped at the first chapel on the left where a baptism was going on. The priest, in the most mechanical way possible, was mumbling the service over such a duck of a tiny, new-hatched baby with loads of jet-black, foot-ball hair. The baby underwent, with the most Christain fortitude, the experience of being rubbed at unexpected places with oil.

There being still some time before luncheon, we stop at Santa Maria

Sopra Minerva and at San Andrea delle Valle. The instant Bill entered Santa Maria he said, "This church settles it with me that Gothic is the most wonderful of all architectural expression." Masses were going on in both churches and we had to tiptoe our way into remote corners to get glimpses of the things I wanted Bill to see; particularly the Risen Christ of Michael Angelo of the one, the beautiful dome of the other. I remember when I was here before that that dome with its angel frescoes, the first of the kind I had ever seen, looked to me like a literal glimpse into a literal heaven.

From there, there still being a little time, we went over to Santa Maria in Aracceli. The crimson decorations of yesterday still decked the antique pillars. As we looked, a priest went up to the altar and removed the miracle-working bambino from its coign of vantage high up. We followed him as he bore it to the little side chapel, where it is kept, a man stopping him to kiss its feet on the way. The priest placed the bambino inside the golden case in which it stands upright; touched a spring and it glided, glass case and all, very swiftly and smoothly, back into the recess which contains it always. The golden doors closed and that was my last glimpse of the bambino. In a few minutes, a friendly monk comes, clinking his keys as the signal that the doors must be closed. He tells us that later the cardinal is coming and that there will be a grand procession carrying the bambino through the church.

And so home to lunch.

In the afternoon we decide to go to the Palatine, as Bill has

never seen the Palaces of the Caesars. We take Alice Rohe. On our way over there, however, Bill suddenly decides that he would like to go through the Forum with a guide. Alice picks out one who speaks English with whom she had previously had some experience. We find him to be an exceedingly well-informed man, the master of extraordinarily good English. In fact I began soon to suspect that he was one of those men, who formerly delivered lectures in the Forum, reduced in these war-days to being a guide.

There followed three of four hours --- I don't know how long it was --- of concentrated history. It was wonderful.

The day was warm almost to the torrid point. The sunlight vivid and brilliant, roses and poppies in bloom everywhere, and everywhere great blunches of acanthus, its leaves reproduced in marble all about us.

First our guide pointed out to us a single pillar, midway in the Forum --- the Pillar of Phocus. Then, nearer the Campidiglio he showed us another single pillar, much smaller by very beautiful which, he said, in mediaeval times, was used for the Easter candle. Then came the Treasury; the two rostrums, from one of which Mark Antony delivered his oration over the body of Caesar; the grave of Romulus with its black marble; the Arch of Septimus Severus, where all the Romans are represented as so much more big and lusty then their conquered foes. The remains of the Via Sacra is actually incrusted with coins whose inscriptions you can still read with the help of the microscope which a convenient guide (for a consideration) hands you. All this destruction is the result of the outrages

of Robert of Guiscard. Our guide showed us the Rostrum of Trajan with wonderful bas reliefs of animals and the temple of the Vestal Virgins.

Then up on to the Palatine.

First he takes us to a spot where we can overlook all that we have just seen and in addition, further down, the Temple of Castor and Pollux, the Arch of Titus and the brown swell of the Coliseum. We linger there for a while and then turn to the Palatine. Through many arched passageways, extraordinarily high, giving an expression of great engineering skill; the same impression that I always get in the Baths of Caracalla. From there on and on and on through history.

It is hard to recall, it is impossible to recall, all that we saw or the order in which we saw it. It is difficult to recall even a part of what I looked at. And yet it was the kind of seeing that I most love; impressions of a vanished greatness, coming with a great swiftness with a great strength, with an almost intolerable beauty, and all mixed up with the wonderful, tonic sunshine, the green of the vehement, fiercely-soft Italian spring, the scent and color of flowers. On top of all this filed the eternal detail of Roman, holiday life; for the Palatine it seems, is a great Sunday resort. At one place, we came out on the Belvidere, very high up, of the Palazzo Farnese. We stay there for a while to enjoy the lovely view of the Forum and of contiguous Rome. A group of Irish seminarians, in black and white, are sitting on the wall, talking and chatting.

And all through the afternoon, their boyish accents, touched with brogue, kept coming into our observation, as our roads crossed and recrossed. Once we meet --- and it is the first time I have seen this order --- two bare-footed Dominican nuns in brown robes and long beads. Everywhere are family parties; officers; privates; angelic-looking children; young lovers.

But from here on, we seem to explore nothing but beautiful old palaces. Of them, I remember single impressions and a few names; the Palace of Domitian, the Palace of Septimus Severus, the Palace of Tiberius, the Palace of Caligula. How splendid the sound of those syllables and how majestic the rooms that now bear them!

At one place under low arches that extended on, on, on and all touched with green moss, we were shown the spot where Caligula was murdered; a very fitting spot, too, for a murder, a fitting spot even now; all gloom, shadow, moist green growths and low-hung ancient stone. At another place --- and from an incredible height --- we look down into the most lovely stadium I have ever seen; great, high, outer encircling walls; inside a perfect oval which indicated the track; ruined fragments here and there; the whole thing seemingly complete from that height. In another place, we examined a wonderful nymphaeum, with an oval boat-like enclosure, holding fountains; and near a fragment, in graffite; of the most interesting pavement I have yet seen. In another spot, we penetrate the house of Livia which I had already explored with Ruby and Nancy. Surely the wall ___ with the thick garlands of green leaves on it is as charming as any

frescoe could be. Our progess is strewn with broken beauty everywhere; ragged rounds of colossal pillars; fragments of altars, boldly carved; bits of stucco, delicately carved; old walls of different periods, the oldest of all made with great square stones; irregularly-shaped [redacted] of mosaic pavement; huge stones; [redacted] statues; frescoes. Early in the trip, our guide calls our attention to one border which seems to prevail in the carving: rows of tiny marble circles stand out against carved hollow spaces and these spaces are made deep to give those circles the appropriate shadowy relief. And in one place, the highest spot on the Palatine, we come out on to what is, I am sure, the most superb view, from the point of immemorial history, in all the world. At one side, we look down on the beautiful Stadium which we have just seen and beyond to the Coliseum. On the other side, we gaze on the green mounding plain which was once the Circus Maximus. Beyond towers the broken brown walls of the Baths of Caracalla. Ahead, piercing the distance as straight as a taut string and cutting into the mountains, shoots the Via Appia. All this was ancient Rome. But for mediaeval Rome --- not a hand's breadth away towered San Gregorio Magno and back of us, framed exquisitely by huge arches, bubbled the purple dome of St. Peter. In addition, hundreds of historic buildings that one recognized by dome or campanile or broken, ruined wall. And always, in the far distance, the Sabine and the Alban mountains, a faint vapory, powdery blue with little toy villiages lying in their folds.

After we had gazed our fill on this, down and back towards the

entrance, passing more and more old walls, one of them running, our guide tells us, under Sant Anastasia which is near, and where, well I remember, seeing the room of the questionable street; the street containing the house where they "danced", which bordered on the Circus Maximus. This little incident was one of those things which suddenly pull a city together to you. Also I see again the thrilling altar to the unknown god and, for the first time, the cave in which the wolf-mother of Romulus and Remus suckled her human foundlings. As it has always been the spot greatly revered and as the brass wolf in the Campidoglio was dug up here, I for one choose to believe the place authentic.

On our way home, we stop first at the Forum of the Bad Cats where Bill delivers one last impassioned appeal to these monsters to reform their wicked ways. And just as, we turn to go home, exhausted with the burden of beauty, Bill suggests that he would like to give us some of the Marino wine which has has found so stimulating, so delicious --- and so insidious. In a weak moment Alice and I consent. Whereupon we turn and go to a street back of the Sala Stampa. After having sat in one little café and demanded Marino and getting something else, we try another little café. This café is kept by a friend of Alice's --- a gigantic, blonde ex-bersagliere and his no less gigantic but brunette wife. Alice introduces us as the two most famous writers in the United States. And the Bersagliere, who has the true instinct of democracy, comes and sits beside us asks Bill with Alice interpreting, many intelligent questions about

the Italian front. He says, that although he is a man of more than forty, he would like to be mobolized in order to kill two or three Austrians. We drink a glass and a half each of the alleged Marino wine. On our way out, meet Mr. Street who informs us that this is not the place where he took Bill for Marino and that we must have some <u>real</u> Marino. Weakly and blindly, we follow him to a larger café, where we drink some more wine, delicious, velvety, red. He tells us that our Bersagliere has given ten thousand dollars to the war loan. He also tells us that Wilson has just written another note, in which he lies down utterly to Germany, producing in us a sense of gloom and shame which the Marino cannot possibly lighten. Also he says that the Americans are so busy making money out of the war that we cannot of course do anything else. Whereupon Bill blazes up and tells him some long and detailed truth about the American situation. Home finally and to dinner with protracted farewells from all the people at the Boston; then finally to the train. Alice accompanies us. To bed at once in one of the concentrated little sleeping compartments of the Paris trains.

May 8th, Monday.

Slept very badly --- in fact not at all until somewhere about three o'clock in the morning. I confess that it was probably the Marino. When I wake after my final sleep, it is to find that we had passed, in the night, through beautiful vine-garlanded Tuscany and have come into Piedmont. An hour of the Italian Riviera --- Rapallo, Chiavari, Santa Margarita of which, because of the many

tunnels, we get only tantalizing glimpses. On one side is the ocean; on the other the olive-clad hillspurs; the unbelievable coral-pink houses nestling in the silvery green; little churches with toy campanili; villas; hotels; everything that the more artificial aspect of the Riviera presents. At one time, I counted six flanks of hills, folding one over the other --- like the fluting of velvet exposed for sale in a shop window.

In the afternoon I fall into the deepest sleep that I have ever known; a sleep that is like death, dreamless, cloudless, absolutely fixed. About five, Bill waked me up to tell me we were passing through wonderful country. I looked out into an extraordinary scene; the Alps, green nearly to the top, where they became silver tipped. I sat for two hours with my nose glued to the window; for though I have been through the Alps (twice, this is the first time it has not stormed.) beautiful moving panorama of mountains with little grey villages clinging, like colonies of terrified limpets, to the green sloping flanks. Much more beautiful than in the spring when we passed through; the snow gone; now grass and flowers everywhere.

We have no trouble in crossing the border at Modane. The authorities recognize us at one as the war correspondents who, two months before, after so long a parley, they permitted to pass through.

An interesting trip as regards people of course, as all trips are now; soldiers, English and Italian; many women in black. One woman in a compartment near, middle-aged herself; is conducting an old, old mother into France. I wonder what errand brings anybody

so venerable into night traveling. The daughter has a beautiful, calm, kind face, much like my sister Tiny's. She smiles at me whenever we pass. In the next compartment is an English naval captain. He speaks to Bill and Bill forgetting for the moment that his interlocutor is an Englishman, and mechanically falling into the courtesy, which prevails at the Italian front, says, "My name is Irwin." The Captain ignores that utterly and in a few moments brings the conversation to an end. Later however, in English fashion, he makes shy overtures towards friendship, talks with Bill frequently; begins conversation at the table where we find ourselves together. I, being determined to keep equally stiff and cold, say nothing, although he directs many glances in my direction. Finally, dying to throw a bomb, I burst out abruptly with, "Will your government enfranchise the women after the war?" "I don't know," he said, "I hope they do. The women deserve it." Which of course delighted me. He said that his sister had been driving a war ambulance out of Ypres for a year and a half.

Later Bill joins him and another English officer lad. Just as Bill enters the conversation, the lad expresses it, as his opinion, that the Yankees will keep out of the war until just before the end, that then they will jump in to get the German shipping that is now in the American harbors. Which is one of the neatest ideas I have yet heard expressed. Bill says that there is every evidence about us, in France, of a country continuing to mobilize. We keep passing trainfulls of men in citizen's clothes, going to get their

uniforms. At one station, crowds are cheering and waving farewells to a blithe, departing train-load; a picturesque sight but a sad one, for there are old mothers and young wives left behind and many pretty-girl sweethearts.

Bill gets hold of a newspaper and for the first time, we get the text of Wilson's note to the Germans. It is stern, definite, full of dignity. It relieves us at once and enormously of that weight of shame we have been carrying. What is our feeling towards the infamous Strut can only be imagined.

May 9th, Tuesday.

When we wake up, we are near Paris. It is a beautiful day and because it is a beautiful day, Paris, and spring, our spirits rise; rise even though Bill points out to me what sobers me momentarily, a shattered house which was General French's headquarters at the battle of the Marne. We pass great stretches of softly-rounded, verdant country, trimmed with trees clipped to a feathery slimness, the mistletoe baskets making black spots in their tender green. At the station, there is such a shortage of porteurs that we have to wheel our own baggage to the sidewalks in trucks. There, we wait many minutes for a taxi; all of us wait; yea, even the tall, slim, elegant gentleman, whose nationality I cannot guess, who accompanies the bleached-blonde, voluptuous lady who, all through the trip and despite the war, has managed always to wear fresh roses and to sport delicate, fresh, lingerie shirt-waists. Finally

Bill departs to find a taxi, leaving me to guard the baggage. The inevitable drama of French life begins to play itself out before my eyes. One black-clad woman, the mother of three children, disappears apparently on the same errand, leaving her youngest, a very little girl, in the charge of two, not-much-bigger little boys. The little girl immediately becomes intractable. The boys soothe her with consoling phrases, with hugs and kisses and even things to eat, but she is not to be placated. "Maman! Maman! Maman!" she calls, not plaintively, but viciously. She is an ungly little thing and quite bad-tempered, but the whole situation is very amusing; the patience of the little French brothers remarkable. Near us stands a woman, so made up that she is practically a grotesque. The black around her eyes is deep and accented enough to seem, on first sight, a pair of eye-glasses. And yet Bill and I both agree that she must be a personage --- she is so stately a figure, by no means young, but majestic, absolutely unconscious of the gaping crowd.

Through beautiful, Paris, all grey and bathed in a tender silvery sunlight --- in extraordinary contrast to Rome with its warm brown tinting and its brilliant golden sunshine --- to the Hotel Crillon. Unpack and later to the Boeuf a la Mode for lunch. A delicious and an expensive lunch --- sole (and such sole) boeuf a la mode, salade and strawberries. Winifred Holt comes in while we are there, but I do not accost her. Home to my nap. Out to a modest Duval for dinner where we are served by the same little, chirping bird of a

waitress, so like a tiny doll, that we had once before. Bill tells me some wonderful stories of his friend Preston Lockwood who is serving in the American Ambulance. He helped a physician to lift one wounded man whose arm hung by a sliver of flesh. "Take hold of that arm," the doctor commanded. Preston did. Whereupon, the doctor cut the sliver leaving the dead arm in Preston's hand. Then a wonderful story of a French colonel, much wounded in the shoulder and terribly wounded in the leg, who insisted on walking out of the station because so many of his men were there and he did not wish them to see him carried out. And so, one arm over the shoulder of two ambulanciers, he proceeded between rows of his men lying on stretchers. As he passed, wounded as they were, they lifted themselves up to salute, "Au voir Jean! Bon chance Jean!" they called. Once out of their sight he collapsed. Preston said that they could only tell when the ambulanciers were beginning to go to pieces nervously by the fact that, when they started to park their machines, they would often run into other machines without seeing them. Preston said that, after the incident of Colonel Jean, he cried over his wheel all the way home.

May 10th, Wednesday

All the morning visiting hotels --- the Garlandt, Maleserbes and one or two others; deciding finally on the Regina. Go over to the Latin Quarter to see the Burgesses, but make only a flying call on them, both having engagements. Back to the Crillon where we pack and to the Regina where we unpack. I, then, very exhausted, to

bed. Lunch at the Regina where the diningroom crowded, the service very unsatisfactory. Talk with Mr. and Mrs. Harris. Bill asks Mrs. Harris what is the reason of the huge black square of censored sheet in the Paris Herald. Mr. Harris says it contained the story that Von Bulow had been sent to Rome by the Kaiser to enlist the services of the Vatican for peace and that also an envoy had been sent to the United States. Mrs. Harris tells me that her filleul did not reply to her letters for a while. Finally, fearful that something had happened, she sent a letter of inquiry to a comrade. He wrote her that her filleul had been wounded in the hand and could not write. She adopted the comrade as a filleul also. When she asked him what she could send him he replied, "Nothing but your letters." What a wonderful thing to say! She says the letters of those two common poilus are simply unbelievable in the fineness of feeling and the elegance of expression. In the evening, after a long and wearisome wait owing to a contretemps, Estelle and Frank Burgess to dinner. Afterwards upstairs for a talk in our rooms; show Estelle my Italian junk.

The Daily Mail says today that now fifty percent of the workers in the munition factories are women, as against thirty percent last December, and that it is expected the number will go on increasing.

May 11th, Thursday.

In the morning to the Police in the Rue des Bons Enfants where we are told we must present ourselves at the Prefecture with photo-

graphs. So first to a photograph gallery where we both have pictures taken. Then to the American Express where we meet Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gleason. I am delighted to meet Mrs. Gleason as I have heard so much of her. She is charming; young, slender, blonde, pretty; she looks a little like Betsey Barnwell. Mr. Gleason tells me that the men who go up in observation balloons are often made so seasick by it that they always send up two or three extra to take the places of those who are incapcitated. To the Profecture again with our photographs. In this office two Morrocans, a man and a woman, are making a sensation. She is very gay in a full skirt of open-work mull of some sort, yellowish; an embroidered and fringed shawl; an embroidered head kerchief. They tell us that she is only twenty-six. But she is huge, richly cut and roundly contoured. Her youngness and beauty however, break through even that girth. They make a great sensation among the Frenchmen who shake hands with both of them when, after what seems a protracted examination, they leave. Home first then to the Rue des Bons Enfants again, where our permis are granted us.

On our way home into Notre Dame for a while. After the warmth of the Italian chiesa, its coolness strikes almost a chill to my heart. But in a brief time, as is inevitable, its great, calm, grave beauty envelopes me. The wonder of those huge, vaulted aisles and those richly-jeweled rose windows is indescribable. We walk with other visitors, all French apparently, through the Ambulatory, past the beautiful Virgin of Notre Dame, past the lovely quaint mediaeval

wood sculptures and out into the sunlight again. Home where first, I get a shampoo; then a nap. Up and to dinner at the Youngers; among the other guests Dr. and Mrs. Gros. Talk all of the war of course. Dr. Gros tells a story that haunts me of a funeral procession which he met on the street. It consisted of the funeral hearse; behind it a few poilus; behind them a single carriage; and in that carriage, her head on the shoulders of a nurse, the old, old mother. Also stories of his hospital where there are some wounded aviators and how, quite commonly and as a matter of course, their friends come to call on them in their flying machines. The friends alight neatly on the green park outside, make their calls, then fly off. Dr. Younger, ill with the gout and carried down to the table, where, as usual, his handsome, dignified, serene presence sheds its lustre on the scene.

May 12th, Friday.

Shopping all the morning in the Gallerie La Fayette where with the aid of three charming French salesgirls, all chirping over me in the most delectable bird-music French, I buy two navy-blue, taffeta gowns; one navy blue taffeta coat, lined with gold; one black hat trimmed with navy blue. Much fun in the process. I told the clever girl-interpreter, who accompanied me everywhere, that her friends sounded like birds singing, and she said that was just what they felt about the English and the American girls. This is the only compliment of the American voice that I have ever heard. From there

with Bill, who has been present during much of this sartorial orgy, down the Rue de la Paix and the Rue de Rivoli, looking in the windows. We stop at one fascinating shop where I buy a pair of earrings, old silver with big pink topazes; slender and so long that in evening dress, they will touch my shoulders. Home where, after luncheon, I write in my diary. Then to my nap. After dinner to the Comedie Francaise to see a play La Petit Cafe very amusing and to the last detail admirably acted. The whole incident reminds me somehow of a scene in Trilby when Taffy, middle-aged and with a waist, revisits Paris with his wife, takes her to a play which proves to be --- not nice --- but very entertaining. A little theatre, most intime and charming. An interesting audience; the ever-present soldiers, French, Belges and English; many pretty women; but nobody except one eatably pretty English girl who comes with an English officer, much dressed; and nobody --- although everybody laughs at the humorous points of the play --- very gay.

May 13th, Saturday.

Nothing especial today. Went in the evening to see the French version of The Belle of New York. Very boreseome.

May 14th, Sunday.

Up early and by taxicab to Tarn McGrew's country place on the Marne. A beautiful drive out the Porte Vincennes by the Bois de Vincennes; a charming French wood, full of young trees --- so green as to feathery leaves overhead, soft verdure under foot, velvety

moss on all the tree trunks --- that to glance into it was like looking into an aquarium. Finally past many low French villas to a gate which faced on the Marne, a narrow, placid, quiet-flowing toy river, and opened into a big garden. At the sound of the taxi, the gate swung back and our host appeared. I have never seen him and, although from Bill's description, I was prepared for something, in the way of beauty, grace and charm, I was not prepared for so much of all these things. He is regularly-featured, prematurely-white and with a charming expression. He is tall and long-limbed, slim and broad-shouldered; a wonderful carriage. He wore a very smart suit, the outing shirt open at the neck. He conducts us through a garden, sunny at that time although the day had started lowering, into a big room, charmingly furnished. A phonograph was pouring out a mad torrent of rag-time. Here I am confronted by what looked to me, at first, the two most artificial women, of the bleached-blonde type that, I have yet seen in Paris. The tall one is a Californian, the little one, a Texan. The Texan had big brown eyes and originally, in all probability, brown hair. The brown eyes are loaded with eyelash paint and the brown hair is so thick with bleaching chemicals and so stiffly waved that it is like a whisk in quality and something of the same color. Much red on her lips; tiny hands, manicured to the breaking point; looking in fact like wax hands, the nails are so deep a henna and the flesh of so deathly a white. Tiny feet in tan suede shoes --- tiny, tiny, tiny --- in American she wears number ones; here she has to have them

made. Many diamonds. Dances charmingly. The other was quite as much bleached, rouged, lash-and-lip painted and wore almost as many diamonds, but was much less attractive. Her husband was a Native Son and I liked him --- the big, lush type of male Californian like Waldemar Young and Andrew [redacted] Gallagher. The husband of the Texan is a Swiss, dark, very good looking. Altogether, they are a colorful quartette to meet in the middle of a jet-black war and astonishingly refreshing.

Also the party includes three French soldiers back on permission: a lieutenant, elderly, kind-faced; two poilus. One is short and dark, rather Hebraic. The other, Coco, is a whale of a big fellow; an apache, of whose mad bravery they tell many stories. Before the war broke, he had played rugby and when he got to the trenches, he discovered that, opposite in the German trenches were two Saxons who had played international rugby against him. One night he crawled across No Man's Land and had a talk with them. Thereafter, he called regularly, except on those occasions when they warned him --- because Prussians would, for a while, relieve them in the trench --- not to come. In the meantime, in a town back of his own lines, he had come across a red parasol, brought it back to the trenches with him. One night he made a bet with his French comrades that he could walk on No Man's Land carrying that red parasol --- and survive. He tipped his German friends off to his wager and offered to divide his winnings with them. They got all their comrades to promise not to shoot him. As scheduled, he walked on the parapets with the red parasol over

his head and collected a small fortune.

Also a story of his dancing with Anna Held in an inprovised apache dance and following the procedure in these dances, he slapped her in the face. He slapped her so hard that she went out. Quite a wonderful looking creature; deeply lined though young; his face full of mirth, but with something faun-like about it.

Upstairs, in a charming bedroom I meet Mrs. McGrew a beautiful woman, delicately-featured; curly-wavy hair; wide brown eyes, under long curving eye-lashes, set far apart; long lovely hands.

We have a gay lunch --- I at Sam's [redacted] right; he, charmingly attentive. I taste French almonds for the first time and find them delicious. Several cocktails; white wine and red; a cordial; afterwards high-balls. We get very gay of course, but towards the end of the luncheon, the talk breaks into a very hot discussion in regard to the position of the United States in the war. Bill and I, assisted by the Native Son, defend America. One of the Frenchmen, in what I thought was very bad taste, criticizes the United States scathingly. The argument got down to the point where the Frenchman was saying, "The United States did sign the paper which guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium." and we were saying just as emphatically, "You are mistaken, monsieur. The United States did not sign that paper." Bill and I make this statement with an inward trepidation as we admit to each other afterwards. It seems the only point in regard to this war in which Bill is not informed. The faces around the table grew cold or convulsed, according to the way the talk

affected them. Our host maintaining a severe silence. It was apparent to me that he was much hurt by the words of his French friends, but he was trying to keep the wrangle from degenerating into an exchange of insults.

After a while, out into the pretty garden, where bloom great rounds of pansies and long rows of rhodadendrons where we played the old English game of bowls; what the Italians call bocci and the French jeu de boule. First the men played and with a great deal of gayety; laughter; rushes of joyous expletive. Then we women played. I did not understand the game at all and frightfully embarrassed, perspiring at every pore, did blindly what I was told, rolled the ball when directed, stopped when ordered, without the remotest idea in the world how the game was scored. After we got home at night, I suddenly asked Bill, "By the way who won that game of bowls that we women played?" To my intense surprise, he answered, "You did. You ran up an amazing score."

All the time we were playing, people were passing along the road by the river, canoes, holding lovers, were floating on the [redacted] waters. One such group on the road, a man and two women, the tiny Texan told me, were undoubtedly apaches. Certainly they looked it. Inside again where there are highballs and more music --- much of it Hawaiian. They get our host, who was brought up in Hawaii, to dance the hula. He does it charmingly, recalling to Bill many evenings in Encina Hall at Stanford. Home in an auto with the Native Son who invites us to go, the following Thursday, to Castle Gaillard in

in Normandy; an invitation we accept with so much alacrity that it must have taken his breath away.

Just enough time after we get home for me to do my hair before we meet the Coreys and go with them to L'Ane d'Or on Montmartre for dinner. Much talk about the war, Mr. Corey swapping his experiences at Verdun for Bill's experiences on the Italian front.

May 15th, Monday.

Miss Sullivan here all the morning, I dictating 'The Lady of Kingdoms.' Dejeuner with Mrs. Chadbourne and Miss La Motte in a beautiful apartment, exquisitely furnished. I can't enumerate all the beautiful things I saw but they included furniture of the periods of the various Louises (what is the plural of Louis?); furniture in Chinese Chippendale; Gaugins; Cezannes; one beautiful, big old chest, filled only with marvelous stuffs --- and such stuffs; one beautiful, small, old chest, filled only with jewelry --- and such jewelry. This last includes a collection of huge emerald matrixes; a filet, made with small leaves of gold, berries of agate and lapis dew drops of diamonds; a chain suspending a great oval pendant and set with huge cabuchon stones, quite indescribable, made by a woman artist. And to go with it, a comb, very delicate, of silver, with tiny mistletoe leaves in green enamel and mistletoe berries of pearls. Chains and chains; marvelous bracelets; incredible earrings --- I have never seen such a collection.

Then there are many beautiful books; many beautiful, old leather

things; One round, gold-stamped brush which belonged to Madame de Seveigné. Their delectable diningroom looks out into the glossy green of a typical French garden; all foliage, no flowers. Their big black cat sunning itself there.

Before we leave, they show us Mrs. Chadbourne's bedroom; a tiny room so low-studded that you almost have to stoop to enter, which the great bed almost fills. There is nothing else in it but a shrine with a crucifix. It is plastered white in the ceiling and papered white in the walls. A window, which takes up almost its entire width, opens on to the garden through a screen of leaves of so delicate a thin greeness that it is like looking through green sunlight to glance out. Downstairs, a guest chamber, very elaborate and magnificent; a beautiful, painted, wooden bed which they bought in Spain for ten francs; a row of quaint, white-wigged women portraits, painted on glass, which they purchased in Spain and carried all the way to France in their hands.

From there to the Burgesses where Estelle ill and sitting up in bed, looks very pretty in a blue embroidered kimona; and quite like an Indian maiden, her hair [redacted] plaited in two braids which fall, one on either side of her face. Gelett walks home with me. I discover that the hotel, during our absence, has moved us into a suite, which they present to us at the price of a single room; a big room for me; one, but a degree smaller, for Bill; a charming little salon; bath; a regular --- and very roomy --- hall; more closets and drawers, built into the walls, than we can use. I am delighted. We fly about getting

settled in the half hour before dinner. Bill presents me with a wrist-watch, I find I am perfectly delighted now that I have it. To dinner and then upstairs to finish settling.

Just before going to bed, I look out from my window into the sweet French night and find that my room is on the Rue des Pyramids_ side of the hotel and that below Jeanne d'Arc is galloping straight ahead on her golden charger.

May 16th, Tuesday.

Miss Sullivan here for the morning. More dictation of The Lady of Kingdoms. Then dejeuner with the Watsons where a delicious luncheon. More talk about their work of getting at the impoverished proud of France. Dr. Watson tells us that the French Protestants are the only people in France who cannot understand why they, as Protestants, should give their money to Catholics and Protestants alike. He also tells us that when he went into the United States army as a chaplain, he had to choose between being a chaplain for officers or privates. We talk about the United States. The Watsons believe in a restricted franchise, though not restricted on the score of sex. They want Roosevelt to be the next President. From there to call on Dr. Younger who, we find, has gone to his office. Mrs. Younger is having pictures taken of the interior of their house before breaking up. That is a sad function, for they have lived there many years. To the hotel and to nap. In the evening to see Julius Caesar in the moving pictures, done by the same people who put on Caberia. Most disappointing except certain scenes in the

Forum. Caesar, himself, taken by a young, undramatic and unconvincing actor; the play without sparkle or force.

May 17th, Wednesday.

Miss Sullivan here again. Dictated fifteen pages of a rewritten chapter of The Lady of Kingdoms. Gelett calls to take me to luncheon, but I am too tired to go. To bed and into a thick sleep. Later out to tea at the Cascade in the Bois with the Harrises. A beautiful, warm, soft day. Such warmth and softness as I have never seen in France. I never having been here before later than April. The Cascade, a tea-pavilion situated near a tiny, very pretty, artificial cascade, has an out-of-doors tea-room. The tables are spread under big umbrellas of striped awning, against a background of trees so thick that they are like a screen of fiery green. Delicious lemonade and gateaux made of the fraises des bois. Many very pretty women at the Cascade. For the first time in the war in France, I see smart, gay-colored clothes and hats. Then home, walking in the Bois past beautiful, daisy-strewn reaches of lawn; paintable moss-green, scum-covered meres; the Seine; the race course of Longchamps. Finally home by surface tram and Metro. For a long way; pretty Neuilly on one side, a forest of pines on the other. The moon is huge over the Tuilleries when we emerge from the Metro.

That night after dinner, we are present at an extraordinary episode in the foyer of the Hotel Regina. There is a woman staying here who was on board the Sussex when it was torpedoed. She was not hurt

herself; but she saved the life of a Frenchman by holding the edges of his wound together all night long, thereby preventing him from bleeding to death. Tonight he made his first call on her after coming from the hospital.

May 18th, Thursday.

Miss Sullivan reads me letters from a girl relative in Ireland about the Irish rebellion. There is an amusing quality in them --- the girl has so obviously enjoyed the row. Miss Sullivan, who has lived several years in France, thinks that many changes will come about here in the position of women after the war. She thinks, for instance, that so many women will be weaned away from domestic occupations that they will have to revolutionize the archaic interior architecture of French houses, in order to make it convenient for women to work in them. She says we Americans have no idea how inconvenient French houses are. She herself decided once that she would like to have a little apartment and do her own housekeeping. But when she discovered how many things had to be carried over the long flights of stairs, she gave it up. In the afternoon for a walk along the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de la Paix looking at the jewelry. Monster diamonds! Colossal emeralds! One aqua marine so large that it is like a lake. Very hot. Home and for a nap. Out at night for a walk with Bill. The boulevards are more crowded than usual because of the hot weather. But there is no sound of talking, no mirth, no gayety. We patronize a canned

music emporium where I hear Chenard do the Marseillaise; also indifferent interpretations of the Sambre et Meuse; Tipperary; I Didn't Want to Love You. Home under the moving star of a guarding aeroplane.

May 19th, Friday.

Miss Sullivan here in the morning --- dictating a chapter in The Lady of Kingdoms. In the afternoon to Winifred Holt's establishment for the blind in this war. We do not see her, but are taken about the place; a beautiful big mansion: all lovely painted walls and ceilings; mirrors and delicately gilded wood. We are shown the books of the blind; the pads for writing letters; the machines a ecrire; chests; dominoes; the chambers where they sleep; a room for fencing and for manual training. It all seems very evacué and forlorn, though so beautiful. Suddenly we come out on a charming little French garden where green leaves glint glossily in a sunshine which seems too pale and delicate to penetrate the chill. There, his back to us, leaning rather gracefully against the wall, stands ---

"I didn't know blind men ever smoked," was all Bill said.

The blind man must have heard our voices, but he did not turn or move. He continued to lean gracefully against the wall --- a picture, typically Gallic, of semi-philosophic, semi-hurmorous despair --- and went on with his meditations. Then upstairs we glance into a tiny room where another war-blinded creature is toiling painfully away

at a letter. Outside in the hallway, we meet a third; a big fellow, broad-shouldered, strong, in the flower of his youth, with two evil black slits where eyes should be; a face torn with scars. He walks perfectly straight ahead, passes us, and then --- very quietly and carefully fingering the banister --- goes downstairs. In a second small room, another works at clay modeling, a woman teacher near. One room, by order of the Minister of War --- so says the tag on its handle --- we are forbidden to enter. Here a whole class is going on.

Out, and as it is too gay and beautiful to return to the hotel, we take a little spin in the Bois. In looking over the map of the park in my Baedecker, I have discovered on it that charming Mare d' Auteuil, always to be remembered by those who love Peter Ibbetson.

We ask our cocher to take us there. But he takes us to the Lac Superieur under the impression, so naively widespread among cabbies, cochers and cocchieris, that --- if you can't produce the thing that is asked for --- produce something as like it as possible --- anyway produce something. The park is very beautiful with the great stretches of feathery trees, the glimmering ponds. Everywhere picnic parties are out for an afternoon's holiday. Women sit knitting or sewing or on chairs tête-à-tête; babies lie asleep in perambulators; everywhere lovers. A scene typically French in its charming simplicity.

At night Mrs. Chadbourne and Miss La Motte to dinner. Bill orders my favorite Chateau Yquem, It is very sweet, almost too sweet even for me. A long talk about the war.

May 20th, Saturday.

Dictating The Lady of Kingdoms all the morning. At noon Bill brings Col. Sweeney of the Foreign Legion. He cannot stay for lunch but we have a long talk. He is a Californian, a San Franciscan, a Native Son. He has been decorated with the croix de guerre and the legion d'honneur. He was wounded through the lungs and sent home to San Francisco for convalescence. He has just returned. He looked very well, a tall, slender, wiry dark man, rather handsome, tanned to a soft, smooth amber. Underneath that tan, his skin shows a kind of waxy delicacy, although he says he feels perfectly well. He said that he had always had good habits and they helped him to recuperate. He lay out in the air, for several hours after he was shot, before they found him. I asked him how it felt to be shot and he answered, "Oh, it isn't so very bad. It's as though you'd been hit with a base ball bat." I had a feeling that that would be very bad indeed. He added the worst part of it was two days afterwards when he could feel an internal hemorrage, soaking down into the abdominal cavity. He felt absolutely certain of this, although the doctor assured him that it was impossible. Some talk about the Foreign Legion and the spy system. He said that the gaiety of San Francisco and New York so got on his nerves finally that he could not stand it. He left one party in New York when it was half-way over because he could not feel that the people over there realized what was going on over here. I said that it must indeed have been a contrast to this stricken Paris. He said, "Oh Paris! It is much

more cheerful in the trenches than in Paris. Most of the men are glad to get back to the trenches. Up there, it is all hopefulness."

An interesting comment on the war.

In the afternoon over to the Victoria Palace to accompany Estelle and Gelett Burgess to an anniversary celebration of Balzac in the house in which he lived. My cocher, I discover after I have entered the cab, does not know where the Victoria Palace --- the hotel in which the Burgesses live --- is. I cannot remember the street on which it is situated and we enter into a long parley. A boy from the hotel breaks into it first and after a while a kindly, passing woman. No one of them actually knows where the Victoria Palace is, and very soon the dialogue slips out of my hands and becomes a three-cornered discussion, all emphasis and gestures and desperate Gallic excitement. Other passers-by join the group and the argument. I sit back silent, calmly sure that they will cut the knot. I suddenly remember that one of the Felix Poten houses is pres; and tell them so. At this they make long ohs and ahs but it does not help at all. Despair descends --- but nobody deserts. Again suddenly --- mysteriously indeed; as though it were whispered in my ear --- the name of the street comes --- Rue de Rennes. I burst out with it. The discussion breaks up with smiles and congratulations and I spin merrily on.

As I drive up to the hotel, Gelett Burgess, calls to me from their window to hold the carriage. They both come down presently and off we spin to the quiet neighborhood --- I think somewhere in the vicinity

of the Arc --- where Balzac lived. The house is tiny and simple, situated in an irregularly-shaped yard, to get to which, we have to pass through another house. It is placed also on a elevation so that the back windows look down onto a quiet, gentle street where, on this day, three young girls, exactly like a picture from Kate Greenaway, sit sketching. There are very few rooms in the house and to my mind, it loses in quality by its present museum-like effect. The walls, which have remained exactly as Balzac left them, are covered with pictures relating to his life and works. Many of them are interesting of course, but the conglomeration takes away from that "spirit of place" which, in a literary shrine, should, above all things, be preserved. In a glass case is a plaster cast of Balzac's hand --- exceedingly small with rather short fingers. It was in that tiny back room, in which he used to shut himself to write and where once --- in the space of forty days --- he turned out an incredible number of novels. I remember it as three and Gelett Burgess as five. For me, the thrill of the whole place lay in the little bushy allée which ran from the glass doors of this room to the end of the triangular-shaped garden. It was a quaint, shut-away part of a quaint, shut-away garden. But what makes it memorable is that here, Balzac used to pace up and down, thinking. Somehow that hit a high nerve. It got to my imagination. I could perfectly see the big, massive, unctuous figure with the big massive, unctuous face shambling up and down like a bear, and

like some wild creature --- full of strange mutterings and stranger gestures --- as he worked out his creative schemes.

The garden itself was a darling: a little ragged path of low bushes, clambering vines and haphazard flowers. It was so cut up --- and yet so mysteriously screened by growths --- that you could have taken a child through it and she would have felt that she was exploring an enormous place. It was filmed over with that mirror-like glass that lies on all French vegetation.

The celebration was a long program, much of which we did not understand. First came an address by a gentle-faced, old gentleman; then a reading by a writhing, blond young man; then a causerie, in English, so much like a high school essay that we dare not glance at each other, by a middle-aged, plump woman; then another reading by what Gelett Burgess calls an Edgar Allan Poe young man; then a patriotic recitation from a plump-faced, pink-cheeked girl in a mackintosh; then a scene in French from Hamlet by a blue-eyed, sweetly-smiling girl; then the blond, writhing young man again . . . . But as, by this time, the program threatens to encore itself indefinitely, we leave.

Home walking down the Champs Elysees in the soft, powdery, vapory glow of the Paris sunset; the taxis streaming up towards the Arc, all turned, in that light, to chariots of a silver-shining metal, inlaid with great bars of glittering gold.

Estelle and Gelett Burgess stay to dinner. I find that Bill has been trying frantically all the afternoon to get me by telephone as

first Mrs. Younger wanted to take me to drive and second the dinner is tonight and not tomorrow night as my calendar had it. A long evening of talk. I read to them Phyllis' remarkable letter. It brings the tears to Gelett Burgess's.

May 21st, Sunday.

A long letter to Phyllis in the morning in answer to hers. Arthur Bullard for dejuener and a long talk afterwards. He thinks that the end of the war is close and that the English do not want us in it as, at the end, they would like to have the most powerful standing army. He says that the Irish rebellion was assisted by the enemies of Asquith who want him out on any pretext: that the English officers enter a village, ask the landlord for a list of Sein Feiners and arrest, in flocks, whomever he indicates, although they may be only the people the landlord dislikes; that English Tommies, now as never before, are willing to be led by men risen from the ranks; that after the war, France will be ruled by the poilus as, after the Civil War, America was ruled by the G.A.R.; that the English will go any length in politics --- not so much for the good of England as to get the opposition out. Bill explains his theory that one reason for the vitriolic quality in English politics, is because the upper class is all related and, thence, there is injected into public differences the horrid acerbity of family quarrels. Arthur says he thinks the social revolution may come after the war.

At five comes Jim Slevin who turns out to be as handsome an Irish-

man, as I ever saw, with beautiful wavy hair and beautiful white teeth; with the pulchritude in short inevitable to the eugenic combination of California with Ireland. He takes us in his car to the home of the Spanish grandfather of his Paraguayan bride-to-be. The Spanish grandfather is a charming old person and the bride, herself, as pretty as paint; a delicate little brown brunette in pink taffeta trimmed with blue velvet, wearing a diamond solitaire the size of a small almond. Guests arrive; a Mr. and Mrs. D. from the Hotel Boston in Rome, middle-aged and innocuous; a Frenchman of distinguished appearance who built Luna Park for Dundy and Thompson; a young American Ambulancier, tall to the limit and blond to the limit, with a long, irreducible marcelle wave in his close-cropped hair; the longest, whitest and most beautiful hands and the frankest, gayest, most boyish blue eyes. We sit about a table and have tea or orangeade, as our taste demands; cakes; sandwiches and a wonderful strawberry tart. Much futile talk.

After tea, they take me into her bedroom to see Mrs. Machain. She is a very dark woman, Spanish looking and apparently very tall, wearing a highly decorated lace nightgown, her long het-black hair streaming over her shoulders, rings on her fingers. A band of linen conceals the wounds on her forehead. The air is thick with perfume.

The wedding is to be Wednesday.

Afterwards, skipping dinner entirely, we go for a ride to the Porte Maillot and then walk home through the soft, warm, evening air.

May 22nd, Monday.

Miss Sullivan here as usual in the morning, dictating The Lady of Kingdoms. Lt. Col. Sweeney comes for lunch. A long talk afterwards. He is a Native Son, it appears, and a great deal more. His grandfather came to California in '47 with the Kearney Expedition and he, himself, was born in an hotel that his granfather kept on the corner of Geary and Taylor Streets. He is now married to a Belgian and lives here. He is a West Pointer and a professional soldier. He served six years in our army, then became a soldier of fortune. He fought in South America --- was brigadier-general in Madera's army. Soldiers of fortune! He lives by the sword.

Of course his talk is packed with information. At first, it happened to be about trench rings. It is now forbidden to make them. The poilus would undergo all kinds of risks to get the shells which contained the aluminum. He said that once, for instance, his troops had extended a sap as listening post from their front trenches and there were about forty men in it. Suddenly the Germans began firing grenades. It is the duty on these occasions for the officer to get his men out and stay there himself. He did this. Of course any of those grenades might have killed him, but it happened none did. After they stopped, he emerged from the sap. The first person he met was a fellow officer who asked him eagerly if he got any aluminium. Col. Sweeney wore a ring bearing a German eagle with a death's head carved in it; some important battle dates engraved on it. He said he had other trench rings and would send me one. We discussed German

atrocities. He said he had seen a boy of four with his hands cut off. He gave Bill the name and said he would try to get a picture. He said that once when they were taking some German-held country, they came across a German in bed with a French girl. Col. Sweeney shot the German's brains out as he arose from the bed. I asked him how this affected the girl and he answered that she was hysterical for a moment; then very glad to see the French soldiers. According to her story, she was one of a number of French girls that the Crown Prince's army scooped up and took back in their retreat, early in the war. She had seen no French for months. I asked him how it felt to kill a man. He said it was not so extraordinary a sensation as the first time he crumpled a man up, in football, by the use of the straight arm. He described one place on the front where the Germans were only a little distance off. As it was a very quiet sector, they got to be friends with them. They used to throw newspapers across to each other; they even made visits. The men on the German side were Saxons and they always warned the French when Prussians would take their places because there could be no cessation of hostilities with Prussians. This condition kept up for three months. Then an officer came to take charge of the French who, as Col. Sweeney said, took his job too seriously. So one day, this officer called across to the Saxons that newspapers were coming. A row of German heads appeared above the trenches. He threw them the wad of papers. In that wad though there was a grenade. Thirty or forty of the Germans were killed. There were no social relations

between the trenches after that.

He said the French socialists and French labor trusted the German socialists and German labor just as they did before the war. He seemed to think that indicated a horrible condition of things, but it brought the tears to my eyes. He thinks the war will end in the spring of 1918.

In the evening to dinner with Jacacci at L'Escargot and where, as usual, much talk about the war and a little --- and how refreshing it was --- about art. We speak of the beautiful little Venus of the Thermae. He was not so enthusiastic as we about her. But he told us a tantalizing story of another Venus of the naturalistic school, owned by a friend of his. That friend will show his Venus to nobody except him. He has seen it twice since the war. He says that one of the most important and beautiful Venuses in the world is in Sicily --- the Venus of Syracuse. He told us he had seen Chartes twenty times and in all weathers and seasons. He described a wonderful madonna in relief in Acquila.

He told us two terrible stories about the war.

One was of a Frenchman who was left on No Man's Land wounded. After a while he heard voices and saw some German soldiers passing. He managed to raise up and wave his hand. They came forward and he explained his plight, asked for relief in German which he spoke very well. They merely laughed and passed on. He became unconscious. Later he heard more voices. He roused himself; again raised up and waved, feebly to a party of passing Germans. There was an officer

with them. Again he explained his situation, whereupon the officer kicked him in the face. They too passed on. For the third time, the Frenchman relapsed into insensibility. When next he came to himself he was perfectly naked. They had taken everything he wore. But as it happened, it was his white body gleaming in the darkness which, later, attracted the body of Frenchmen who found him and rescued him. Jaccaci knows another man who, before the war, was more interested in the world of art than anything else. Now he cares for nothing but killing Germans. He thinks of nothing else. He talks of nothing else. This is because a dearly-loved friend was found, after an attack, with his face all slit up where he had been tortured by the Germans and Jaccaci added, "something a little bit worse."

We walked home together. Jaccaci spoke again and again of the wonderful "look" of Paris with the few lights and the soft gloom everywhere.

Between luncheon and dinner, Bill and I go to Pere Lachaise which we see for the first time. On the whole I am disappointed in it. It is too crowded with queer, bake-oven, little French tombs, too mussed with the horrible symbols of French morning --- majolica - wreaths; bead-wreaths; painted iron-wreaths. There are spots, however, that have beauty; the Grand Rond for instance; a circular park-like center, from which roads radiate, very quiet and beautiful. And of course, there are places where tall trees huddle with that leisurely, mournful grace which characterizes all graveyard trees. I had marked

in Baedecker the graves I wanted to see and they took us all over the place. I began with the grave of Rachel and from there I went to the grave of Rosa Bonheur. Then to Delile's but only because Baedecker speaks of it. It was exceedingly picturesque, enclosed, as our graveyard lots are, by an iron fence; and so neglected that rank vegetation glossed over the fallen, broken, grey-lichened stone. On an urn was inscribed, "Croyez, mes amis, que je dors." Then to Corot's and Daubigny's graves where there were bronze busts; to Moliere's and La Fontaine's together and a little alike: La Fontaine's with a tiny bronze fox on the very simple tomb. Then to Daudet's where there is a charming bronze relief of his head --- and very handsome he was. Last of all --- and perhaps appropriately last of all --- the grave of Balzac with a bust; below a big iron book named La Comedie Humaine, a quill pen resting upon it.

On the tomb of one woman was inscribed the strange statement that her husband saw her born and saw her die.

May 23rd, Tuesday.

Dictation with Miss Sullivan on The Lady of Kingdoms as usual. In the afternoon to ride through the Bois with Mrs. Sharp who shows me all her favorite spots; the two lacs and a beautiful passage along the Seine. Here the trees bend a bit away from the road in a long curving line, making --- with their short thick trunks, from which at exactly the same height, vegetation springs --- a charming perspective. I asked her if she knew the Mare d'Auteuil. She does

and offers to take me there. I tell her about my love for Peter Ibbetson.

I scarcely expect anybody to believe what, thereupon, happened. But it is true. The place seems absolutely deserted, but as we near the Mare, there comes trotting along a side path a little fair-haired lad, trundling a toy wheelbarrow. "Why there's Peter Ibbetson himself!" Mrs. Sharp exclaimed. And indeed, it was exactly like a little ghost of the drawing on the title-page of the book. The Mare is just what I expected it to be; tiny and scumy and lined with trees --- sweet. She pointed out to me the Bagatelle, the old Water Tower, Neuilly, Auteuil, the palace of the Rothschilds, the cloudy heights of Saint Cloud. Everywhere pretty family groups were sitting about; old couples reading their papers, or resting quietly, apathetically breathing in the gay spring air; the young married women sewing or knitting or gossiping; young couples making love; children playing. One tiny baby girl was toilsomely learning how to sew.

We return by the Rue (or Boulevard) St. Martin, arrowing past historic spots as far down as the Isle St. Louis. There a wonderful view of the back of Notre Dame. Flying buttresses, lacy spire, spatulate towers, strange gargoyles, gay garden, quiet green, all headed upstream on an island, shaped so like a boat that, for an instant, I got the sensation that it was sailing away from us. A pink sunset, against which the Tuileries and the Trocadero make fairy-palace impressions. Indeed all grey, grave Paris is caught in a web --- an enormous web of tremulous, rose-colored mist and fragile

quivering shadows.

Late in the afternoon Col.Sweeney brings me the trench ring he promised; brings me three from which to choose; one with Champagne engraved on it, another with Champigny, the third with Arras. I choose Arras because the ring is so slender. It has, besides the word Arras, Col. Sweeney's initials --- the guarantee of its genuineness. He assures me that my choice is the least valuable of them all. But I like it the most and persist in keeping it.

Later while I am dressing for dinner, come the pretty little English-talking French girl who drums up trade for a famous dressmaker. The dressmaker has already written me two notes, beseeching me to come and see their models. The girl says that she has observed me often in the hotel because I am so chic, that she felt doubly sure, after seeing me, that her establishment must make my clothes. "How chic is the gown madame wears tonight! Of a wonderful smartness!" Through all this blarney, she looked me straight in the eyes. She added archly, "Remember if madame does not come, I shall surely visit her again." Before we go away the Marquise de Castello called; a charming, charming creature, half French, half American whom Bill met in Boulogne. We take her in the cab and drop her at Laparouse. Then to dinner with Mrs. Chadbourne and Ellen La Motte where we have a delicious meal and a dull talk with an old dope who has the correct information on nothing and the wrong ideas about everything. However the conversation wakes up when there drop in two ambulanciers --- both Americans, who go up to the front tomorrow --- and a nurse, who has been serving nine monthes in a hospital,

very close to the front. Miss La Motte, herself, leaves tomorrow for a hospital which, formerly ten kilometres from the line, is now only seven from it. Much talk, of which, after a long, long day I remember only a description of plugging up appendicitis incisions by pouring the wound as full of ether as it will hold.

May 24th, Wednesday.

No dictating today as the wedding of the fair Paraguayan to the handsome Native Son comes at ten o'clock. The beautiful weather of the last few days, a weather of gauzy skies and rose colored sunsets, has disappeared. It rains blackly.

All ready when the automobile calls for us. It calls promptly. Inside, Mr. and Mrs. D. from the Hotel Boston in Rome; she very festival in a black taffeta and a long boa of white feathers, a black hat also trimmed with white feathers. We go first to the Mairie where, according to French law in all marriages, the civil ceremony is to be performed. We are the first arrivals. We are taken first into a small room of which one wall is covered with a painting, modern and not too bad; three pictures representing periods in the life of the average man; his babyhood in his mother's arms; tête-à-têteing with his sweetheart in the moonlight; his death-bed.

Presently other guests begin to arrive; two or three distinguished looking, middle-aged men; women; young girls --- and all French or Spanish. Presently the bridal party appears; the bride all gleamy and foamy, like a very little girl and a very lovely one. She wears

a soft, short white gown of which only the bodice is satin. The rest seems hanging tufts of tulle. And she is misted all over by her veil. She wears a three-stranded filet of orange blossoms in her hair. Orange blossoms bead the edges of the tuft-like draperies. Her feet are teeny-tiny in little, white-satin slippers.

Her mother is all in black satin, with a broad, transparent-brimmed black hat (which covers the bandages on her head.) The only gleam about her comes from her slippers. They are gold. But they are really not slippers at all. They are, only toe, sole and heel; there are no sides or backs to them. She looks very handsome, very Spanish: there is something arresting and almost magnificent about her. Jim Slaven also looks exceedingly handsome in his wedding clothes --- a typical Native Son of the Golden West. The procedure is very interesting. First the bride, bridegroom and witnesses initial many papers. An official whispers a question to Bill. Later I asked him what it was. Bill answered --- his age. More delicious Gallic tact! From this room, we are taken into another room, not much larger, but furnished with great simplicity and dignity: a desk; long seats, upholstered in wine colored velvet.

Presently arrives the Maire of that arrondissement; a most distinguished-looking, white-haired, middle-aged man in evening clothes, wearing across his shirt bosom a broad tri-colored silk sash which ends at the side in ribboned loops and ends.

The ceremony was brief and dignified. The Maire was assisted by a sort of Master of Ceremonies, wearing a silver chain with

big links. It ended with a brief speech of congratulation. The Maire mentioned all the witnesses by name and all their honors and titles. Then the guests filed past the married pair and congratulated them.

But this was not all. This was only the civil ceremony. So next into the automobile again and to the church of St. Pierre de Chaillot. Here they were taking up the carpets. It was an old-looking, dimly-frescoed church, but we had no chance to study it; for we had to hunt up the chapel where the marriage was about to be celebrated --- off to the left as it proved. We got there just as the wedding party was filing in. Apparently the bride and groom had been to mass early, for there was no mass. The ceremony was brief and conducted with a charming dignity by a benignant old priest. The altar was decorated with white flowers; lilies, peonies, daisies, great white bells. The music was soft and lovely. The bridal pair sat by themselves in velvet chairs in front of the altar. The bride looked like a doll there. It was not quite so impressive as the civil ceremony. That was only, I think, because the ceremony had to be hurried a little. This fortunate young pair was to have the great honor of the papal blessing. The papal blessing could be delivered only by proxy of course. But according to papal etiquette, it must be delivered exactly at noon. At the exact instant of twelve the priest raised his hand to the choir and called Amen two or three times in a tone of irritated command. Then the blessing was delivered. After that came the signing of more papers by the witnesses, Bill among them. Again we all filed

past the happy pair and congratulated them. Then into the automobile again and out to the house. The lower floor of the apartment house was decorated prettily with flowers; but upstairs the rooms were filled with them; big buckets of pink or white blooms with great bunches of pink and white tulle caught among them; a charmingly airy effect. We could stay only long enough to congratulate the happy couple (for the fourth time) and to stop in the diningroom for one drink to their health. The table so loaded with wonderful things to eat that it was like a jewel box.

Then in the auto to the Blisses where we arrive exactly on time, although we get thoroughly lost several times. There a dull luncheon. Mr. Bliss, young and apparently innocuous; Mrs. Bliss young also and very beautiful. A red-haired, brown-eyed girl with a skin like a lily leaf; a lovely, droopingly-slender figure of the fausse maigre type, with oh such an appealing line of chin and neck. She looked like an orchid, although she is obviously as tired as are most of the American women here. They have beautiful rooms full of old painted furniture, many books. The table particularly is exquisitely appointed. The glass, which especially pleased me, is a thick deep purple. Present General T.; elderly, a man of great military information --- a G. A. R. man, it turns out later; Miss T., his daughter, very nice and simple, exceedingly intelligent; a Mr. Grundy, formerly a newspaper correspondent in Paris who was the one to warn Bill of the danger of arrest when he was here before; A Mrs. N. of San Francisco, Native Daughter, bromide and plute. There

came an amusing clash with her. I was describing a San Francisco labor council to Mr. D. She caught what I said from across the table and broke into the conversation. "Where does this interesting body meet?" she asked. "I would like to visit it." "In your Native City, San Francisco, madam," I answered with great delight, "every Friday evening." There followed a spirited discussion between us in regard to the whole labor movement in California and especially in regard to Andrew Gallagher's candidacy for mayor. She was of course hopelessly upper-class in her ideas. And though she had never attended a labor meeting or met a labor leader, she knew all about labor. General T. told us that he visited one point in the French front on a particularly quiet sector. He met one of the American ambulanciers there who told him that he took back to the hospital from two to fifteen wounded very day. "What," he ended, "must be the attrition all along the line!" He says he cannot understand what the two million mobolized men in England are doing all this time. He thinks the end of the war will come this fall. But then everybody does.

From there home where I undress and nap. Then up and dressed and ready to meet Professor D. When he arrives, Bill flies downstairs to meet him; flies back with the news that he is afraid I am not invited to the dinner; flies down again and just as I am settling myself comfortably to read, flies back with the tidings that I am invited after all. So out to a cafe on one of the Grande Boulevards

where we have an aperitif with a group of Professor D's friends. One of them is a cartoonist from the Boston Transcript who has lived here for twenty years and who, at the outbreak of the war --- at the age of forty-eight, enlisted in the Foreign Legion. He served for ten months. Then he contracted rheumatism so badly that he was reformé. From there to a queer little oriental restaurant. We go through a big court, then up two flights of stairs, into an ante-room where a little boy sleeps with his head on the table. Inside, dining in state, the only clients in the place, are two terrible and terrifying old hags, waited on by still another terrible and terrifying old hag. There is an air, indescribable of desolation, over the whole place; an air of hopelessness; of broken and sensationless old age; of something foreign and sinister. We have Turkish food: chicken; (a delicious combination of meat and rice) a confiture --- an orange, preserved whole, skin and all; white wine; a queer cordial; thick black Turkish coffee. Then, and still with no company except the old hags, we leave, lighted by a candle which the proprietor carries down the stairs and into the black court. A shivery experience.

Professor D. tells us that in one village in France which he has just visited, there are left but three men and all crippled. Yet the women are free as they have never been and he suspects, happy as they have never been. For although, they do all the work --- which the female species has never before had to do --- the returns are all theirs. And they have more money than they have ever possessed in their lives. All the twenty girls in the village are trying to marry the three cripples. He agrees with us that after

the war, the French marriage system should be broken up; the dot system, the necessity of the parents' consent etc. etc.

In the course of the last two or three days, somebody has told us that the French are planning, with the consent of the labor unions, to bring Chinese labor into France. The Government has agreed to keep the Chinese in concentration-camps and to pay them according to the rate of wages in China. Our informant added that labor was very strong in France --- that nothing new could be done without its approval. He also told us that lately he had visited Ireland, that he went there prejudiced against Home Rule and came away converted to it. He told of ten thousand people being evicted by one landlord, just to make a gesture. He said that on the West Coast, the Irish are as primitive as they were centuries ago. He said that he sometimes prayed that the political machines of France and England could be elevated to the decency and purity of Tammany Hall.

He told Bill that one of the Paris charities devotes itself entirely to tubercular children, the children who have had to live in cellars in the invaded district. He met an old peasant woman who, at the first news of the coming of the Germans, managed to bury her furniture, "And you stayed here?" he asked. "Yes, m'sieur." "But why did you bury your furniture and run such risks yourself?" "Oh m'sieur, <u>furniture</u> cannot be replaced."

May 25th, Thursday

Miss Sullivan here all the morning on <u>The Lady of Kingdoms</u>. In

the afternoon, to the Galliera Musée where are exhibitions of the work of the blind and the mutilé. Meet Winifred Holt who looks very handsome. We see many remarkable things, beautiful bead-work bags; rag-rugs; crocheting; loom work --- but expecially a sculptured lion and a sculptured house, done by a man, blind at seventeen, [redacted] a pupil of Barye. Also a painting done by a blind painter. He painted first the bushes, waited for them to dry; then the house, waited for that to dry; last of all the sky. Looked at from the point of view of the absolute of art, it was a sorry piece of work; but looked at from its own point of view, it was quite wonderful. Winifred Holt told us that the man who made the lion actually went into the lion's cave, that he felt the lion's head and body all over. He must of course have possessed some kind of hypnotic power. There is a blind soldier there to whom she introduces us. She tells us many stories of the blind. One reformé, blind, whom they taught to typwrite. Better than that, she finds a wife for him --- an inn-keeper. Two months later, the wife wrote her, "Madame it is a very satisfactory marriage. He does all my bookkeeping for me." One of her inmates lost one arm, both legs and was blind. The men who have lost both arms have artificial ones, articulated, moving them by means of their back muscles.

But of all her stories, this, I thought, the most tragic and pathetic --- and splendid. Ll, a Belgian soldier, blinded in the war, had been sent to her. He proved to be a man of iron. He never made a compaint in regard to his blindness; he kept an utterly grim silence. They began to teach him to read through his finger-tips;

but it was a long while before that mental darkness seemed to lighten. Then one day he wrote a letter to his commandant, who, unknown to him, had also been blinded in the war. "Come here, my Commandant, I beg you. Here I am getting light every day." Immediately they received a note from the commandant, saying that he was coming to call. One day, Miss Holt was sitting in her office when suddenly she saw, entering through the outer court, a very tall man, one of the tallest she had ever seen, "as tall" she said "as King Albert of Belgium." His eyes were bandaged. He was guided by a nurse. When he reached her door, he advanced to the middle of the room and saluted. "Is it the Commandant?" she asked. "Yes." She sent for L. Presently she heard the progressive tapping of L's stick. The door opened. "Commandant here is L.! L., here is your Commandant!" They both saluted and L. immediately rushed forward until he reached his commandant. He felt him all over, his hands going higher and higher. When they touched the bandaged eyes, the man of iron broke down and cried like a child. Miss Holt left them alone.

Nelly Davis, Bill's old friend from Leadville, came to lunch. She is a big woman, very coarse-faced but gay, and original, a sulphite. She said once, "the only wrong thing is to do what bores you." A very satisfactory philosophy and typical of her whole personality. She had been educated in a convent in France and knew many French people. She told me that she said to one of her French women friends, whose son was an aviator, "Madame, are you not worried?" Her friend answered simply, "Nelly, I am a French woman." To another friend,

whose husband had been killed early in the war, she said, "Have you passed the crying period?" The woman answered, "I have had no crying period. I expect to meet my husband in the other world and I would not have him think I was less brave than he."

May 26th, Friday.

Miss Sullivan all the morning and a full three hours of dictation. Then luncheon alone and in the afternoon to see Marice Algi. She has given up her work at the Appui des Artistes and is finishing a novel. We go from her room upstairs to Gardner Hale's studio where arrive presently; an American novelist; a little Russian woman, married to a Frenchman and the first woman to be admitted to the bar in France; the Chinese Ambassador, a young-looking Chinaman who was, however, in the Chinese Embassy at Washington during the Cleveland administration; others, rather nondescript. Mr. Hale's studio looks out over a crowd of roof-tops to Sacré Coeur, in the grey afternoon, faintly penciled on the sky and, below, to a little court. Next door is a garden. The wall between them is guarded by trees and bears cascades of vines; one of those sweet hidden gardens of Paris. Mr. Hale's work is of an ultra-modern school. I like it very much. A St. Francis of Assissi; in the background a cross made of birds. A picture of a group of jubilant nude men against a background of rectangular skyscrapers. Another decorative piece that I enjoy immensely of a pair of nudes, their heads of gold, one of which shoots arrows, apparently floating in space. Downstairs, in a front room which he intends to use for a library, is a charming fresco; quaint,

nude groups of men and women, reading.

War talk of course. The depression is general and very deep; for the news is bad. The Italians have had a serious setback. As for the French --- three days ago the Germans took Douamont, and now they have the village of Cumieres.

To dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Younger. They call for us and take us to Lave[redacted] in the Quarter. I find it very interesting there and even amusing. At one side sits a young poilu decorated with a croix de guerre with one star. On the other side sits a middle-aged poilu decorated with a frightful depression in the middle of his forehead. Mrs. Younger asks our waiter what has become of the young violinist who used to make the place famous with his exquisite music. "Dead!" answers the waiter. We all echo "Dead!" in tones of sorrow and then sit looking at each other. But I notice that the waiter is smiling in an inscrutable, good-naturedly cruel way and I comment on it. Presently he comes to our table and explains at length that the violinist, who had been a protege of the owner of the cafe, returned to Germany at the outbreak of the war and was mobilized. He was killed in the battle of the Marne and by an almost incredible coincidence, he dropped at the door of a chateau, owned by the proprietor of the cafe.

May 27th, Saturday.

Miss Sullivan here in the morning. I finished the long book of Southward's psychology in The Lady of Kingdoms and begin with Hester. Early in the afternoon, we go up on Montmartre, as Bill particularly

loves this little quaint quarter of Paris. I love it too. It is always full of engaging neighborhood scenes. I am enjoying particularly two baby boys, playing happily in a stream of water which flows through the gutter, when my eyes fall on quite a different figure. It is a soldier, a typical poilu; short, squat, stumpy, vigorous; all hairy beard, mud-stains, faded clothes; bulging musettes hung over both shoulders. We know from his appearance that he is home on his permission. His pace increases at so great a rate that we guess he is very near home. We follow him. He trudges faster and faster, until he breaks into a run. Then we know that home is in sight . . . . Suddenly we look at each other and realize that we have no right to witness this reunion. We turn and walk away.

We begin to see presently great numbers of little, white-clad, First Communion girls riding in taxis or on foot; all in long, tucked, white muslin skirts and long white veils. There are equal numbers of little First Communion boys, in suits of meat black, or neat white, or neat black-and-white; long bows, with white, ends, tied on their arms. So presently we repair to Sacré Coeur where boys and girls keep arriving and are rounded up by proud mother, fathers, sisters, cousins and aunts. We wait there for a long time, but as nothing happens; we go out on to the steps and look over the city. Such a view! Grey everywhere; grey houses, grey churches, grey streets even a grey atmosphere; hanging like a soft film from the sky. And perforating all this greyness, thousands of curly grey chimneys. Home by taxi by the Avenue Clichy and the Rue Mogador where

I see many fascinating-looking shops. In the evening over to the Quarter where, at Thomas's, with Estelle and Gelett Burgess, we dine outside. To the Dome afterwards for coffee where comes presently a fat, middle-aged French woman who tells our fortunes. I have no remembrance of any of it for, although I am as curious about the future as anybody else, I am always so bored by the professional fortune-teller that I never listen to what she says.

May 28th, Sunday.

Writing letters all the morning and in the afternoon out by railroad to Ris-Orangis to the hospital with Dr. Stragnell(Gregory Passover) and a friend of his, a Roumanian. An hour's trip through charming country. The quality of contour --- that I most love in this part of France --- is prevalent in the landscape; long, sweeping uplands and lowlands. There are great stretches of country, brown from earth just plowed, or green from crops just growing. Tiny villages nestle in the distance. The roads are shaded with avenues of trees. Here and there are great clumps of Normandy poplars. We see little of the town, itself, except the main street. That has a double line of old, stone houses with microscopic gardens tucked anywhere. Women are sitting in the doorways and babies are playing by their knees. There are Sunday lovers and loiterers of all descriptions. Once we pass an avenue of trees that leads, through a dense, green, shade unflecked with sun, over such a distance --- and such a straight one --- to a beautiful chateau.

The hospital was formerly a monastery. To enter the grounds is like plunging into an underground world all green --- so high and big are the trees, so thick and swart is the shade. There are elms, pepper-trees, white birches, horse-chestnuts, and some lovely ghost-trees whose name nobody seemed to know, all grey-silver with delicate, much-perforated skeleton leaves. This hospital is like all others, except that the wards are so airy and that this green world presses so close around it. Dr. Blake, the American surgeon in command, is one of the ablest surgeons in the world. In consequence, the worst wounded who come from Verdun, are brought here. There is one whole ward of men with badly-fractured arms and legs. These shattered limbs rest in canvas hangings, so delicately adjusted that they can be moved all over the bed without hurting the patients. To illustrate this Dr. Stragnell gently touched one of them. To my horror and sorrow, the patient cried out like a child. Dr. Stragnell assured us that it could not possibly have hurt him, that the pain was entirely psychological, but that does not console me much. We visit other wards. In one, there is a man suffering with a shell wound in the leg so terrible that Bill, who saw it, describes it as a "crater". As they dress it, it starts a hemorrage and Stragnell assists in stemming it. I had a curious psychological experience in regard to this patient with the "crater". They opened the door to his room just as we passed and invited us in. Glancing at the bed, I saw that they were about to dress the patient's wound. Not ever having had any experience, I had supposed myself

quite immune to such horrors. All during the war I had taken it for granted that I could witness operations; even [redacted] necessary, without any tremor. But here I was rudely disillusioned. Not only could I not glance at the wound, but I could not pass the threshold. I could not make myself step into that room. I stayed outside in the hall while the others went in.

There is one big room devoted entirely to convalescents. Two men are playing checkers and Dr. Stragnell takes our picture watching them. Family groups are visiting patients, everywhere. We see one poilu lift his baby into his arms for the first time since he was wounded. All these groups wear mourning.

Finally we go outside into the garden where we hear a London-reared Frenchman, with a Cockney accent, describe Verdun. It is a confusion of death, wounds, blood and the constant screaming of shells. It is set in a landscape, in which every green thing --- including big trees --- has long ago been ground to fragments and where nature has her way only in the singing of birds. Last of all, indoors for tea where we see a collection of pretty Scotch and English nurses; one very like an archangel with her soft fluff of gauzy, red-gold hair and the big pools of her deeply-violet, gleaming eyes. We meet Katharine Duer. She tells us an extraordinary story about the battle of the Marne. A group of French soldiers, in retreat, made a stand in a little graveyard, surrounded by a wall. Before the final fight, they cut their names in the wall just above their heads. They were all killed. They fell dead under their names and

were buried there. Somewhere here we meet Dr. Blake, a tall big man, extraordinarily vigorous, superlatively handsome. He has fine, beautifully regular features; grey hair, abundant and a little wavy; the clear, well-shaped big eye which, Bill declares, is a mark of ability always. Beautiful bunches of peonies and roses and iris everywhere. See some interesting color photographs made by the X-ray man.

Home. In the train Dr. Stragnell tells us the story of his long fight with vermin in the war; bed-bugs in the steamer crossing the ocean; virulent mosquitos at Gibralter; rats running over his face in the best hotel at Malta; beds full of fleas in Greece; head-lice on the best train in Serbia; and body lice everywhere else. He helped to clean Serbia from typhus. One of the handicaps in this work was the dread of the Turks of being bathed. A bath involved mudity and their religion did not permit them to be naked. It did not matter in the case of the women because --- according to the Mohammedan faith --- they are not human beings anyway. But it was a very serious thing in the case of the men. In the end, they caught them all, both men and women, and at the point of the bayonet, stripped and bathed them in kerosene, soap and water.

All through this talk, the train was filling up with returning holidayers and, all the time, the pretty French landscape was flowing past us. The station is crowded with people. Passing through it, we come across a group of three Hindus waiting for a train; fine, slim, regular-featured, amber-skinned creatures in khaki and khaki-colored turbans. Dr. Stragnell asks them if he can take their pictures.

They say yes. Whereupon ensued one of those scenes, so typical, even in war, of that happy good nature, that delighted and delightful curiosity, of the French people. Dr. Stragnell starts to make a group of them, including the Roumanian, Bill and myself. Immediately, a crowd begins to gather. Out of the crowd, a lady, bearing a bunch of flowers comes forward and gives each Hindu a rose. Spurred on by her example, a man divides a bunch of pinks among them. All the time, the Hindus are getting ready to have their pictures taken and displaying as much vanity as a group of women. They re-arrange their collars and turbans; pull down their coats, adjust roses and pinks in button-holes. My hair was coming down in all directions but I didn't have the nerve to re-arrange it. The non-com who has them in charge, a beautiful pink and white Cockney --- as broad-shouldered as a boxer, as slim-waisted as a girl, as smooth-skinned as a baby and as clean and trim and taut as a soldier can possibly be --- starts to help and is invited to join the group. He accepts. The crowd augments and gets fully into the spirit of the occasion. More turbaned Hindus appear and are invited to go into the picture. They accept. A big, hairy poilu, half drunk, is also urged to join the group. He accepts. At the end, just before the picture is taken, there is a great burst of laughter from the crowd and they push forward a little jet-black, blue-eyed, merry-faced Turko who smiles engagingly at us and is promptly added ot our collection of nations. The instant the picture is taken, the Hindus salute. The crowd, much entertained by these doings, follows us to our taxis.

And when one driver, taking me for the Roumanian's wife, starts up, leaving Bill behind, the crowd, with all possible Gallic appreciation of a joke on the husband, bursts into shouts of delighted laughter. It is almost the first laughter I have heard in this sad Paris. It sounds sweet.

May 29th, Monday.

Miss Sullivan here all the morning. At five to tea with Winifred Holt. We find there a Brazilian professor. A curious looking person; tall, and straight with very regular features; black-bearded; his forehead geometrically rectangular in shape, unlined and perfectly white. In speaking he always presents the forehead to you first. This mannerism gives him an unconscious effect of benignity. He is doing some work for the Italian blind for Miss Holt. A little talk in which we --- or rather Bill --- joins. Then the Brazilian professor leaves, "gliding," as Miss Holt said, "like a bearded serpent."

Then we talked with two blind officers, Belgians; one is L., the hero of Miss Holt's touching story; very charming both of them. On our way out, we meet three more blind men. The face of one of them was still covered with blue stains where the grenade, which took his arm off and his eyes out, tore at his face. Winifred Holt to dinner in the evening and later Arthur Bullard calls. War talk all the time, as usual.

Sometime during the day, Bill sees an American aviator. He tells Bill some startling stories. The aviation corps itself, he says,

contains three classes of men; gentlemen, mechanics, and the lowest types of the underworld. These latter perform the most amazingly courageous feats to make heros of themselves in the eyes of that underworld. He told a story of a French woman in the invaded district who nursed a wounded German. When he had recovered, the German asked if there was any thing he could do for her. She said, "Can you get word to my son in Paris that I am all right?" The answer was to tell her to write a letter to that effect. She wrote the letter one day and the son received it, from the hands of a stranger, the next day.

May 30th --- Decoration day.

Miss Sullivan here as usual. A hurried day, a full one and a rather tedious one. In the afternoon to the American Church; a Memorial Day service for the American soldiers who have fallen for France. Very brief. Dr. Watson prays that the United States will come into the war. Then to the Place Etats Unis where the statues of Lafayette and George Washington are covered with very beautiful flowers. Great memorial wreaths lie all about on the grass. A roped-off enclosure is filled with the American Ambulanciers and expatriates. Beyond a big crowd of French, curious-eyed, watch the proceedings. The choir boys from the church sing The Battle Hymn of the Republic. Then comes an address in French. It all seems quite perfunctory to us; without any of the spirit such an occasion should show. From there, to Dr. Younger's office where an able, charming

and efficient, French office-girl makes an engagment for me for tomorrow. Then around to Bill's tailor where he orders a suit of --- to please me --- the fuzzient cloth we can find. Then home. Comes presently to us Nelly Davis bringing the Comtesse Villenenve Flayosc, a little slim, flat-figured, old French lady, dressed in black. She is what the English call ugly and we call homely. But as I serve tea, she begins to talk. And there develops such a personality! Such charm! Such esprit! Without apparently knowing anything about feminism, she comes pretty near to being a feminist. She is one of those who believe that the system of the dot is a great obstacle to the rehabilitation of France. The dot works badly in two different ways. It keeps the dowerless girls out of marriage. And those, who do marry, refrain from having large families because of the necessity of providing girl-children with dots. She has a plan for establishing after the war, in all the villages and towns of France, clubs where young girls and young men, properly chaperoned, may meet and fall in love. She tells us that, according to the French law, every woman is under tutelage all her life. Women cannot be witnesses to any legal document in France. She told us a story of a mother and a young daughter who were caught in the invaded district. They became friends with a German officer. He offered to get them back into univaded France. He provided them with passes and they went. One day in Paris the mother and girl were riding in a tram. Suddenly the girl fainted. She had caught a glimpse of this German officer in citizen's clothes.

I felt very impatient with the girl for fainting.

May 31st., Wednesday.

Miss Sullivan here as usual. But after dejeuner, thoroughly tired out, I go to bed and stay there until evening. Then up, dressed and out to dinner with the Marquise Costello and Sir Commander Captain Doctor Stragnell. It happened that I had misdated my letter of invitation to the latter, so that he might not have come at all. But at the appointed time, he came strolling, quite by accident, through the hotel. He has no other engagement and off we go to the Lavenue in the Quarter. A long evening there ending at the Rotonde. Full of extraordinary stories. All day I have been ill and blue, and those stories seemed to increase my illness and my heart-sickness. The Marquise has had some experience nursing in France and in England. She tells us about the difficulty in getting amateur nurses to observe the rules of aceptic surgery. How often, even after days of training about the care of their hands, when the wounded finally came piling in, they tore off their rubber gloves and handled everything bare-fleshed. She made a comparison of French with American hospital conditions --- all in favor of the American. Her most dreadful story was about a little Belgian boy of five whose family she met. The fingers of both hands had been cut off. The German who did it said, "You'll never fire a shot against Germany." These hands had gone six days without care. The child died later. Perhaps the most dreadful thing was Dr. Stragnell's

narrative of the retreat, the second one, through Serbia. He said they tramped through mud half way up to their knees, most of the time and up to their hips, some of the time. The mud froze on their bodies. He of course got no chance to bathe or change. He and his companions slept under a wagon with the sides open to the air, in what often became a puddle before morning and yet they were in such perfect condition that they never caught cold. There was untold suffering though among the population. Everywhere babies and small children died from exposure. Once for four days he operated without anesthesia. He also told us a story of a French friend, who commanded a company which went into action beside the company which his father commanded. French law does not permit father and son to be associated as officers. The son saw his father fall. The battle was so thick and hot that it was three days before they could get the body.

The talk was certainly cosmopolitan in dimensions; of Saloniki, Corfu, Malta, Hungary and especially of Budapest. They agree that of all the Balkans, the Greeks are on their personal side the worst, although the Serbs are a close second; the Turks the best. Every body seems to like the Turks. The Serbians stole Dr. Stragnell's blankets and tents even while he was taking care of them. He told us a curious and rather amusing story of amateur surgery in the Philipines. A young Spanish girl of a very wealthy family was left by some illness, whose name I forget, in a very curious condition. Her chin had grown to her neck. They had to feed her through a

tube. He looked her over carefully, re-enforced her jaw with some bone from her leg and grafted on to it some flesh from her thigh to make a chin. The operation was successful, but she ate so much thereafter that she grew fat. The flesh of the thigh which grows fatter and at a quicker pace than other flesh, gave her a heavy, thick chin. She was always a different-looking girl.

June 1st, Thursday.

In bed all day. In the afternoon up and out, in hopes of seeing the Gallieni funeral. It was scheduled to start at two. But at four, the crowd was still waiting. A joyous crowd, something like the old Paris, the people joking each other and joking the cuirassiers whose horses are as gentle as they themselves. After waiting two hours, I give up the struggle, especially as I realize that I cannot possibly see over the heads of the crowd. So home and to bed again.

In the evening to dinner at Mrs. Watson's where come first the famous Mme. Waddington --- very old and withered but very vivacious. She wears a black-evening gown. Mrs. Watson wears a white evening gown covered with black lace. Mme. Z, a charming young French woman whose husband is at the front, delicately-featured and pretty, wears a simple, black evening gown with a white ruff at the V-shaped neck. The men are Monsieur S, a French clergyman-author and a best seller; austerely featured, fine; a kind of winningness of look and a great charm. The other men are Americans, Rev. Mr. Watson,

Mr. B. and Bill. There is much talk in regard to methods of augmenting pleasant relations between France and America. Monsieur S. has a plan to get up a book on France --- under the patronage of famous French names --- and send copies to influential people in America. He asks us for a list of the French names that would be best known in America. We tell him Sarah Bernhardt, Rejane, Anatole France, Rodin, Matisse, Boldini, Chaminade, Saint Saens, Maeterlinck. Bill tells them about the American institution of a press agent. They have never heard of such a thing. They listen as to a fairy tale. I am convinced that we are the most adaptable and inventive people in the world. And we certainly have a sense of humor. Mme. Z. tells a touching story of a French poilu, back from the front, on permission to bury his little motherless daughter. He followed the hearse all alone. On the way to the cemetery, it passed through the market-place and here, there, everywhere, the women of the stalls, stopping only to buy flowers, fell into line with him. By the time they reached the grave, there was a big crowd of women-mourners. Mrs. Watson tells of a Frenchman, who came from a small town, bringing them a hundred francs to put with the American money --- which they were getting all the time --- to be sent to French towns. Among the thousands of packages they have received from America was one containing, among other things, a box of bead necklaces. A pair of American children, under six, had strung these for the little French children.

June 2nd. Friday.

Miss Sullivan here as usual. Enjoy dictation after my rest of

yesterday. At two to Dr. Younger's where my suffering back tooth is made to suffer more. Later to Ciro's to tea with Estelle Burgess. Amusing description of her extraordinary experiences, week-ending in England. From one of these occasions, she went home in the train with a fellow-guest who was a great beauty and who had, at every possible opportunity, changed into the most marvelous, complicated and expensive gowns. "Did you have a good time?" Estelle asked. "Oh, no," the sartorial beauty replied in a bored tone, "of course not. I never have a good time." As her life was a series of leaps from one house party to another, and out of one gown and into another, it did not sound like an exhilerating existence. Bill comes home with a sudden and terrific ache in the back of his neck. In going down to the telephone, to make his excuses for dinner, I meet Dr. Stragnell. He immediately comes upstairs and diagnoses the case to be a slipped muscle. He massages it back into place. We both go to bed at eight, I with a terrific toothache, but Bill much relieved.

June 3rd. Saturday.

Yesterday we learned was a terrible day --- terrible at Verdun --- terrible because of a naval battle between the Germans and the English. For dejeuner out to the Bois with Gelett Burgess. To the Cafe Dauphine where we had a long talk sitting outside, under big striped umbrellas, beside a garden of blooming rhododendrons, in the midst of files of the thin, feathery, tender-foliaged French

trees where birds were singing. Gelett expounds his theory of left handedness --- that it creates a kind of wildness, an erraticism in people.

June 4th, Sunday.

Wrote letters frantically all the morning. In the afternoon to call first on the Youngers who have just gone out, then on the G's. A charming house with something, outwardly, of a colonial effect. As we enter a little curved staircase, painted white, carries further the colonial impression. Tea first in a tiny charming reception room. Then into a beautiful salon, done in rose and gold; rather too filled with things of which some are beautiful, some ugly and most of them incongruous. Mrs. G. wears peacock blue; a lithe and striking figure. She makes unpleasant expatriate remarks about America. There comes presently a delightful Frenchman --- a count Somebody-or-Other. There ensues an extraordinary talk between him and Bill in which, the two men --- tingling with excitement over mutual agreements in regard to the war --- rise; walk toward each other; stand pouring ideas into each other, all the time gesticulating and laughing; walk away; seat themselves; rise again and repeat the performance. As we leave, we discover that he is a distinguished writer. He is fifty years old, though he looks thirty. He is very well informed as to Russia. He believes with Bill that the last attempt the Germans will make to win this war is to break the British blockade.

From there to Mme. Waddington's where we meet her sister, a

strange dwarf-like figure, sitting silent in a corner. Her legs, covered with a piece of damask, rest on a stool. This, partly also because of the squatness of her build, produces a very foreshortened effect --- as though her feet were cut off. Present also another Count Something-or-Other. All the talk --- going from French to English and back again --- about the war.

Early in the morning when I go out onto the balcony, I find men decorating with flowers the little golden Jeanne d'Are, perpetually on the gallop, under our window. Later when Bill is closeted with his aviator and I have returned to my writing, I hear drum music. We fly to our two windows onto the balcony; Bill and his aviator in his salon, I in my bedroom. Below, marching around the statue lifting their hats as they go, is a procession of men in citizen's clothes. Back of them stands a company of boys. They wear beautiful, fresh suits of the horizon blue. Never before have I realized how vanishing a color this horizon blue is. Those boys looked like a strand of blue vapor stretching between the Tuilieries and the Louvre. Behind them is another company in white suits. At one side a band makes drum music. After the citizens have passed in front of the statue, the companies of little boys file around it, saluting. From the crowd come cheers --- the first Bill has heard in France. The cries "Vive la patrie!" "Vive la France!" bring tears to my eyes.

Later we learn that it is Jeanne d'Arc's day.

All day long, wreaths had been coming until the pedestal was buried

in them. There were flowers in Jeanne's sword hilt and in the hand that waves the banner. Christobel Pankhurst left a wreath, in honor of this militant girl. Tonight's papers say that it was of lilies and gardenias and that the card which accompanied it was inscribed; "To Jeanne d'Arc and to valient, glorious and noble France --- of which she is the Soul and the great representative before history --- love and fidelity." Admiring crowds gathered about Jeanne d'Arc all day long. Successive schools of little boys, headed by priests, file past lifting their hats. Peddlers sell tin medals and celluloid rosettes in the tri-color. News boys sell La Liberte. Continual excitement and continuous patter of comment. When we come back from Mme. Waddington's, all the flowers have been taken away, except one big yellow wreath with the tri-color.

Poor little Jeanne! Twice baptised by fire. The Germans have now nearly destroyed Domremy. Her house is no more.

June 5th, Monday.

Miss Sullivan here as usual in the morning --- finished with Southward in The Lady of Kingdoms. In the afternoon, early to Dr. Younger's. Walk home. A nap. Alone at dinner and to bed early. It is generally believed now that the naval engagement was a victory for the English. Bill had a long talk today with a Royalist French officer who said that the greatest words that emanated from America were Roosevelt's --- "That nation is the greatest in which the men are all trained fighters and the women all bearing children." He also said that the

worst monarchy that ever existed was better than the best republic. He looks for the overthrow of the Republic after the war. Yet, curiously enough, he believes in the democratization of the army.

June 6th, Tuesday.

Miss Sullivan here for the morning. To lunch with the Marguise, Dr. Stragnell and two friends. We meet the Marquise and Dr. Stragnell downstairs in the hotel first, then go to the Edouard Sept for their friends, the K's, then to the little cafe which is Dr. Stragnell's discovery. A delicious luncheon in a tiny crowded room. The big, burly, round-faced proprietor waited on us, booming out the names of our dishes as he sets them down before us; an altogether delightful person of whom, it was quite apparent, everybody in the place --- guests and help alike --- stood in a healthy awe. The talk was of course all about the war.

It was typical of these days that the Marquise was late to her appointment because she had to attend the funeral of a French officer-friend and that Mrs. K. was late also because, just as she was starting to go, the American Ambulance called her up about another dead soldier. And it was also typical of these days that, after beginning the lunch in gloom, we tried to throw it off --- and succeeded. The talk ran entirely to amusing stories about the war. Bill related one that is the amusement of Paris at this moment. Nobody would think of printing it of course, because it is absolutely untypical. There appeared, within a day or two, at the Cafe de la Paix, a returned poilu, faded, stained, grizzled, loaded with musettes,

decorated with the croix de guerre, the medaille militaire, the legion d'honneur with twelve palms. He wanted something to eat. At the sight of those twelve palms, the entire restaurant mobilized in his direction! They gave him everything that he could eat and hastily planned a banquet for him for the following night. At the banquet, he received an ovation. One American presented him with his silver cigarette-case; another with his fur coat. The head waiter actually, at his own expense, sent out for flowers. The poilu was a simple creature, very inarticulate and so unimpressed with his own heroism, that the story of his decorated deeds was a little inconclusive. After it was all over, it occured to somebody to look him up in the appropriate military bureau. There was no such name and, in short, there was no such person.

There were several stories of American darkies, caught in France at the beginning of the war. Mrs. K. told of one who applied to her relief station. He explained, "Ah heard that the United States was gwine to send one of these army transports over here for us and I wanted something that would take me aboard" --- He presented a passport, a permi de sejour, a ~~laissez-~~passez; his marriage certificate and a dog license, all wrapped in newspaper. Bill described going that day to have his hair cut. His barber told him that he came from San Marino, the little, independent republic, situated somewhere in Italy. When Bill said that he was an American, the barber shook hands with him as a fellow ally. When Bill told him that he too was a correspondent du guerre, (the barber) shook hands with him again

as a fellow journalist. He was, he said, the Paris correspondent for San Marino. But in the end he put it all over Bill. He was the one of the only two San Marinans left in Paris, so that he was also his country's diplomatic representative. He took the tip however. Bill also told us that, sometime ago, a foreign nation presented the Republic of San Marino with a piece of artillery. They have never been able to test it though, for if they fired it, it would go beyond the limits of the Republic. That of course would violate neutrality. Bill called my attention to the boy who sat outside the Edouard Sept. He was a mere child, but on the hotel uniform, he wore the croix de guerre --- and one hand was artificial. The elevator man in the Hotel Crillon wore two medals. Our elevator boy in the Regina has a wooden leg and wears the croix de guerre and the medaille militaire.

Late that afternoon to ride with Mrs. Watson. We went first to an ouvroir conducted entirely for widows of the "gentile" class; elderly gentlewomen compelled, by the war, to earn their own living and with but the single resource of the needle. We meet here the charming Mme. L. who was one of Mrs. Watson's dinner guests the other night. In parting from her that night, I said, "Madame, je regrette beaucoup que je ne parle pas votre langue belle." Today knowing that I was coming, she had prepared a beautiful letter in English in which she said all the things she wanted to say to me. It was really a very dignified document, written in a beautiful clear hand. She showed us the work these women were doing; table cloths,

doilies, serviettes, towels, baby dresses, pretty toilet stuff of all descriptions; some of it so exquisitely embroidered that it was like frost-work. We met the head of the institution, Baronne L., a tall, big, dark fine-looking creature in deep mourning. I would have said she was in widow's weeds, only that it is impossible for me to tell which are widow's weeds, so deep is the mourning everywhere. I have for example, seen women wearing (at one time) bodices all of crepe, hats of crepe and long thick veils also of crepe --- nothing of any other material but the skirt. She takes us into a front room where are great drawers covering one wall. They contained the data in regard to the eight thousand widows they are assisting. I told her that that stack of drawers was the saddest sight I had seen in France.

From there to another <u>oeuvre</u>. They take us through playrooms which have been provided for children and a <u>creche</u> where working women can leave their babies. There are about a dozen of these babies, most of them in the toddling age. As we enter, one of them --- very tiny and with great plaintive eyes --- comes forward calling, "Maman! maman!" in a voice so wistful that it has haunted me ever since. She was so young that that was the only word she could say. Yet she was old enough to know that "maman" always came through that door. I wonder if governments will ever learn that, in the end, it is economy to keep the mother with her baby.

Before we left, they showed us there, sleeping in cradles, two babies, who were born during the bombardment of Rheims. I never saw such babies. They looked like bits of tomb sculpture, done in

wax. They were alive and so they must have breathed; but there was no evidence of breathing --- not a stir. And the dead whiteness of their skin! And the great circles gouged out under their eyes!

Home in the sweet, Paris twilight through the Faubourg St. Germain where we kept getting glimpses of lovely interior courts. About some of these old houses, Mrs. Watson told us, beyond the rows of shops on the street, beyond the concierge's lodge, beyond the first garden, there sometimes stretches a real lawn --- a tapis vert --- with beautiful high old trees that would be kings of any forest. Our ride has taken us from the humblest to the most exclusive quarter. Somewhere along the route, going to the first of these, we drove past the house and the beautiful, grey-walled garden of the President of the Republic. Curiously enough I don't remember to have noted it before. It thrilled me. And somewhere, in getting to the second, we passed the Chineses Legation, lifting over the grey walls of France, unbelievable pagoda-like architecture and coloring.

Dinner alone and to bed early.

June 7th, Wednesday.

Writing with Miss Sullivan as usual in the morning. In the evening, to dinner with Winifred Holt at the Crillon. A very beautiful and sumptuous affair. Received at the elevator by a hotel functionary, we were wafted to a bedroom in which we placed our wraps; then to a charming salon where we were recrived by Miss Holt, very gorgeous; a black gown, an old-rose chiffon scarf, a huge old pink-colored rose on her corsage; then to a beautiful

diningroom with painted walls, an authentic part of the old palace, to a table where we sit, sixteen of us, about a beautiful decoration consisting of little baskets of roses, connected by garlands of roses.

Present a Dane --- Von M., just out of Germany, who said that the Germans seemed superficially to be putting up a very good appearance. When he got home to Denmark, however, and heard the other side of this appearance, he realized it was all the "facade" which they are so skillful in erecting. He wore the button of the Legion d'Honneur. He sat at Miss Holt's right. I sat at his right. Then came a Mr. T., negligible; then a Frenchman, also negligible. Then came Mrs. Hewitt, in blue and silver and pearls, very handsome, quiet. Then French husbands and wives, mainly titles, including in their sweep back to Miss Holt a Miss N., a pretty, blonde, typical, magazine-cover American girl in blue and silver with gauze across her shoulders, looking like a butterfly emerging from the crysalis. Also C. L. who is an American painter. One of the French women, a real and a very piquant beauty, in black with black gauze hanging over her shoulders, held in front by a chain of pearls, stretching from one to the other of a pair of pearl disks.

Much of the dinner occupied by Bill's narration of his experiences in Belgium. Beginning with two auditors, his audience grew until finally the whole table was hanging on his words.

A long talk with C. L., the American painter, who it gradually came out, owned a place in East Brewster, Cape Cod. He had been in the

Cobb house --- Phyllis's ancestral home --- had seen the picture, done in France at the time of the Terror, of the old General Cobb. He said that when he saw it, he wondered how --- in such a period --- there could be any time for painting portraits. He said he understood now; for he, himself, is painting portraits of men who had gone to the front, who wanted to leave their wives something, in case . . . . When I spoke of the beautiful Cape Cod scenery, he told me that it was so like Etauples, Le Touquet and Boulogne that if you were set down in one, just coming from the other, you could readily believe that you were still in that other. I spoke of the French painter Mucha, living on the Cape and asked him if it were really true that he had so much enjoyed the Cape scenery. He said that it was in his house that Mucha lived and that Mucha enjoyed the scenery so much that he came back to it a second time.

Later came an amusing talk about filleuls. L. C. said that he had nine. He said that when after --- great effort and persistence --- he had managed to write them each a letter, he would think to himself, "Now I can rest in peace for a while." Promptly, by the next mail, however, nine answers would arrive and the whole round started again.

Kitchener the Khartoun was drowned yesterday.

June 8th, Thursday.

The Germans have taken Baux. And now that Douamont is gone, it is probable that Verdun will go too. But Verdun, as Verdun, has long ceased to be. Now, in common with many other little French

towns, it is just a broken heap of gentle lovliness and sweet, peasant living. The German gain is negligible.

In the morning, Miss Sullivan here as usual. In the evening, with Dr. and Mrs. Younger to L'Escargot where, with proper ceremony and the inevitable qualms, Mrs. Younger eats her first snail. Late in the evening Bill received a call from the Maison de la Presse. He went there instantly. When he came back, it was with the news that tomorrow he goes to the front --- Nancy, Gerbevilla, Vitry-le Franscois, Bar-le-Duc. Of course we are both immensely excited. After dinner, Bill packs for his great adventure, while I write notes to various hosts and hostesses explaining why we cannot fill engagements for the next two nights. Gelett Burgess calls late in the afternoon. An amusing talk about the horrors of peace.

June 9th, Friday.

Bill off early in the morning to the front. Miss Sullivan here as usual. We spend the first hour composing notes in French to the Comtesse de Villenenve-Flayosc, who has aksed us to set a time for tea and to Mme. Z. who has asked Bill to visit her oeuvre. Then comes Bill's French teacher. Bill has left orders with me to pay her for the time he will be away. While we are waiting the extraordinary time it takes the garcon to change a bill for me, Mlle. H., Miss Sullivan and I have a talk. Miss Sullivan and Mlle. H. agree that the Swiss Germans and even the Alsatian Germans, who are so much employed in London and France, are a great menace as spies. Miss Sullivan says that the banks in Paris are full of German-Swiss.

They seem to make a point of being rude. Mlle. H. told the story of a friend of hers who went to the Plaza to dinner. There was a a long delay. When he remonstrated, the Swiss-German waiter brought the lobster with the remark, "Now you can stuff yourself if you want."

In the afternoon, over to the Burgesses in the Quarter where Estelle again receives me sitting up in bed, in a little oriental house-dress with a long chain of beads, her hair done in two braids. Again she looks like a little Indian maiden.

To bed at ten minutes past nine.

June 10th, Saturday.

Up at eight after eleven hours of sleep. Miss Sullivan here as usual. Gelett Burgess to lunch and to fetch my umbrella which I left with them. I had finished eating but went back into the dining-room and sat with him while he ate. My hair shampooed. An uneventful day. Home to an early dinner and to bed.

June 11th, Sunday.

Writing letters all the morning. In the afternoon, alone for a two-hour walk up the Champs Élysées to the Arc and back again. Crowds all the way. A beautiful, warm soft day. In the air, a faint a very faint runnel of the old Gallic gayety. I stop at one place where there are quaint old family treasures on sale; Belgian refugee stuff and at two other places where are displayed the work of the blessé blind. I buy two little painted glass boxes and two tiny

painted glass dishes. See the tail end of two Guignol shows. To bed early and waked, about half past eleven, by Bill's return. He has been as far west as the border of Alsace; has seen the towers of Metz in the distance; and so far north as to be within sound of the Verdun guns; has seen at close range --- walking through them in short --- sixteen villages that are mere dust-heaps and, in the distance, more villages than the could count; has heard Soeur Julie tell her wonderful experience in her own wonderful way. Many dreadful stories of the German invasion. One particularly horrible, I thought. In a certain twon the Germans had taken sixteen hostages, all over sixty. The officer finally ordered them to be shot. He, himself, was present at the execution. He sat at a table covered with champagne bottles, poruing himself out successive drinks. At intervals he raised his glass and said "Prosit!" and that was always the signal to shoot a hostage.

Arthur Gleason was in the party. Bill brought me home two bits of glass from a broken church Clermont-en-Argonne --- the most beautiful churdh, his officer guide told him, in all the north of France.

June 12th, Monday.

Whitsunday. Write letters all the morning. In the afternoon to St. Denis which neither Bill nor I have ever seen before. Groups of people are being taken through the church by a woman guide. I understand very little of her exposition but am much interested in the tombs. This church is a beautiful example of Gothic. It is one

of those churches which, however old they be, seem to give an effect of modernness --- why, I don't know. Perhaps it is just because it is a different kind of oldness. My theory about antiquity is that the oldness to which you are accustomed, always seems the oldest oldness. Nothing, for instance --- not even Rome --- has ever looked so old to me as Beacon Street, Boston --- except London. That is because London has exactly the same kind of oldness. And so, notwithstanding all those strange tombs dating from many centuries ago, St. Denis looked new to me, because it was a different oldness.

Out afterwards to a little kirmiss which was being held on the village green. In one corner of the ground, the school children were giving a continuous entertainment. We paid and went in. It was like all school entertainments anywhere in the world. The last time I saw its duplicate was in Cupertino, California with the Olders and Sam Berger, and the last time before that was in Scituate, Massachusetts when little Phyllis recited a "piece". There were many small candy-selling-booths and many small soft-drink-selling booths, where presided pretty girls with --- of course --- their hair hanging, dressed in what was their idea of a picturesque costume. From the trees hung many paper lanterns, some of green, some of blue. The effect --- the uniformity of green and blue, taken with the brilliant green foliage --- was really beautiful.

Before dinner comes to me a note from Mrs. Harris. It says that one of the stranded students at her Hostel in the Quarter, A Russian girl, has a string of amber beads which belonged to her grandmother

which she would like to sell. Would I be interested? She would fetch them to the table at dinner. I am interested of course, but Bill and I decide that we will buy them whether we like them or not. They turn out to be very beautiful; a long string of smooth uncut beads, some cylindrical and some elliptical, graduated in size. They are like a deep-colored, petrified honey. One of them holds a tiny gnat --- the proverbial fly in the amber. Arthur Bullard calls in the evening. An interesting talk of course and of course all about the war. A.B. says that some mornings, in these days, he rises feeling like Bryan and next [redacted] like Bernhardi. He tells us some amusing stories of a friend in the English army who censors letters written by the Tommies. He says in their letters home the Tommies tell the wildest lies. One postcard that I liked particularly said, "Dear Mother: This war is a bitch [redacted] Tell Aunt Lizzie."

June 13th, Tuesday.

Miss Sullivan here as usual. In the afternoon to tea with the Comtesse Flayosc Villeneuve. She introduces us to her friend Mlle. X. the President of the Union des Dames Francaise, a short dark woman, exceedingly interesting. Such vivre! Such esprit! Much intelligent talk of the war first, last and always. Then of the efforts to curb alcholism in France. Then of the efforts to get the French back to the land. Bill describes to them the American granges and their work in this direction; much talk of feminism, this on my part because neither of these ladies are feminists, and of the repopulation of France after the war. I wish I could describe the

expressions on their faces when I told them that the women of California were the most beautiful, charming and able women that I had ever met and that they voted. Shocked incredulity struggled with the exquisite understanding, sympathetic, Gallic courtesy. In the evening for a short call on the Youngers where much talk about Bill's experiences at the front. Mrs. Younger congratulates me on being a self-effacing wife.

In the first papers today is an account of the democratic convention with the sub-head --- L'Opposition des Suffragettes all President Woodrow Wilson. It is amusing to read references to Mme. Suzan B. Anthony and to Mme. Oliver Belmont.

June 14th, Wednesday.

Finish the first version, after nearly four years of steady work of The Lady of Kingdoms. To dinner at the Edouard Sept with Mr. and Mrs. K. Present a French writer, a French painter, Mr. and Mrs. Tipton C. (musicians) Dr. P. and later his friend Dr. A. Everybody in evening clothes except us.

At eleven, we all solemnly put our watches forward an hour in accordance with the new, daylight-saving dictum.

June 15th, Thursday.

We hear today from Wythe Williams that the English offensive has begun, although the papers do not as yet announce it. The news is confirmed in a way by the Times correspondent. He says that he understands that Haig has been, for several weeks, ready to launch the offensive, that he has only been waiting Joffre's orders, that the

bad weather of the last two weeks has delayed it because the low sky makes it impossible for aviators to ascend high enough for artillery observation. Miss Sullivan here as usual in the morning. Then at four with Mrs. Harris over to the Quarter to visit the Hostel which was established to aid young artist girls of all nationalities, left stranded in Paris by the war. It is a charming place, formerly a nunnery; a bit of garden tucked to one side. The rooms are very quaint; little and low-studded, vaulted. Mrs. Harris tells me that, before the war, they were let to student girls, and that they were charmingly furnished with pretty furniture and chintz. Now the rooms are empty. But they still dispense tea every day to the students and once a week, there is a kind of party. There are girls from Russia, Poland and Roumania who have not heard from their families since the beginning of the war. Occasionally, a landlord has given these girls attic rooms, rent-free; but they have not had a fire all winter. Eighty-two came to the party this afternoon. After tea in the garden, they went upstairs into the library and held an impromptu concert; reciting, singing, piano-playing. I met one girl who was born in Trebizond and a Miss K. whose amber beads I now own. I meet the Mege sisters, two English girls looking very much alike. Mrs. Harris tells me their history. Their grandfather was the Earl of B. He had two daughters and one illegitimate son. At the close of the Boer war, this son was legitimatized for valor. He succeeded to the title which seems to have cut the daughters out of all income. One of them married N. and went with him to Algiers.

Here her three girls were born. Until they were ten, they never saw anybody but Arabs and Kybeles. After the war broke, they came to Paris. "Wasn't your mother afraid to come here without any resources?" Mrs. Harris asked one of the girls. "Oh no," she replied, "mother said she thought, that, if worst came to worst, she could get a job sweeping the streets, as she understood nobody but women were doing that." One of the girls is a crack stenographer and the other is almost equally good. The third does brilliant painting of Algerian scenes. This one says she is going to America soon --- as she knows two girls there. They struck me as a zippy lot and very typical, in that spirit of adventure, of the feministic revolt.

An extraordinary experience! It gives one to think --- that picture of all those girl art-students and girl Sorbonne-students, left alone at the beginning of this terrific struggle and managing, by hook or crook, to survive.

In the evening to dinner at the home of the Marquise de Castello — a charming occasion. The big, modern apartment full of the furnishings of their two places. Leading out of the salon is her mother's studio where I see three specimens of her work, of which one is a sitting figure of the Marquise herself. It is exceedinly interesting, virile. The place is charming and home-like; many pictures; old furniture, in particular, two lovely old walnut slat-back chairs. There are present her sister-in-law; and her sister-in-law's oldest son, a young lad; Dr. Stragnell and Dr. A. In the beginning I remark that I hear children's voices whereupon they bring in two shy little French girls, dressed alike, and one equally shy little French boy ---

in a suit, so short-sleeved and short-trousered, that he is almost naked --- a beautiful child. The little girls achknowledge the introduction with curtsies. They hold a parley with me in which their contributions are merely whispered nos and yeses. A delicious, very simple dinner. Much mirth. Home finally altogether in a cab, dropping Dr. Stragnell at the hospital, an hour late for his appointment with the Duchess who is sitting up with a patient, and Dr. A. at the Crillon --- to the accompaniment of many uncomplimentary epithets showered on the cocher by them both. Dr. A. says that he cannot use the elevator in the Grillon because he can't pronounce the word entresole on which his room is situated.

June 17th, Friday.

Miss Sullivan here and I using her to dictate Phoebe and Ernest and Bill his aviator story. In the afternoon, out for a long walk over to the Quarter. As we pass Sainte Chapelle, it occurs to us to see if, by any miracle, it be open --- and it is. Neither Bill nor I have ever before this year, succeeded in getting inside. We are much impressed with the charming, wooden, gilded-and-painted, low-vaulted under church which is where the servants worshiped. But nothing that I have ever heard --- notwithstanding I have read repeatedly that its stained glass is the most beautiful in Europe --- has prepared me for the jewel-like beauty of the upper church. When I emerged into that upper church from the tiny, winding stone stairway, I literally gasped at the sudden vision of thrilling color. Sainte Chapelle is practically all windows. It is very tiny; one

aisle and a little curved apse. Above a certain point it is all glass. And such glass! Wonderful color, all of it, but I find the blue particularly beautiful. Below the window, the wood is carved and gilded and painted, set with beautiful Fra Angelico-like, wooden angels; and tiny pictures, also in beautiful stained glass. Outside on the balcony are little scriptural pictures, carved in stone; Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, quite charming; the animals entering the Ark, most droll. Outside we pause again to enjoy the beautiful shape of the chapel, the interesting gargoyles and the lovely, lacy, needle-like spire.

We continue our walk over the Boule Miche and finding that the yard to the Cluny Musee is open, we go in. How pretty and quaint this is --- especially to be put down in one of the busiest parts of so busy a city! There are bits of ruins everywhere; bits of carving with exquisite detail; stone madonnas and stone saints; enormous gryphons, gargoyles that have come from I do not know where; the old Roman wall to the old Roman bath. And everywhere the glossy-leafed French ivy and the beautiful, soft, feathery-foliaged French trees. Everywhere children playing, women sewing, men reading --- and one blind soldier painfully fingering out braile.

On and on, stopping once at a little cafe, where we have citronade. Then to the Luxembourg Gardens where we wander for an hour. The garden almost as pretty as before the war. [redacted] The usual domestic scenes, common to French gardens; babies; nurses; young children; girls' schools; young mothers; young matrons gathered in groups; the middle-aged and even the very old. And everywhere flowers.

I show Bill the marble memorial to Watteau of which I am so fond. The young piquant-featured girl, bending to drop a bunch of roses on the pedestal which holds his bust.

Presently we hear a drum beating. We conjecture that this summons the audience to the Guignol. We hurry to the tiny, open-air theatre and sit through part of the performance. The audience is much more amusing than the show. How I would have liked a sketch of their backs and of their tiny hats, as they screamed and laughed and jeered and applauded. Home finally however in a taxi, though first to a flower market where I purchase a blooming rambler rose for Mrs. Harris. Then start to bathe and take a nap. In the midst of it, Mrs. Watson calls and takes me to ride.

Out first through the Bois where, it seems to me, the sunshine courses with a peculiar brilliancy through the film-like green of young leaves. Then to Saint Cloud, where I see such vistas and <u>allées</u> as I had not dreamed existed and where I get a glimpse of the red-roofed Paris below. It is like a vision of Florence from the Piazzale Michael Angelo and of Rome from the Piazzale Margherita. Then on to Versailles, passing the forest of Meudon and --- protected by canon --- a Belgian aviation camp. Three aeroplanes in the air at once. I watch one of these machines make a landing, running along the ground like a wasp. Then home.

All the way glimpses of beautiful gardens, of the river, of forests, so brilliant with showers of sun, or so gloomy with floods of shadow, or so speckled or glittery with both that I could scarcely take it all

in. One vision I remember particularly. First a long straight road between trees; beyond, a wide sweep of meadow, running up a hill; on the hill, one farm-house in the midst of a great tract of freshly-cut sward, of a green so liquid that it was as though the cut stalks were bleeding green blood. And over it all --- over a great mound of fresh hay, already slightly darker in color, over velvet sward, over the house --- such a light! Such a sheer, clean, clear goldenness!

The Harrises here in the evening. Much talk about a wonderful mind-reader, who did some extraordinary things, reading Mr. Harris's mind, who predicts that peace will be declared somewhere about September 17th. Today Bill met Preston Lockwood, who as at Nancy during the air raid of a few weeks ago. He said the American Ambulanciers were out, three minutes after the first bomb came, rescuing the wounded. He said those American Ambulanciers were wonders. Ignorant often, impolite, uncouth, ruthless, shocking people every day, they do the work of four men and will go places that nobody else will go. They often sneak into the trenches and spend the night with the French poilus.

June 17th, Saturday.

The English offensive must be on, but we hear nothing about it. We wonder about the fate of Lille. Mrs. Harris's filleul told her that every house in Lille has German officers in it and that they compel the French inmates to live on the top floor. How can the French bombard Lille in that case? Bill's work with Miss Sullivan

interrupted by a call from an Italian. A long talk with Miss Sullivan about her nursing experiences early in the war. She says the angelic patience of the wounded French is beyond description, beyond belief. In the first part of the war, when they came in such numbers that they could not provide adequate provision for them, she went with other women to the trains with coffee and food. Always the less wounded fed the more wounded first. And always the officers said, "My men first!" Bill comes home from seeing Preston Lockwood again with a terrible story, brought down from the front by an American Ambulancier. A crowd of fifty Germans suddenly appeared before a front French trench with their hands up in a token of surrender. The French officer called to them that it was all right and to come forward. As the Germans reached the trench, they suddenly threw grenades. The explosion killed most of the French soldiers and took the officer's feet off. But in the fight that followed, reinforcements came and either they killed, or took prisioner all the invading Germans.

Indoors all the morning; out in the afternoon to walk up the Champs Elysees to the Arc. In the Tuilleries we find a big crowd gathered. A fete militaire is in progress. We cannot get near enough to see anything well, but apparently companies of boy scouts and the class of 1917 are parading before a reviewing stand. We catch glimpses of various acrobatic apparatuses as though they were going to do stunts; sailors, artillery; cavalry on beautiful horses --- an interesting procession but very sad. The little boys marched

beautifully and with great spirit between two rows of black-clad people. We have to give up watching after a while because it is so difficult to see.

We continue our walk. We go into an exhibition, the proceeds to go to the wounded, of 17th century furniture; Goblin tapestries; wonderful boxes; such boxes as I have never dreamed; and one set of furniture consisting of two sofas, four big chairs, two small ones, a footstool and a screen --- all of a delicately-carved, white wood --- upholstered in a blue of the very palest robin's egg blue, so pale that it is almost white. It is the most beautiful furniture I have ever seen in my life. Into one or two places where is displayed the work of the blind and the wounded. Then to the Café de la Paix where we sit for a while and watch the passing throng. It is quiet, as all French crowds are now; sadly dressed, a little out-at-the elbow and down-at-the-heel. There comes a little boy, pretty and blond and with a remarkable voice, who sings for pence. He keeps his eye out for an agent all the time. Once, an agent appears, whereupon the boy promptly disappears. The boy reappears, however, and picks up his song just where he left it.
In the afternoon, we take the Harrises to the Folies Bergeres where there is a charming show. We see Mistinguette for the first time; very jolly and jolie, a finished comedian. There is one very amusing taxicab scene in which all the characteristics of the French war-cabby are brought out. In the course of the dialogue, the man asks the driver to take him to a certain address. The cabby replies

that it is necessary for the client to have an engagement where the driver is going. How often have Bill and I felt that when, in the noon hour, we have signalled to a half a dozen cabbies in succession and they have all pointed in a direction opposite to the one we wanted to take.

June 19th, Monday.

Out in the morning while Bill has his French lesson, to leave a manuscript with Miss Sullivan. Over the telephone comes a message from Ruby Goodnow. She and Nancy McClelland have returned from Italy. They have been in the Italian war zone ever since I saw them. Ruby is dictating a story about her war experiences, although she says she is nearly prostrated by what she has been through. I invite them to dinner. It does not seem as though I could wait to hear all about it. In the afternoon out to the American Express with Bill. Meet Wythe Williams. He tells me that the English offensive is not on, but that undoubtedly it will come off within two weeks, that there is extraordinary activity behind eighty-five miles of English front, where they have been perfecting an elaborate railroad system for bringing up men, supplies, ammunition and taking the wounded back. Huge guns hidden behind haystacks. Also news from an Irish friend of Bill's that the naval battle was a full victory for the English.

Home writing letters. To bed for a nap.

June 20th, Tuesday.

It looks so much like war with Mexico that we are bothered by it.

Carranza has ordered the American punitive force out of Mexico. In answer, Wilson has called out the state militia. I have a feeling that, before this thing is over, there will be strife everywhere. In this allied world, every detail seems to call our attention to the state of war in which we live. When Bill and I were walking on the Rue de Paix yesterday, we stopped before a window filled with cutlery. There were knives, forks and spoons, so strangely shaped, that we could not make out their use. Presently we find a placard which enlightens us. They are for the men who have lost their arms in the war and are manipulating their stumps by means of hooks or artificial hands. Later I went to the dentist. As I sat in the chair looking out the window, there suddenly flashed across the great blue expanse of sky, an aeroplane --- one of the big birds that are guarding Paris. Later still, Bill and I for another walk. In a stationer's window, we come across elaboratly engraved "diplomas of death". These are the cards which bereaved families send to their friends. Very simply and baldly, they announce death on the field of battle of a husband or a son.

The Coreys to lunch and a long talk with them about the Italy to which they are bound.

June 21st, Wednesday.

In bed all the morning. In the afternoon, out to see moving pictures of the American Ambulance which are to be sent to America. The pictures were preceded by the singing of the Marseillaise by a

poilu; one of the most spirited solos I have ever heard. The pictures were all very interesting. There were many glimpses of ruined French towns and of American aviators flying. Once [redacted] there were seven machines in the air. Also an open-air show, given for the poilus in a tiny theatre, which was interrupted by a bombardment. In one picture, General Joffre, President Poincaré and the Prince of Serbia stood talking with a poilu. At the end were groups of American aviators. I was much struck by their alert look of action and by the humor in their expression, as they stood self-consciously before the machine, joshing and being joshed. It came to me that the prevailing expression of the American face is humor. The audience is, of course, full of Americans. Among others, we meet Emery Pottle, whom I have not seen for years. Home and to Versailes. The American Consul calls with his wife. The Harrises tell us of their sense of shock on seeing, for the first time, the holes that were made in the walls of Versailles and the trenches that were dug when the Germans came so near Paris.

June 22nd, Thursday.

In bed all the morning. At noon Ruby Goodnow takes Bill and me to lunch at the Hotel Westminster. Bill receives a summons from the Maison de la Presse and so, can stay with us only a little while. I find in the diningroom a picture which was on exhibition at the salon when I was here in 1908. I have always remembered it. It is called, The Peacock. It represents the luncheon of a house-party

on the piazza of an old, French country-place --- men, women and a little girl. A big white peacock has come up on the steps and stands with his tail drooped into a long waterfall of feathers. Near him stands a woman in a white dress, very long and foaming out at the back into a tail not unlike the peacock's. At the other end of the picture stands a woman holding a baby, and the baby wears a long lace-trimmed dress, which gives just such another foaming-white effect. I would have called the picture The Peacocks.

We talk about the war of course and Ruby tells us all about their strange adventures in Venice. The first night they were there, the lights went out suddenly and the alerte sounded. They sat for hours in perfect darkness, waiting for the air-raid which did not come. She says there has been a revival of the mediaeval custom of putting anonymous letters of accusal in the lion's mouth. Everybody is being accused of something. Notwithstanding their disquietude, the two girls busied themselves with their interesting commercial errands. The Italian government permitted a certain number of the glass-makers of Murano to go home, on permission, so that they could receive the big order the girls left with them.

In the evening Arthur Bullard calls. He told us of a little passage of arms that he had with General X. Arthur was advocating the Swiss system of a citizen army, every man keeping his own gun in his own home. General X. said that such a system might be dangerous in a country where there might be a large a discontented class. Arthur replied that if every man had a gun, perhaps there would not be

any discontented class.

In the midst of all this Ruby and Nancy arrive, looking very lovely in a delicate light silk and pearls; open at the throat her beautiful graceful arms smothered with lace. The Harrises come. After dinner we talk about the war of course. We even go back to 1870. Mrs. Harris tells us about meeting an Englishman back from the trenches. He knew nobody, so some Americans took him in charge. He told Miss M. that she was the first woman to whom he had spoken in twenty-two months. At last the conversation turns to America and we all get very homesick.

The feeling in Paris is very tense now. Everybody has a sense that something is going to happen. English troops are pouring across the Channel at the rate of eighty-five thousand a week. When Bill was at the front, there was a continual movement of troops and supplies toward Arras. All the hospitals are being evacuated. The mail is held up. Mrs. Harris's Englishman took his permission in Paris because he was told that, in ten days, no permissions would be given. Everybody is wondering whether, with the recent great Russian victories over the Austrians, the Germans will have to withdraw troops from Verdun.

June 23rd. Friday.

We hear talk that the Germans may try to invade France through Switzerland. There is one party of Germans who say Paris must be taken.

Indoors all the morning. Out in the afternoon with Ruby Goodnow

while she visits two dressmakers. The first dressmaker lives in rather sordid surroundings. It is like any cheap dressmaking establishment the world over. There is a little dog who barks at every noise in the street and whom his mistress described as mechant. Then we go to a typical Parisian establishment of a smart and expensive kind. We come in through exhibition rooms, with glassed-in shelves containing futurist glass and pottery. Upstairs everything, paper, floors, curtains, rugs, bric-a-brac, models, is decorated in the futurist manner of many colors. Madame, herself, is very young, handsome and blonde; chic; much made up; elaborately coiffured and manicured; highly perfumed. Over everything however, is a slight veil of dust. There is a look of run-downness --- that lack of pep which goes when hope goes.

In the evening with the Harrises to see Ma Bebé the French translation of Baby Mine. There are two good actors, a woman whose name I have forgotten and Max Dearly. The play is only indifferently interesting to me. It is a pretty little theatre though, reminding me of the old Weber and Field theatre.

We walk home.

June 24th, Saturday.

I quote from the Daily Mail of today just to show what the average paper is like in these days of world struggle. In the upper left hand corner appears, ANOTHER BIT FOR VERDUN --- FIERCE ALL DAY BATTLE. In the upper right hand corner, SUNK IN FIVE MINUTES --- EIGHT HUNDRED PASSENGERS IN MINED RUSSIAN STEAMER IN BLACK SEA,

AMONG THEM MANY SCHOOL BOYS COMING HOME FOR THEIR HOLIDAY. And between BOMBS ON VENICE SIX KILLED BUT ART TREASURES ARE SAFE. ROUMANIANS MASSACRED --- ANNIHILATED BY AUSTRIAN FIRE ON ITALIAN FRONT.

Bill comes home with the news that he has met Miss La Motte at the American Express and as Marice Algi, Gardner Hale, Ruby and Nancy are coming here this evening, I post over to Rue Las Cases to ask them to dinner. Find them all packed and ready to flit to Cambodia. They accept my invitation. It is a really wonderful evening. Nancy and Ruby come late. I reflect that there are five extraordinary women in the room. Mrs. Chadbourne, collector, connoisseur and globe-trotter, very beautiful; Miss La Motte, much traveled and with a year of nursing at the front, extraordinarily forceful and vigorous; Ruby with her really exquisite perception of the beautiful, and her tales of many adventures; Nancy so beautiful and graceful that it hurts almost to look at her, both packed with experience of many years abroad and of their beauty-hunting expedition under the guns; Marice picturesque, revolutionary, feministic; a cosmopolite and an author.

The talk is wonderful. Miss La Motte describes one experience, driving in a military auto that was being shelled by the Germans. Ruby and Nancy tell some of their experiences, buying antiques in England. The government has been discouraging the English people from spending money in luxuries, but they were very glad indeed to permit Americans to spend money. Old estates were specially opened for the two girls to see and they went to one place --- they would

not say where, except that it was in Scotland, where arriving in a snowstorm, they spent two nights. A little old, white-haired, pink-cheeked Scotch caretaker received them and took charge of them. Ruby said that she could not find out how many rooms there were in the place, not one of the servants knew. But there were sixteen interesting stairways, one, very stately and beautiful, of black marble.

Everybody stays late.

June 25, Sunday.

The day of the Fete de Dieu. So up and out early, and picking up the Youngers, we go to Chartres in a limousine which, at a ruinous rate, the hotel has procured for us. A wonderful day, clear and sunny, filled with flashes of beauty that automobile-riding always uncovers. For long stretches, we drove over flat country, through a road which stretched between two rows of trees, straight ahead for miles. On both sides were great sweeps of distance; mainly green meadow-lands with clumps of trees here and there. All the way, these meadows were dotted and spotted and splotched and splashed and inundated with poppies. Acres of them! Once we saw what looked like a dry river-bed covered with crimson poppies. Later we came to what might have been a lake of cardinal paint from which that crimson river emerged. The red of these French poppies is not exactly scarlet. It is the red of fresh blood and it is so lustrous that sometimes they look like films of flame licking the grass. Everywhere too are bluets. Occasionally there came little pools or a

rivulet; but in general, there was a marked absence of water in the landscape.

We raced through village after village; soft, grey-colored congeries with pretty gardens and old churches. Some were so little that they were seemingly but one street. Others were big, with villas and old estates. Occasionally we came across women working in the fields; old women knitting in the sun; a pair of children who stared silently at us; cows, sheeps and goats. But ■ the main roads and villages were unnaturally quiet. We passed Rambouillet and Maintenon. And then suddenly, off in the distance, riding the plain like a ship at sea, loomed the cathedral of Chartres. For a long time, I thought it stood alone on a broad flat expanse of ground. It was not until we came quite near that I realized that it stood in the midst of buildings, so much, from the distance, does it seem to dwarf them! Nearer and nearer, we drew and presently we found ourselves in the mazes of a big mediaevel town; houses with overhangs, leaning down to the street or bending away from it, in every possible architectural divigation from the perpendicular. The little, narrow winding streets remind me of the hill-towns of Italy.

To the Cathedral first and for a long time standing outside studying the exterior; the facade, the left portal, the statues, the gargoyles; the wonderful spires. One of these plain spires grim; the other --- lace-work.

Then inside. A mass was going on; the church was crowded. People were kneeling everywhere. Candles were burning and the great organ

was belching harmonies. We walk through the ambulatory which is deserted; study the wonderful choirscreen with carvings, not in relief, but in actual, little room-like scenes. Emerging from the ambulatory, I catch my first glimpse of the three enormous rose windows. Such rose windows! The sunlight beating through this glass and then retreating in gloom, seems to pulse color into the church. Spots of color on the floor everywhere. Out into the nave and to the front of the Cathedral. From there, a full view of the choir. Such pillars . . . high . . . high . . . towering . . . . Massive! Majestic! And all the time, the music crashing.

Out, finally, to the Grand Monarque where we have lunch and a good one. We run into the Harrises who join us for coffee. Back to the Cathedral again and through it once more. We see a lovely little chapel at the left.

All the time, we keep coming upon the signs of the approaching festival. Some of the streets are lined with linen sheets. Bunches of roses and ferns are pinned against them. Rose leaves are scattered on the ground. There are two out-of-doors altars. We meet little girls in white with crowns of roses on their curls, and little boys in black with white bows on their sleeves; boy scouts in brown with vivid green handkerchiefs; old peasant women; old peasant men; always women in black and always poilus. It is Serbia's Day. Every where, little girls are selling badges and shaking money cans. We come across part of the Fete de Dieu procession entering the church. There are baby girls in white with daisies or roses or tulle or

paper in their hair, carrying boxes of rose leaves suspended from a ribbon about the neck; or branches of silver or gold; or prayer books or hymn-books, in which the hymns are written out by hand. There are bigger girls in white with white veils or in blue with blue veils, wearing medals suspended from ribbons about the neck. All the children wear gloves. There are women in blue. And everywhere there are women in black. Sitting in the automobile, we watch the whole procession emerge from the church. Near us a poilu feeds his baby from a bottle.

Then we leave the auto and hurry down the narrow winding streets --- of which no house is plumb and all stand at different slants --- to catch the procession on the other side of town. We see it all over again. Everybody is tired by this time. Each of the little babies is guided by a mother, always in mourning. The little boy, representing St. John the Baptist --- in pink tights and a lamb-skin, bearing a cross and what looks like a gilded whiskey bottle --- trudges along eating a bun. The bigger girls are beginning to show fatigue too, but they realize that they are still on exhibition. The little boys look considerably bored and are quite ready to play or fight, but the priests maintain discipline. The older divisions --- women of religious sodalities; priests; the bishop --- are still perfectly fresh.

A kindly Belgian advises us to go to the second altar where we can see the procession again. We take his advice and witness the whole thing for the third time. By now, discipline is quite relaxed.

A little girl has taken off her crown and is carrying it. Baby girls, who have lost their mothers, join the procession anywhere. A dog jumps into the midst of it and trots along contentedly. Still, however, the adults maintain a perfect formation. The canopied host and the beautiful banners arrive with great dignity.

Finally in a Place near St. Pierre, the Youngers and I sit down while Bill goes back for the automobile. He is a long time coming for he is held up by the procession and has to see it all for the fourth time. In the interval we visit St. Pierre --- Gothic with beautiful old glass. Then back to Paris through the same beautiful country, only that now twilight is coming on. We meet women coming home from the fields, carrying pitchforks. To dinner at the Hotel Selecte, in the lovely garden. A delicious dinner. Home very tired.

The English offensive seems definitely to have begun.

June 26th, Monday.

So tired that I had to give up going to meet Miss M. with Miss I. I go to bed. In the evening guests to dinner. A great deal of talk about the war.

June 27th, Tuesday.

The Comtesse de Villeneuve and the Gleasons to lunch. Interesting talk. Mrs. Gleason tells us about her year's experience, just back of the front line trenches in Belgium. Among other things, she often nursed wounded horses. She was impressed with their

patience which reminded her of the Elberfeld horses. They would let her put her fingers deep into their wounds to pull out the shrapnel. Mrs. Younger calls. In the evening to Mrs. Chadbourne's to dinner. She tells us that the nephew, whom we met the last time we dined there, has gone way beyond Verdun. His corps is going to be decorated. Miss La Motte relates many experiences of nursing at the front. She said that, of all the dying men she nursed, there was only one who realized that he was going to die.

Just as we leave it begins to pour. And charmingly entertained by the concierge, I stay in his little room while Bill hunts a cab. There seems to be a united Allied attack. The English offensive proceeds steadily. The Russians continue their victories. The Italians are walloping the Austrians.

June 28th, Wednesday.

The English offensive is going vigorously on. The papers do not admit it yet. Nevertheless, they give the English news the preferred position. Rumor says that no traveling from here to England is allowed. To lunch with Marice. We talk over her latest novel which I have just read. Gardener Hale comes back from the hospital. Late in the afternoon Dr. Stragnell calls. Much talk about Serbia, Roumania, Turkey and Greece. He tells us that Serbia is in a curious situation economically. She can export only to Austria because Greece, her only other outlet, requires none of the things that she produces. He tells us that ethnological investigation proves that the South Italian is a Norman. He tells

[redacted] us a story about a Sengalese in the trenches who went out, alone and on his own initiative, on a night raid. He returned with a German watch, German money, medals, papers, maps, three helmets, and Iron Cross of the first class and one of the second. The French put him in prison for three days and then decorated him with the Croix de Guerre. Dr. Stragnell [redacted] hinted at third degree methods in getting information from German prisoners. Late in the afternoon comes a message from Arthur Gleason that he and Bill are to go to Verdun in a day or two. So dinner at the hotel and Bill working all the evening, finishing up an article, packing and getting ready.

June 29th, Thursday.

It looks like war with Mexico. Another raid across the border in which three Americans were killed. A fight with the Mexicans, in which the latter were routed, leaving thirty-four wounded. Roosevelt has applied for a commission as Brigadier General. He offers to raise twelve thousand rough-riders. Out all the morning with Bill buying field glasses, an army cap, a belt and leggings. Meet Wythe Williams and Arthur Gleason at the American Express. A quiet day. Lunch and dinner at the hotel. Say goodbye to the Harrises who are on the wing to Brittany.

June 30th, Friday.

Bill starts for Verdun early tomorrow. Goes with Arthur Gleason and with P. A. They may accompany some of the members of the American Ambulance in their trips to bring the wounded back from the trenches. Bill visits the American Ambulance in the afternoon with

Arthur Gleason where they have a talk with an American lad. He tells them that the American boys go right into the very forts at Verdun and bring the wounded out in the cars. The German shells come every fifteen seconds and they have to calculate to speed forward between them. One bombardment was so terrific that the jar prevented the engine of the car from working. They had to push the stretchers which carried the wounded down the hill. They had scarcely got them out when a shell fell on the spot which they had just left. He described one scene which is certainly a commentary on war. A group of American Ambulanciers lunching at the Casualty Clearing Station, laughing and talking; six dead men laid out on one side and an operating room going full blast on the other.

Dinner at night with Professer C. at the Vengage au Bourgogne. It is a tiny, exceedingly humble cafe, but with, of course, delicious food. It is situated in an interesting neighborhood near the Bastille. Professor C. tells us that all the revolutions in France have started here. When he himself was young and a socialist, he was always being arrested in a socialist demonstration on the first of May. We eat out of doors and, as usual, I am more absorbed in watching the interesting passersby than in listening to the interesting conversation. Perhaps that is because these passersby are mainly working people; men, women, boys and girls hurrying home. Poilus everywhere and always with girls. Once a group of them came hurrying by, staggering under the weight of bulging musettes. "Are they going back to the trenches?" I asked. "No, indeed," answered

the professor, "they are coming home on permission." And, oh, how they raced notwithstanding those great bags! Nothing that I have seen over here has touched me more than those tired men, putting their last ounce of energy into the final lap of the race for home. Professor C. thinks that all the Brieux articles that are being published in the French papers at present are incorrect and ill-advised, that there will be no feministic results of this war, that the French women will all return delightedly to their homes from the various out-of-the-home occupations that have swept them away from them.

I wonder . . .

July 1st, Saturday.

The papers today are encouraging. The English offensive goes bravely forward. There has been a ceaseless torrent of English shells on the German front. The French have recaptured Thiaumont. The Italians have taken twelve hundred prisoners. I work all the morning, walk all the afternoon and read all the evening. To bed early.

July 2nd. Sunday.

Splendid news in the papers. The Franco-British offensive --- which covers a battle front of twenty-five miles --- is still in progress. The French have taken thirty-five hundred prisoners, the British twenty-five hundred. The Russians have taken two hundred thousand prisoners from June 4th to June 30th. Thieumont has been captured by the French three times in two days. But of all the news

in the papers, this from America, quoted from the Daily Mail, pleases me most.

"President Wilson, addressing the press last evening . . . asked if the glory of America would be enhanced by a war of conquest in Mexico. Shouts of no! no! came from all parts of the hall. The audience made a similar response to a question whether it was America's duty to carry self-defense to the point of dictation in the affairs of another people."

Work, as usual, in the morning; walk, as usual in the afternoon. To dinner in the evening with the Youngers. First to their apartment to get Mrs. Younger; then to the Boulevard Hausmann where we pick up the doctor; then to the Café de la Paix for dinner. It is a sweet, soft day, the haze of the Paris twilight shot with the rose of the Paris sunset. It seems as though there were a new air about everybody in the streets --- a buoyancy and hope. In bed before ten and almost before it is dark.

July 3rd, Monday.

The English and French continue to advance. Between them, they have captured eighty-five hundred prisoners. Work as usual and as usual a walk. In the afternoon, Mrs. Gleason calls and I invite her to dinner. She accepts and we have a long talk mainly about her experiences. She tells me about the "sick and sorry house," in which she served for a whole year, close to the front trenches in Belgium. I was most impressed by her description of a long walk, on which a Belgian officer took her, into one of the advance posts of the Belgian army. These advance posts are secret posts and of

course both sides must employ them. But as neither army knows where the enemy's advance post is, one is just as likely, approaching them, to run into an enemy sentry as your own. Passing the sentry under these conditions --- for it was in the dark and they did not even speak --- was a ticklish business for him and for you. But particularly for you, for he had a gun. We go downstairs for dinner and are just in the midst of the fish, when the concierge comes into the diningroom to tell me that Monsieur Irwin is back. And there is Bill in uniform, beckoning to us from the door. We both rush to him mechanically trailing our huge napkins. Bill pours out distracted fragments of conversation. Arthur Gleason, it unfortunately happens, has just left Bill at the door. Mrs. Gleason decides that she cannot wait to finish her dinner, that she must get home to hear his story of Verdun. She comes upstairs for her hat and coat. So I go back to the diningroom with Bill carrying the two huge napkins. Bill exhausted and so to bed early.

The Fourth of July.

All the morning listening to Bill's story of Verdun which is, of course, the most wonderful one he has told me yet. Then out to the grave of La Fayette for the 4th of July ceremonies. The way lies through a convent yard and garden, past a little, golden-bronze statue of the Virgin, into a small graveyard where are buried many victims of the Terror. There have gathered, considering the weather, a great many people. The cermonies are brief. The Ambassador makes a short speech. A cable is read from the father of the

dead American aviator, Chapman. A representative of the La Fayette family also speaks. He is a distinguished-looking man and he makes a very feliticious ending to his terse talk. "Every man who has a drop of the La Fayette blood in his veins has two countries, France and America."

All the time, a moving picture man is grinding a moving picture machine over the top of a high wall. Meet Jimmie Hopper's twin, comically like his brother in look, accent and laugh. All the American Colony there of course. And among them the American Consul from Lyons. We take him home for lunch. In the evening Mr. F. calls for advice about going to work. He has been working for the French near Nancy. He told us many pathetic stories. The papers say that there is a substantial progress both north and south of the Somme. The French have captured Fleucourt. More than twelve thousand prisoners have been taken since the battle of the Somme began.

June 5th, Wednesday.

The English occupy La Boiselle. They have marched through three curtains of fire. The Germans retake Thiaumont. The Russians capture 2772 prisoners, the Italians 600. An interesting talk after dejeuner with two American Ambulance boys, in Paris on a two day's permission, to celebrate the 4th of July. They look for peace in the fall. Their talk gave us extraordinary glimpses of war. They are imbued with a sense of the horror of it. They say frankly no more war for them. Quite as frankly too, they discuss

the way fear takes them. T. says that it affects him with a violent shaking, a shaking of his entire body, even his jaw. The other confesses that it effects him, no matter what the temperature is, even at night when he is quite cold, with floods of perspiration.

Bill thinks that the tide has turned, that these three days are as much the turning point of this war as the three days of Gettysburg were the turning point of the Civil War.

July 6th, Thursday.

Nothing but good news in the papers now. Steady progress on all sides. Work all the morning as usual. Out in the afternoon for a long walk. Buy two gravures, Naivete and Napoleon. This takes all the money I have, but as I need more I come home to get it. I find Bill fast asleep, so I am put to the amusing necessity of picking his pocket which I do without waking him. We go to the theatre in the evening, to one of those Maisons de Chanson with which Paris is sprinkled. This was in the Montmartre region, a small theatre. We sat in the front row, so near to the entertainers that we could have touched them. The audience consisted mainly of amorous pairs who indulged in much open and unrestricted love-making. On three sides were bars. The talent consisted of five men --- all singing improvised songs that kept the audience in roars. I wish I could have understood it; but very likely it was just as well I didn't.

Montmatre seems a little gayer. Indeed, all Paris has been gayer since the opening of the English offensive. There is an air of

happy waiting. Even the traffic policemen near the Opera urges the crowds forward with a broad grin on his face. The Princess Poniatowsky, whom Bill met at the Ambulance, tells him that she also looks for peace this fall, that the latest of the German overtures for peace has included the restoration of Belgium with indemnity; the evacuation of France; the ceding to France of the French-speaking portions of Alsace and Lorraine; a conference in regard to Poland. Germany refuses, however, to give up her colonies to England. England refuses to relinquish them to Germany --- and so the war goes on.

July 7th, Friday.

Still more Russian victories near the Styr, west of Kilki. Twelve hundred more prisoners. The battle of the Somme has paused for a while. The rumor is that the French have gone ahead of the English and are waiting for them to come up, so not to leave a dangerously exposed slant of front. They say that the Germans are bombarding the Cathedral of Verdun. It is Bill's opinion, after his trip, that the battle of Verdun is virtually over. He thinks that this bombardment of the Cathedral is that last blow, which the Germans like to deliver before they stop, just as before returning, the bombarded the Cloth Hall at Ypres and the Cathedral at Rheims.

Work all morning. In the afternoon a long walk with Bill through the Latin Quarter. We stop for a quiet moment in Notre Dame which still seems very beautiful to me, even after comparison with her big sister at Chartres. We go into Saint Savarin, very brilliant;

St. Something-or-Other, I have forgotten what, a Greek Catholic church, tiny and Gothic; and finally into St. Etienne du Mont, very bright and very beautiful with its carved marble screen like a lovely bridge.

We stop at several shops. I buy two little French books and a brass-trimmed, paper-covered box in rainbow colors like a Roman scarf. In the evening comes W. C. for dinner; a tall, slim-limbed Irish girl, very vivacious; dark, with brown wavy hair just touched with grey; very pretty in a blue satin gown, blue satin slippers and blue silk stockings. She tells us that a little while ago she received a letter from a friend which was rather long and illegibly written. In the next mail comes a slip from the censor, printed both in French and English, informing her that --- if her friends would write shorter and clearer letters --- she would receive her mail sooner. Her brother proves to be in one of the Ambulance sectors that Bill visited; and he is able to give her news of him. A Mr. D. and Ambulance man from Pont-a-Mousson, who also calls, tells us a pathetic story. There was an old French woman over eighty, living in Pont-a-Mousson who spent all her time mending clothes for the soldiers. Under her house was a cellar, a part of the old wall of the town which, in times of bombardment, sheltered all her neighbors. Her little garden, he said, was a Paradise she kept it always in beautiful condition. By and by, a shell came through the back of the house and another through the side. A third reduced it to ruin and a fourth plowed up the little garden that was like a Paradise.

Presently he received word that the old woman was dead.

July 8th, Saturday.

The papers today are still encouraging, although apparently there is a lull in the battle of the Somme. The **Mail** says that there are 660,000 women at work in war industries now as against 184,000 in 1914. They are again decorating the **statue** of Jeanne d'Arc below my window. They are using the tri-color now and that --- taken with the gold of the statue and the blue of the sky --- makes a very gay arrangement. People tell me that the French have been decorating the Jeanne d'Arc statues, at intervals, ever since the war began, so that this may not mean anything in particular. Yet I wonder if it is an expression their joy over the way the offensive is going. Very likely it is in preparation for the 14th. In bed all the afternoon, reading H. G. Wells. And in the evening to a farewell dinner at the Youngers --- the other guests, a Mrs. L. B. from London and a Mrs. M. N., whose son is at Verdun with the American Ambulance.

July 9th, **Sunday.**

Still encouraging news in the papers. Although the lull that has come in the battle of the Somme seems to have kept up. Writing letters all the morning and listening to Bill's masterly article on the work of the boys in the American Ambulance. To lunch **Au Petit Riche** with Professor and **M**rs. C.; an amusing and interesting little restaurant where we have delicious food of course and where

a haughty blonde lady objects to Professor C's smoking. The talk all about the war. Afterwards to some marvelous moving-pictures of the battle of the Somme. They showed troops on the march and of individual soldiers being decorated. This is not new of course; but one picture in particular is thrilling. The French are storming the German trenches and, as they come forward, the Germans rise up out of the ground, their hands up. I could not believe that this was authentic, but these pictures are all put out by the Government. The whole thing immensely moving.

Then back to the hotel where presently comes W. H. to take us to the Ambassadeurs for tea. A rather gay gathering there; many pretty women; many interesting, rather exotic-looking men; the usual preponderance of uniforms, but <u>not</u> the usual display of crape. And indeed, Paris, which has been gaining hope, ever since the battle of the Somme started, seemed definitely gay today. There comes more and more and more color into the women's gowns. Everywhere there sounds a brisker gabble of talk; laughter. Yesterday, I even saw a mischievous <u>poilu</u> chasing a pretty, shrieking girl while sympathetic on-lookers smiled. I first noticed the swelling of this tide of hope, the Sunday that I dined in the Café de la Paix.

Home and without dinner to bed where I lie and read Bill's article.

July 10th, Monday.

The French are at the gates of Peronne. The Czar's troops have taken 12,000 prisoners and 45 guns. Two items which appear, one in

the Daily Mail of yesterday and the other in the Daily Mail of today, seem perfectly to point out the contrasts of war. One says --- and it is quoted from a Munich newspaper --- BRITISH AIRMEN LAST WEEK DROPPED IN THE GERMAN LINES A BEAUTIFUL WREATH TIED WITH BLACK RIBBONS, IN MEMORY OF CAPTAIN IMMELMANN, THE FOKKER PILOT WHO WAS KILLED BY THE BRITISH AIRMAN, SECOND LIEUTENANT MAC _____.

WITH THE WREATH WAS A CARD BEARING THE WORDS, 'IN MEMORY OF A BRAVE AND GALLANT ADVERSARY FROM THE BRITISH FLYING CORPS.'

This is the other:

AS WE WERE GOING INTO MAUTOUBAN WE SAW A GERMAN MACHINE-GUNNER UP A TREE. HE'D GOT THE NEATEST LITTLE PLATFORM YOU EVER SAW, PAINTED SO THAT IT WAS ALMOST INVISIBLE. WE SHOT HIM DOWN, BUT HE DIDN'T FALL CLEAR. THE LAST WE SAW OF HIM WAS HANGING BY HIS BOOTS FROM THE BRANCHES. THE SPIRIT OF OUR BOYS WAS SPLENDID. THEY SIMPLY LOVED THE FUN.

The papers of all these countries at times often describe events in a spirit that I find very jarring. This is true of the United States. It is true of France. It is true of England. I cannot say how I am outraged by that utterly false, "They simply loved the fun."

Work all the morning. In the afternoon to Neuilly with Bill to the American Ambulance. We penetrate to the inner court where Bill asks some questions for his article. It is a very pretty scene; the irregular rectangle of the red-and-green, brick building; poilus happily convalescent, sitting in the garden talking with

their nurses; or in their rooms gazing out the windows; pretty nurses flitting through the galleries.

July 11th, Tuesday.

The French have taken the hill dominating Peronne. The English fighting, emerging from Contalmaison, is now engaged in the Trônes Wood. A German submarine, the Deutschland, has crossed the Atlantic, has arrived at Norfolk, Va. General Letchinsky's army has captured 7,674 officers and 30,875 privates between June 23rd and July 7th.

Bill started for Rheims early in the morning. Alone all day. In the afternoon, I out for a long walk. At the end of my walk, I go over to the Tuilleries and copy the interesting inscription on the Gambetta monument. My action attracts so much attention that I become really alarmed. At least a dozen people stop to study out what I am doing. I expect the touch of an agent on my shoulder at any moment; arrest as a German spy. The following is the inscription:

19 Avril 1870 a la jeuness des ecoles

"Maintenant nouse savons que le suffrage universal c'est nous, qu'il ne peut avoir de droits d'interets, d'inspirations de coeurs qui ne soient les notres car nous sommes le peuple et il est le peuple.

Il faut que chacun de nous dans la mesure de ses forces se livre a un apost clat incessant du suffrage universal et voici ce que cela commande a la generation nouvelle: nous sommes ici. En

majorité. Des jeunes gens qui ont eu cette favour du sort de pouvoir au prix d'épargnes meritantes arraches au patrimonie domestique conquerir ce levier superieur de l'independance qu'en apelle l'education et l'instruction. Je dis que ce jour la nous avons contracté une dette que nous ne pouvons nier sans faire outrage a la plus sacrée de toutes les lois humaines, la solidarité sociale.

Nous avons pris l'engagement de nous vouer a l'emancipation de ceux qui n'ont pas joui du meme benefice de la fortune de les attirer vers nous et de travailler a leur assurer tous les jours plus de lumiere et plus de bien-etre."

Afterwards for a little walk toward the Louvre to look at the La Fayette statue. The little circular gardens, where it stands is closed. It has an air of neglect that is strange --- and really beautiful --- in a city so formally correct as Paris. Here is a group of women, all in black, sitting against the rail, sewing; their babies playing about their feet. Where, except in France could you have come upon such a picture: women sewing and gossiping in this little deserted area in the very heart of the city.

In the evening to dinner with Marice and Gardner. Their friends the D's there. They have just come from America and bring me news of Daisy. War talk of course and more war talk and still more war talk. Long arguments tapering off into vagueness. The virulent vagueness of a certain type of empty war theorist. D. thinks that the reason why the Germans are still hammering away at Verdun is that it forms a natural entrance into France between the Vosges and the Cevannes Mountains, that the Germans want to hold it as

a great trading advantage when the war ends.

He has had an interesting experience. Brought up in France and Belgium, he lived in Russia, the Balkans and America. Now he lives in Paris. As I expect Bill home very late, I plan to get home at midnight. When I arrive, I find he has been waiting an hour for me. By accident, he took the slow train to Epernay, instead of the Grand Vitesse. Failing to make connections for Rheims, he was stranded for eight hours at Epernay which he describes as a "ham" town. On my desk was a handfull of Rheims glass which Arthur Gleason gave him.

July 12th, Wednesday.

The Daily Mail sums up the English advance today: OUR FIRST STAGE COMPLETED --- GREAT FEAT IN TEN DAYS --- Trônes [redacted] WOOD NEARLY ALL REGAINED AND CONTALMAISON TAKEN. TOTAL OF 7500 PRISONERS AND 29 GUNS --- RUSSIA'S VAST CAPTURES 27,162 MEN AND 312 GUNS.

Work all the morning. For dejeuner go with W. G. to the riding club in the Bois. We sit in the midst of the most sweet quiet, overlooking the big crescent of lawn, broken here and there with massive trees. After luncheon, we sit in chaise-longues on the lawn and watch the tennis.

Suddenly we hear the sound of music --- the Marseillaise. It stops and along the road go flying great empty automobiles. The music starts again. We run for the gate, guests, tennis players, club servants. As we stand on the road, a little girl comes bicycling by, "It's the Scotch Band," she explains in French, "A Pre Catalan."

At once deserting the coats and hats which we have left on the lawn, W. G. and I pelt down the road and turn into the pretty path which leads to Pré Catalan. We find a band, dressed in khaki with bands of Scotch plaid on their caps, playing in front of the restaurant. Grouped all about them on the ground and in the balconies are blesses and nurses. People begin to come from everywhere until there is a big crowd. They are playing the Mikado which takes me back many years to the time when the opera first appeared in Boston and my mother was singing Mikado songs all the time. How little she thought then --- or how little I thought --- that nearly thirty years afterwards, I would be listening to it in such circumstances.

Presently we hear the sound of bagpipes. Twenty Scotch pipers come from back of Pré Catalan and march around the oval drive skirling. The crowd went crazy. As for G. W. and myself, we ran on ahead of them, turning at intervals to look back, exactly like the little boys in Charles Dana Gibson's picture, The Champion. The skirlers were stunning, their kilts flouncing out at such a saucy angle over their bare knees. They played Tipperary but to my disappointment no Scotch airs. We stayed there for nearly an hour. Then home.

A walk to the Porte Dauphine, all the way through the sweet greenness, past a little pond so high above the road that the boats on it seemed ready to float over to us. A group of poilus go by singing. We stop for a citron pressé in a café where, when the waiter's back is turned, the birds alight on the table and peck at

the cakes.

Preston Lockwood calls twice, invites us to Oxford. In speaking of the war, he quoted from a Latin or Greek classic, something which has haunted me ever since. "They make of the world a desert and call it peace."

They are beginning to decorate the city for the 14th of July.

The Daily Mail says, "A deputation of women munition workers from Clyde will arrive in Paris this evening. They will inspect the munition works of France and will also be taken to see some of the devastated towns and villages."

JULY 13th, Thursday.

Miss Sullivan here for two hours of dictation. Disappointing work. I am too tired to be in the mood for creation. In the afternoon out with Bill to do a lot of errands. We stop at the Gambetta statue to be sure that I have copied the French inscription correctly. Here I see the heart-breaking sight of boys --- little boys --- drilling. We stop at the American Express and run into the Gleasons. Then with them to the Café de la Paix for a drink. Go over to the Marlborough and engage rooms for the 14th of July procession. Invite the Gleasons to be our guests there. Dr. Stragnell and the Marquise call and stay for dinner.

In the evening, out to call on Mr. W., the millionaire father of "the kid" of Bill's Verdun story. Bill asks him to do an errand for him in America which he very gladly agrees to do. The most

lovely house I have yet seen in Paris. Upstairs first over a stairway, the walls of which are plastered with quaint, old, colored prints of Paris, uniformly framed. Then through two long narrow rooms where are several paintings of beautiful blonde children, to another room of which one big wall is lined with books. Here we have a long talk. He has been to Contalmaison and Fricourt. He comments on the headstrong bravery of the English; their habit of needlessly exposing themselves to danger. He tells us that he explored abris, full of dead Germans.

On the way out, he tried to show us his drawingroom. He cannot find the electric switch --- a detail --- tiny --- which suddenly give me an impression --- enormous --- of the helplessness of the servanted rich when suddenly unservanted. In lieu of that, we go out into the garden. There we get one of those extraordinary visions of which, of all cities, Paris alone is so rich. Below us, a formal garden with terraces sloped down and down and down; ending at the river, a long distance off. Over the water, at one place, lay a vagus band of light --- a bridge. There was no moon, only a few stars. Tree and bush were but bunches of shadow. A tender soft darkness lay over everything; mysterious, romantic, beautiful.

July 14th, Friday.

A long wonderful day --- the French national holiday. Last year the French were too broken-hearted, despairing, too, to think of celebration. This year, there is hope and, so, came this extraordinary event. To the room which we have engaged in the Marlborough

early where we find the Gleasons. We wait a long time before the procession starts. The day began with a violent rain. The storm subsides gradually from down-pour to drizzle, from drizzle to dampness, from dampness to dullness: and then suddenly lightens into brilliant sunshine. Below us, the streets are tightly packed with people; a great deal of crape, in which you occasionally get a glint of purple, or of the color some child is wearing. The crowd applauds the sun when it appears. Aeroplanes begin to circle over our heads.

Finally we hear the sound of music and the procession approaches. I do not know how many nations passed or in what order. But --- with that fine sense of courtesy which distinguishes the French --- they put the Belgians first and themselves last. After the Belgians come the English in their khaki, the Scotch in their kilties, the Welch with the little black tabs hanging from their collars in the back, the Canadians with the maple leaves on their shoulders, the Austrailians and New Zealanders, looking like cowboys in their wide-brimmed hats; the Russians, enormous creatures in what Bill and I consider the most workman-like uniforms of the war; the Hindus exceedingly impressive in their turbans, the Turkos, the Sengalese, the French.

They march, all of them, beautifully and with an extraordinary seriousness. They march between twin roars of applause, twin cascades of flowers. It was all very impressive, all very touching. The grown people applauded generaously, the little ones clapped their hands almost off --- until the last troops --- the French --- appeared. The the scene became tragedy. The French troops had been brought

down from the trenches to march in the procession this very morning. I cannot describe their faces --- they were so beautiful, so solemn: Yet with a kind of grimness on them. They looked up at the crowds and above them at the buildings as men who said to themselves, "This is the last time I shall ever see Paris." As for the people who, massed thickly to the very curbs, applauding and cheering . . . . Suddenly all the applause and cheering stopped . . . suddenly flashed everywhere in those great black seas, the white of handkerchiefs . . .. In an instant they were all crying . . . everybody . . . we cried too --- even the men.

Sometimes there were very beautiful color effects. The contrast of the filmy, fluttery horizon blue with the khaki was very charming. And there were trumpeters who had little banners of velvet and gold fastened to their trumpets, which they whirled at intervals. When the procession ended, we stayed for a long while watching the crowd break and stream off from the Boulevard. There were three colors in it: the blue of uniforms, the purple of half-mourning, the black of deep mourning. One woman in red and three little children in yellow were the only alien bits of color I saw.

In the afternoon out to watch a procession marching to decorate the statues of Strasbourg and Lille in the Place de la Concorde. That was another moving sight. First come women in the Alsatian costume, the red petticoats and black aprons with big, black, long-streamered bows on their heads. They were followed by men and women dressed in regular street clothes. Boy-scouts, who marched

with an extraordinary effect of rhythm and virility, ended the procession.

For a ride about the city, to the Place de la Bastille, the Place de la Republic and the Place Pigalle where we have a drink. Everywhere crowds gathered about fakirs. On one of the little islands, in front of the Opera, for instance, there is, surrounded by a crowd, a strong man who breaks stones and bottles with his clenched fists; and miraculously frees himself from ropes, apparently tied stoutly about him. The most extraordinary part of the show, however, is a husky boy-baby who tosses the broken stones into a cart, rummages in his father's pocket for a cigarette and trots about with it between his lips. There is also a tired, faded daughter. Father, mother, little girl and baby all have the same fierce, untamed look. And as they gathered up the money that is thrown to them by the onlookers, they all emit the same perfuctory cry, "Merce m'dames et m'sieurs". Everywhere girls and women selling us the little medals, of paper or metal, for France's Day. Before the day is over, we buy a dozen. The paper medals are various. Some are ornamented with a ship, others with the cock of France, others with the figure of Liberty. The metal medals bear the head of Gallieni and the inscription, Jusqu 'au bout.

The crowd more gay than we have ever seen it. At half past eight to the Crillon to get Winifred Holt. To dinner at the Café de la Paix where we three dine alone. At ten, as usual, the lights out. But outside is a beautiful, pure, gold full moon in a wonderful sky. We walk to the Crillion with Miss Holt. But before parting,

we go to the Place de la Concorde and look at Strasbourg and Lille in the moonlight; Lille with the sword resting on her shoulder, the moon tangled in a tree just above.

Paris is more lovely this night than I have ever seen her; especially through the Place Vendome, which is absolutely deserted except for us. The buildings which surround it show a grave beauty: and this quality is accented by the sombre, towering monument. The night air is very soft and sweet; yet there seems to be melted into it some of the gentle, quiet gayety of the day. Every doorway is shadow-hung, sooty-dark, velvet-soft.

July 15th, Saturday.

The British have taken two and one half miles of German defense; three villages captured.

Work in the morning. In the afternoon in a taxi to Saint Cloud, a lovely, soft, hazy day. We fly through the Park for a long distance, crossing beautiful allées which end in graceful statues, or leaping jets of fountain, or placid rounds of pond. Then we come out on the terrace. There we have a very interesting experience. We come across a group of French soldiers who are being trained in the use of the soixante quinze. The attitude of the officer towards them is permeated by that sympathetic understanding which is the heart and the soul of the French system. He would give his orders and the men would carry them out very awkwardly and apparently much too slowly. Then he would gather them all about him. "Mes enfants," he would begin. And then he would josh them in the most winning way about their mistakes. They would laugh sheepishly, glance

at each other, cast down their eyes. But the next time, they would go at it like bears. I could have watched the process all the afternoon.

July 16th, Sunday.

At work during the entire morning. In the afternoon for my customary Sunday walk to the Arc and back. Stop at the Place de la Concorde to study the statues of the cities. I still think Lille, with the sword over her shoulder, the most beautiful. Buy two trench rings in a shop which exhibitis the work of the blessés.

The street scenes in a war country are terrific. We saw a pair of lovers saying goodbye the other day. It was almost terrible; it was so poignantly naked and unashamed. I took it that she was a working-girl and had only a limited time to walk with him. They parted on the sidewalk in front of the Lourvre. People passing about them must ,all, have seen the tragic episode, but it is the etiquette of this war-world to pretend not to notice. Even in the most crowded places, everybody allows grief that privacy which it demands. These two embraced closely; kissed. Then they separated. Suddenly both turned back and flew to each others arms. Again they separated and again they flew to each other's arms. Finally, as though by a terrific effort, the girl turned and sped swiftly --- almost ran away. Everywhere you see men and women walking hand in hand. It is a sight so common that you become accustomed to it. But just yesterday we saw a pair especially tragic. She wore fresh mourning.

He had apparently just returned from the front. Their hands were locked tight. Their eyes --- filled with the haze of grief --- were fixed on the distance. Both were struggling desperately for self-control. I translated the situation that she had just met him, had had to break to him the news of the death of somebody near and dear. You do not feel that these people, walking hand in hand, are always lovers. Sometimes you fell it is a reunion of husband and wife; or the clinging together of two caught in a common and terrible dread.

All the morning reading Belloc's, The First Phase of the War. Read it conscientiously looking up every position on the map. I finished the book in a high state of excitement and of complete exhaustion as though I myself had fought with the French and English. It is a beautifully lucid piece of work.

July 17th, Monday.

The papers today say that the British are still bombarding the German third line.

That deputation of English women munition workers has arrived. They are making a tour of the munition factories. This interests me very much. This is of course, the first war which has used women in such numbers, and I am of course delighted to find that governments realize that they must treat them well. Miss Sullivan comes for dictation in the morning, but I cannot seem to work these days. I have to lash myself to create. I ask her to lunch and she stays. A long talk. She has lived in France eight years, came first

as a governess. She has grown to love the French people. She tells me much about the beauty of French home life, especially in the provinces. French mothers make their homes lovely for their children --- lovely and easy. "The little boys come into the drawing-rooms with their muddy boots." French mothers read with their little daughters; memoirs generally; selected passages at that; and the little girls are never allowed to see the books themselves. They permitted Miss Sullivan, herself, to read from their libraries, but only what they thought suitable. That meant only the classic French authors. She knows no French people in Paris, except the working women with whom she comes in contact; the housekeeper at her hotel, the woman who runs the neighboring crêmeries. She finds in them such politeness, such esprit. And the letters that come back from the front! When a poilu in the trenches writes the family of the death of their son, his letter is such, she said,"that while it is being read, you feel that you ought to get down on your knees."

In the afternoon our for a walk. For dinner, Mrs. Gleason. Afterwards we two for a ride alone through the Bois. It is twilight and the Bois is beautiful. At one place we come into a narrow road where the green-coated, slim trees are so thick on either side that to ride beneath them is like a dash under sea. It is a starless twilgiht and all the pretty waters of the park are like zinc.

Many stories about that "sick and sorry house" back of the front-line Belgian trenches, in which she served for a year. Many

stories of the three other women who worked there; the generous, fiery-hearted Irish nurse, the pretty, pink-cheeked, silent, devoted-until-death Scottish girl who had run away from money, position and comfort because she must do something in the war; the pretty blonde English girl whose courage was of the kind that made officers marvel. Mrs. Gleason said that the Germans tried to bomb the King of the Belgians all the time. Once when the royal couple was out riding, they nearly got them ^ shells fell on all sides of them. The Queen is very democratic. She called twice at the "sick and sorry house." They were out the first time the Queen came and the physician who accompaned her, said to the maid, "Tell your mistress that her Majesty called." She told of one experience when she was actually arrested by the Germans. She rode into a little Belgian town to get some blessés. Suddenly their Flemish driver stopped and advised her not to go on. She did not understand what he said and ordered him to keep on. They turned a corner --- and a group of Uhlans presented their guns to the auto. Of course they stopped and she was so afraid that their driver might inadvertently get them into trouble that she kept him talking all the time. At one point, looking up suddenly, she saw her husband being marched across the Palace with a revolver at his head. Suddenly --- how or when neither she nor her companion saw --- a signal was passed to the Uhlans to let them go. "At this," she said, their driver, who has his hand on the wheel all the time, "certainly went." She said the most thrilling experience of all perhaps was once coming on the Belgians in ambush in a little town. There would be a group in this allée

and another in that; in doorways, in windows; around the corners of barns; behind the haymow. They pointed out to her where the German forces were. The most terrible experience, she says, is to enter a town, from which all the inhabitants have fled; the doors and windows sealed. And once she met the refugees coming out from such a town. That, she said, was a sight that could not be described. Positively everything that is movable is on the move. She said she was a fool for luck. Once, just by chance, she came across the King of Belgium and the President of France with all their bodyguard about them; another time the King of Belgium and the King of England.

July 18th, Tuesday.

The papers say today that, after ten days fighting, Ovillers has been taken, that the Russians have captured 13,000 prisoners and 30 guns, that the Kaiser is in Picardy where 500,000 men are massed against the British, that the German papers are beginning to break the real situation to the German people. Writing all day and out for a walk as usual in the afternoon. In the evening, Marice and Gardner come. Read them two chapters from The Lady of Kingdoms --- they very kind and understanding and appreciative. Mrs. Gleason sends me a very beautiful bunch of flowers, loot from her early, marketing experience: little, papery-feeling daisies, like everlasting, with big yellow centers and silvery stalks; big, hard, thirstly-green things; tall, slim, purple cones.

July 19th, Wednesday.

Work all the morning as usual. Walk for a long time in the after-

noon and for a long way, back of two wounded officers, watching poilus salute as they pass. Explore the Palais Royale for the first time alone. Then through the Rue de Rivoli through the Rue de Castiglione and the Rue de la Paix to the American Express where I find many letters.

The papers seem to indicate that there is a lull in the great English offensive. Perhaps it is one of those periods when everything has to wait while the artillery is brought up. Apparently though the Germans have counter-attacked. That counter-attack began at half past five Tuesday evening. The Daily Mail says, Ground lost but mostly regained. Verdun has not quieted yet by any means. There was a big artillery duel in the Fleury region last night.

July 20th, Thursday.

Home quietly all day not feeling very well. Out for my usual walk in the afternoon. Alone all the evening. Bill returns late. In the meantime, has come a letter from the Maison de la Presse, giving me a trip through the Marne country as far north as Chateau Thierry.

July 21st, Friday.

A full day. First early in the morning to call on the Gleasons to find out who is going on the Marne trip. Arthur Gleason is too busy to accompany us, but Mrs. Gleason will go. Uncertain whether G. A. will go at all. From there around to the photgrapher's for

passport pictures. We meet the Coreys. Mrs. Corey is as immaculately fresh and shining as ever. From there to the American Express. Lunch at the same table with the Harrises. Long talk about the war. In the afternoon to the Maison de la Presse where I find Mrs. Gleason. We receive our permissions to enter the war zone.

July 24th, Monday.

We have just returned from our three days in the Marne country. It has been a wonderful experience. And in a sense a revivifying one. For we were really happy the blythe July morning on which we started --- Mrs. Arthur Gleason, Bill and myself --- as happy perhaps as we had been since we came to France. The French Government had at last granted us a trip; not to the front as we had begged, not even into the war-area. It was a little better than that; for we were going into that country of the Marne, through which, in their great drive towards Paris, the Germans advanced in the September of the first year of the war. They had swept into the country like a great wave of fire, crashed across and then, stopped by a miracle of the French military genius, had turned back. We were going to see what two years had done to efface the sorrow and ruin in their wake. The trip meant very little to Mrs. Gleason. For one whole year, she, with two other women, had taken care of the Belgian wounded, just back of the Belgian trenches. She had seen sights and undergone risks that few women of her generation have experienced. It meant very little to Bill. At the beginning of the war he had

been caught by the Germans in Belgium, made prisoner. Since then, he had visited the British, Italian and French fronts. Five times he had driven through that little town in the north of France whose name was still making a whole world vibrate with horror and admiration --- Verdun. But to me, this trip meant a good deal. I had been three months in France and two in Italy and although I had seen much of the hideous wreckage of war --- thousands of crêpe-clad women, men armless or legless, blind, disfigured --- I had not seen war itself. Yet there, war had been for three months, almost at our door, a brief motor trip from Paris. And I wanted to see it. I hate war but I wanted to see it. Now I was going to see not real war, but the next thing to it --- that awful shadow which it leaves behind.

We were jubilant as we sat there in the train-compartment. For after the heroic sadness of Paris, to get into the country, whatever the conditions, seemed a little like a holiday. The passes which the Maison de la Presse had given us bore, besides our photographs and much descriptive data, the permission to go for three days to Meaux and Chateau-Thierry. That permission was iron-clamped. We could not start one day earlier than the first date. We could not stay one hour later than the second. We had submitted to all the tiresome demands which for even the most tiny journey --- and rightfully of course --- France demands of aliens. When we bought our tickets, an officer had examined both our passports and our passes. Before we got into our compartment, they were inspected

again. And here we sat waiting, longing for the train to start.

One shadow lay across me. I told the others about it. Just before I left the hotel in Paris, one of the chambermaids had come to me for help. Her brother, who had been stationed somewhere near Verdun, had disappeared. They had not heard from him for over a month. She seemed to believe that, as Americans, we were all-powerful. Would we find out the truth for her? She had a second brother at the front. But they knew exactly what had become of him --- he would never come back. Of course I told her that we would do everything we could. But in my heart I knew there was not one chance in a thousand that we could get any definite news and not one in ten thousand that it would be good news. The best we could find would be that he was a prisoner in Germany; the worst that he was rotting on the barbed wire somewhere in No Man's Land.

We talked this incident over, Mrs. Gleason and myself, and we agreed that just to collect the statistics in dead and wounded, of the servants in any hotel in France, big or little, would release a heart-breaking story. Suffering has touched them all, not in one form but in many. There was the elevator-man in our hotel, for instance. He had come back from the front, minus a leg. But he wore on the breast of his brand-new, hotel uniform, the Croix de Guerre and the Medaille Militaire. He was a short, strongly-built, dark fellow, clean-cut and clean-skinned; handsome; with a kind of serious innocence in his look. He had quite recovered from his operation; the warm red under the warm white of his clean skin and

the sparkle between his thick black lashes showed that. But there was something wrong with the artificial leg --- he moved with difficulty. It seems to be a convention of the Paris hotels that, as you leave the elevator, the elevator-man must swing the heavy door open, walk out ahead and stand in front of it while you pass. We could not endure the sight of the effort with which our elevator man did this; and even less could we endure his standing obsequiously there with the Croix de guerre and the Medaille Militaire hung on his breast. So we asked him not to do it any more for us. We got to know him. Gradually it came out that the little, slender, piquante French girl, who sat at the desk on our floor, was his wife. She was all in black of course --- the majority of Frenchwomen wear black in these times --- and one day she told us that she had just lost a brother. The tears welled up in her deep eyes, as she spoke, and her voice began to gasp with suppressed sobs. She showed us a letter that her brother's widow had written her from somewhere near the line. "When will this hideous nightmare end?" it asked. Bill says that dozens of women have asked him that same question in those same words.

In the meantime, the train started. And presently Paris was sliding away from us. We talked about it for a while. And then we returned to the war. Nobody over here talks about anything else of course. Sometimes from sheer horror and despair and from the ennui that comes from ignorant, fatuous hopes and more ignorant, fatuous conjecture, you say to yourself, "I will not mention the

war again today." But if you do say that, you are, yourself, the first to return to the subject. Mrs. Gleason and Bill swapped experiences.

Mrs. Gleason was, in many ways, a typical American girl. She was tall and slender with a boy-like litheness of figure, a boy-like strength and activity. She had very blue, straight-glancing eyes and a huge basket of hair that was gold and flaxen and red and brown, all at once. She might have stepped straight off the cover of an American magazine, except that there was something about her which magazine-cover girls do not have --- an air of gravity under her ready laughter, an air of being equal to any occasion. She wore a very simple, trim, short-skirted light suit; tall slim boots; a little hat that could not cover the huge mass of her varicolored hair. Hanging over one shoulder was what looked like a dispatch-bag, a musette. In her button-hole was a blue fleck; a bit of ribbon edged with black that told a secret. In that year, in which she had served back of the front-line Belgian trenches, she had braved cold, privation and shell-fire. The King of the Belgians had decorated her for that. This was the secret the bit of blue ribbon revealed. Mrs. Gleason had never told me. Others had.

We stopped first at Meaux, about an hour from Paris. Here we gave up our tickets. Our passes and papers, were examined. And here, although we were a good three hours from the trenches and in what superficially seemed the most unwarlike of busy French towns,

the military guard at the station stopped Bill and told him that he could not take the camera, which hung over his shoulder, into the town. He must report at the Hotel de Ville and leave it there. At the Hotel de Ville, to which we went post-haste, Bill remonstrated, announcing that he had been four times to the front and had always been permitted to carry a camera. But in that case, it was pointed out to him, an escorting officer always accompanied him. Now he was without escort. Cameras were not allowed. All this with the inflexible civility of the war-Frenchman. Bill left his camera at the City Hall.

To see the wrecked country of the Marne, we had been told, it was necessary to get a horse and carriage. There was no choice. We were further informed, as to the only place where we should get that horse and carriage. The livery business in Meaux is in the hands of a trust. My feminist soul took a wicked delight in the fact that the trust, whom we presently interviewed, turned out to be a woman, young, comely, competent, typically French in her sartorial trimness and her business-like capacity. A carriage with one horse appeared at her order, and off we started. For a little distance, we went through Meaux; a town presenting that piquant combination --- so common to the continent, so puzzling and so charming to the American eye --- of a bustling, thriving modern atmosphere set against a background so old that, warping it to the mean uses of trade, seems fairly criminal.

On the bridge which crosses the Marne for instance --- literally on it, and in fact clinging to it --- are three beautiful mills of

ancient half-timbered construction and an overhanging, gabled architecture, all beautifully crooked and colored by time. Old as these mills were, their great wheels still churned the water. I say that Meaux was thriving and bustling. So it was. And yet everywhere were crêpe-clad women and black-clad children; all the usual evidence of a whole world in grief. It subdued our sense of holiday for a while --- that resurgence of crêpe --- and we stopped talking. But as we left the town and drew deeper and deeper into the sunny green country, the black war cloud fell from our spirits, the sense of holiday returned. We talked much and all together. We did not sing as holiday-makers on real holidays invariably do. But we laughed a great deal --- and it was the first real laughter we had known in months. Perhaps it was the first real laughter our cocher had heard in time even longer. He liked it --- that was apparent. He kept twisting about in his seat to smile his sympathy. Perhaps he hoped we would translate our rude English jargon into his own fluent, liquid French. Sometimes we attempted to do that; and always he appeared politely to understand. "We are trying to forget the war," we said once after a burst of laughter. "Bon!" he applauded explosively. He was a middle-aged country-man, with a bold beaked, profile, jutting from under his tall, shiny hat, that made him a cross between Punch and Uncle Sam. He had the complexion of the French countryside which looks as though it might have been done, by a sign-painter, on leather and than fitted so closely to the skull that the lines of the bony structure show through. He confided to

us that he was Jules and the horse Joseph.

It was a day of brilliant sun. And that sun was doing its best for the most tenderly beautiful, the most poignantly pathetic country I have ever seen. France has, in extreme, the domesticated air --- that look of home which, to some degree, most European countries carry to American observation; the result doubtless of the fact that ragged unkempt stretches of land rarely appear and wild, unredeemed country, never. Everything has been cultivated and tended with loving care. It is all the work of man now. But France, in addition, shows an extraordinary richness. It seems all open country. Yet it is not flat like so much of England, where, with a pretty monotony, hedgebound, tree-starred meadow succeeds gorse-bound, tree-sown field. The green plain, on either side of our French road, was flanked often by rolling green distances; or it tilted suddenly upwards to green heights very high; or it sloped swiftly downward to green depths very low. And yet there was an effect of rush about the country, of something akin to that instant emotional quality in the French nature. Ever, too, the distance was marked by lines of the frail, slim, nervous-looking French trees, so different from the moveless, stately trees of England and the brisk, virile trees of America. Pollarded willows, Normandy poplars, elms --- these latter with great bunches of mistletoe in their branches --- they recurred again and again. Always, too, always, always, there were poppies.

"How beautiful those poppies are!" Mrs. Gleason exclaimed again

and again, "I have never seen anything like them --- for color."

"Wait till you see the golden poppies of California," answered, always, the two Californiacs of the party.

The color of fresh blood in the shade, the poppies were, when the sun struck them, more like rounds of cherry light than any tangible substance. Lines of them marched along the roadside; armies of them massed in the distance. The fields appeared, thicker and deeper-colored, huge circular patches or winding rivers of poppy bloom that seemed the one, lakes, and the other, rivers of blood. We come to golden wheat fields dotted with poppies, to golden-wheat fields, carpeted with poppies, to golden wheat fields, but, no, these had become crimson poppy fields. And when this happened we knew that all the young men were dead or at the front, that the oldsters and the women and the boys could no longer contend with the invaders. The poppies had won. Bachelor buttons, the French bluet, made, at straggling intervals, a massed, blue charge on that scarlet army. And sometimes another wildflower, of a vivid yellow, added its gorgeousness to the futurist welter. Overhead, out of a sky of a clamant blue, the sun poured melted gold onto all this. But the blood color prevailed. Skylarks sang constantly. And yet back of that piercing music, lay everywhere a great silence; an ineffable quiet . . . remoteness.

Yes, I thought, we have really left war behind. This is the country. We have come into beauty and sweetness and serenity and peace. We have come to --- and just then, Jules turned.

"The grave of the first French soldier who died in the battle of the Marne," he announced solemnly.

Close to the road but all alone in a big field, a white cross lifted from the poppies. Near it stood a tin cockade, painted with the French tricolor. Soon another grave appeared * * * and another * * * and another * * * two here * * * several there * * * a small colony yonder. And now they were everywhere, dozens of them almost scraping our carriage wheels, scores of them melting with the distance.

"The white crosses are French graves," explained Jules, "the black, Germans."

At first they seemed all white. But presently sinister black crosses began to show among the poppies; a single one in a group of red-white-and-blue cockades, groups of them, lines of them, files of them; black crosses everywhere.

We stopped first at the little graveyard at Chambray which tells one of the great stories of the war. It turned out to be the graveyard of which Catherine Duer told me at the hospital at Riz-Oranges. It is almost unbearable, that place. It fills you with a terrific restlessness. It is hard to stay there. You think of Thermopolae. You think of the Alamo. You think of all the great forlorn hopes of world-history. It is perhaps an acre in size --- the graveyard at Chambray. It is surrounded by a wall, man-high and thick, very thick; the kind of wall that we never see in America. And here a little body of French were left with orders to hold the on-coming German horde at any price. They knocked holes for shooting through

the thick walls and then they stationed themselves about all four sides, standing pretty close I fancy, and waited. Oh yes, while they waited, they thought of one last thing to do and that was to scratch their names on the wall above where they stood. They knew no one of them would ever get out alive and this would help in identification. None of them did get out alive. The Germans brought their artillery to bear. The French dropped and lay dead under their scratched names. But they stopped temporarily the rush of their enemy. Now they lie buried where they fell.

Still driving between white crosses and black, we came to the covered artillery trenches that the English and French --- working together --- made in that far-away time, two years ago. We walked through them. They were as carefully fashioned as if there had been all the time in the world; they were now as clean as though they had been on exhibition as long as the Coliseum. The walls were all beautifully wattled. The doorway and window-openings were all perfectly framed. At intervals appeared shelves and boxes, made to hold, we knew not what. They were long and except when an opening [redacted] or door appeared, pitch dark. But in Indian file, we walked, or stumbled from one end to the other, Bill first, Mrs. Gleason next and [redacted] last. There was something eerie about it. All around us, the country had been silent and deserted, sad, desolate; these semi-sunken tunnels seemed the very core of that grave-ridden, haunted land. Involuntarily our voices lowered, then stopped altogether.

Suddenly in the triangle of light which marked the end-opening ahead

--- florid leather skin, snapping black eyes, shiny tall hat brilliantly varnished by the sun --- appeared Jules; appeared as magically as though exorcised; for we thought we had left him behind. We all jumped, even Bill. We admitted afterwards that we thought him the ghost of a dead German. Having interred us, so to speak at the beginning of the trenches, he had driven on ahead and had met us in this uncanny fashion.

After this, it was evident that we were approaching populated country. We began to pass people on the road. All those interesting and picturesque "notes" that artists and authors have made, so typical of the French countryside, began with amusing regularity to manifest themselves. The curé in his long, black robe, his flat hat, his simple, benign old French face; a woman tending a flock of sheep and knitting busily as she walked; women driving along or in pairs in the big-wheeled, high-swung French carts; women walking --- flat-footed, black-slippered, blue-aproned, white-capped peasant women, their faces high-colored, bright-eyed, deeply-lined; little French boys with bare knees and black frocks; little French girls with long, slim legs and thick, hanging hair; all looking as though they had walked off the pages of Boutet de Monvel; here a figure or a pair or a trio or a group, working in the field, sometimes an old man, sometimes a boy, more often women; women everywhere; a few men but all middle-aged or old; and, oh yes, once a young man, freshly handsome, the sun making an electric sparkle of his blue eyes and a shining radiance of his olive skin. But he rode a horse and wore an officer's uniform. And always back of them, graves * * *

white crosses and black * * * red-white-and blue cockades * * * beaded funeral wreaths. And always poppies charging those graves.

Two hours north of us is a long slit in the earth that runs from Switzerland to the sea. And from both sides of that slit, men shoot leaden death into each other's vitals; or blow poison death into each other's lungs. It is, in winter, a hell of which the minor horrors are cold, hunger, wet, vermin, rats; the major horrors, hideous wounds and bloody death. It is in summer all these things except that heat takes the place of cold. That is so instant and so urgent that this Marne country, whose tragedy was two years ago, seems to have passed into the peace of the grave. It might be Gettysburg. It might be Waterloo. It might be Bunker Hill. Peace! Calm! Serenity!

"In Belgium," Mrs. Gleason was telling Bill, "you have no idea how careless the people near the lines have become in regard to unexploded shells. Once a group of little boys lifted a trap door and showed me a huge shell that had gone through a house and dropped into the cellar without going off. Of course the slightest movement might explode it, but nobody bothered about it."

"It is curious," Bill agreed, "how the people, up near the line in France, have accustomed themselves to the risks of war. The Germans are always bombarding Nancy with a big gun. It is a whale of a gun three hundred and eighty millimetres, between sixteen and seventeen inches. The people in Nancy call it Fafner and the noise it makes, Zan-Zan. It is twenty miles from Nancy and it takes a

shell just a minute and a half to make that twenty miles. There is a French guard, in an observation-post, up close to the line, whose business it is to report to Nancy when Fafner goes off. The flash comes before the explosion, you see. And when he gets that flash, he telephones Nancy instantly. His message generally hits Nancy an instant or two ahead of the gun and the siren, which warns the town, sometimes breaks before the explosion. When Fafner reaches Nancy, the building it strikes melts to a dust heap. Yet the people continue to stay."

"Have you ever noticed the kind of scream a defective shell makes?" asked Mrs. Gleason.

We were approaching Vareddes. Jules advised us to lunch there. He assured us he knew exactly the place for us, the place where, without doubt, we should obtain the best luncheon in all France. Among ourselves, we agreed that it must be a sister or a cousin or an aunt, to whom he was taking us, and we hoped it was. Anyway we left everything to him and so informed him. And we were very glad of our trust. For presently we drew up in front of the White Horse, a little simple, very humble, French inn, flush with the street, running up to a peak on the outside; low-studded, primitively-plain on the inside. Madame, a little stout, energetic French woman, her hair pulled straight back from a face that was quite filled by the brisk sparkle of big black eyes, consulted us with great particularity in regard to food and wine. We told her that we left everything to her. And again we were glad of our trust. We ate, in a

little compartment off the main room, one of those luncheons that are the commonest miracle of the French countryside; fresh country eggs, delicious steak, delicately cooked vegetables, an ennobling wine --- and all of an incredible cheapness. Madame served the food and, for all we know, cooked it. When we asked her about her experiences at the battle, she exploded at once into a flood of French from which it took our combined efforts to extract the narrative. The Germans were not long in Vareddes. Madame showed us the big room which had been filled with German wounded. She took us outside and showed us the unexploded German seventy-seven millimetre shell which was still lodged in her roof. Her bright eyes sparkled with a fierce intensity, when she referred to the wounded, and with a child-like pride, as one in the possession of a big treasure, when she pointed to the shell.

"Have they taken the explosives out?" Bill asked. "I do not know," she answered. "But it is very dangerous," Bill said. She shrugged her shoulders as one who cannot cope with fate. "In case your house ever catches fire," I warned her, "run as fast as you can <u>run</u>."

After lunch we explored the town. And now everywhere we saw another harvest of war --- a harvest almost as grim as that line of graves --- houses specked with bullet-holes; broken windows, crushed-in,second storeys; the battered, dusty ruins left by shells; the gaunt iron skeletons left by fire. And everywhere quiet. Not that this, except for its young manhood, was a deserted town. But it was as though everybody stayed indoors by choice, or as though

the whole place had fallen into a stunned coma. Occasionally a face peered at us from a window, a form appeared at a door. Babies, tumbling across the pavements, stopped to look, or the quietly-playing children paused to stare. Otherwise it was like a land of the dead; cleanly-kept, beautiful with flower-gardens, but a land on which some tremendous shock had laid paralysis. From Vareddes, all that afternoon, it was a succession of such towns; gentle little villages, the very nest of economy, thrift, industry, all those simple, old-time, old-world virtues. Yet on each that paralysis had laid its blighting silence and stillness. We rode between files of bullet-holes. We saw broken domesticity in every form. With monotonous regularity came homes, broken or burned to the ground, and still bleeding at all the wounds of their family life. At Barcy, we inspected a church. It was one of those churches of which there are thousands in France; not particularly distinguished, in comparison with the scores which contain great art-treasures, but simple and quaint, with that appealing beauty, that antiquity alone can give, and so saturated with personal memories, so packed with association, so closely linked with the growth of the town, that to destroy it seems as wanton as to blot out history itself. It was destroyed though, quite destroyed. It lay a mass of broken pillars and shattered woodwork, a plaster Joan of Arc fixing the scene with the melancholy appraisal of eyes which looked on no worse atrocity than this, and in the midst of it, just as it had dropped from the tower, except for the hole in its side, the beautiful old bronze bell that had been the voice of the village for one

could not guess how many centuries. It accented all this ruin that, in a wooden enclosure leading out of it, the young girl, who showed us the church, was holding a little summer school. A score of the serious, well-behaved little French children were lisping their A- B- C's in the shadow of that destruction.

We returned to Meaux late that afternoon. Should we stay the night there or go to Chateau-Thierry in the morning, or should we go to Chateau-Thierry at once had been a question that, without coming to any conclusion, we had discussed mildly at intervals all the afternoon. Having parted with our competent Jules and his trustable Joseph, we seemed to have severed our last tie with Meaux. We decided to go to Chateau-Thierry. We caught an early evening train and rode through a twilight-haunted, soft green country an hour nearer that bloody gash which stretches from Belfort to Dunkirk. Meaux, which is a fairly large town, had seemed normally active. Chateau-Thierry, which is much smaller, sparkled with an electric aliveness. That was because it was filled with soldiers; we got that in the ride from the station. The poilu covered the foreground with horizon-blue splashes; he dotted the back-ground with horizon-blue points. He talked on the street-corners in horizon-blue bunches. He lounged on the bridges in horizon-blue groups. When finally we got to the Swan, Chateau-Thierry's single tiny hotel, we counted ourselves lucky to get rooms, so choked was it with horizon-blue officers. War brings a few compensations. And one is that sleepy little town, close to the great ditch, has sprung suddenly into a brilliant, red-blooded activity. I suppose the children, who are growing up in

Chateau-Thierry today, will tell their children and their grandchildren of those stirring days in the Great War when the town swarmed with soldiery. We were too exhausted, after a long day in the hot sun, to take more than a brief walk. And we returned from that even more dog-tired. I myself do not seem to remember any transition stages between the pretty, grey, horizon-blue-smeared villages and the deep, dreamless sleep which filled that long night. The next day was Sunday. When Bill went to the local livery-stable to get a carriage, he was appalled to find that there was not one to be had in the entire village. Of course, we women pointed out, the instant he told us, that with a village full of pretty French girls and soldiers home on permission, it was not likely on Sunday that a carriage could be had for the mere asking. Not quite convinced though, we went from one place to another, hither and yon. Everywhere the story was the same. The case seemed hopeless until Bill had the happy thought of offering twice the uaual price. Then, as though by magic, it was discovered that a horse could be obtained. Not for an hour though.

While we waited we walked through Chateau-Thierry. It is a charming little town of course. All French towns are charming. And this one runs across two rivers --- the storied Marne and the equally storied [redacted] Aisne It leaps up suddenly at one side to a height, on which a beautiful, old, walled-and-towered chateau has become a public park, and [redacted] slowly on the other side, flattens out to the level of the lovely country with which it finally merges. In one square, we came

across a statue of La Fontaine. I read him in English when I was a little girl and in French when I was a big one. Before the war I could not have rested until I had been inside that house. But now how remote La Fontaine seemed! Instead we stepped into the Cathedral. Mass was going on. We saw there one of the congregations that you see everywhere in France and that, I hope, I shall never see anywhere again as long as I live --- women, women, women, and all in black; young girls in black; little children in black; a few old men in black. And scattered about amongst this blackness, giving it its only color, soldiers in blue. Here, of course there were more soldiers than usual. They were in fact everywhere, sitting or kneeling or standing --- for the Cathedral was crowded --- in reverent attitudes. The service went on and on. Somehow it seemed to me typical of these troubled times --- in which always, whatever the scene, a sense of world-confusion distracts the mind --- that the village idiot, sitting under guard, near the door, mouthed and mumbled through all the beauty of the music and all the intensity of the prayer.

After a while we strolled back to the hotel. Seated outside while we waited for the carriage, we watched the succession of pleasant incidents that --- stop a moment where you will --- are sure to enliven the French scene. I cite two.

From one doorway, and without any warning appeared a big dog and a small cat who proceeded in the middle of the street to indulge in a friendly wrestling-bout, rolling over and over. And while still

we gazed --- and it was exactly like an illustration of Old Mother Hubbard --- there emerged from another doorway a dog, even bigger, who carried, hooked by its handle to his jaw, a market-basket. We whistled and called to him, but he was, like most French dogs, serious-minded and dutiful. He paid no attention to our appeals and presently when his mistress appeared --- a brisk, middle-aged French-woman --- he fell staidly in behind and followed with the basket on the mysterious quest to which she had summoned him.

Our cocher arrived not more than a half an hour late but with the usual voluble series of excuses. We told him that we would like to see what the Germans had done to the town, itself, and afterwards as many of the neighboring villages as possible. We showed him our passes. He studied them with an expression of impenetrable impassivity. We started off with a flourish. He took us first, driving through the usual lines of bullet-slashed houses, to a big estate on the outskirts of the town. There he said, stood a chateau. We alighted and walked up a curving road and stood looking about us --- charmed. On three sides all was beauty. In front green fields, peppered with poppies, sloped down to the grey-walled, red-roofed town; beyond bubbled green hills. On our left lay a garden thick with vivid French blooms. At one side ran one of the lovely French allées which put wonder and mystery into the formal garden architecture of France; two straight lines of big old trees, their trunks sheathed with moss like green velvet, their branches soaring,

meeting, intermingling; a vista of hazy atmosphere, punctuated by one lichen-covered statue, opening, at the end, on an arch of blue sky.

But where was the chateau? We soon found it.

Back of us lay a monstrous ruin of fallen stone and crumbling mortar, of ragged iron and melted metal, of broken china and shattered glass. As we stood staring, the chatelaine emerged from a smaller house beyond and joined us. Very simply she told the story of the destruction of her home; told it with the absence of rancor which is one phase of the grim determination that, on invasion, turned the French to people of iron. She said that the destruction of the chateau was probably justified by the rules of war. It was too good an observation station. She was even moderate on the subject of her stolen silver. "Soldiers will loot," she said. But the deliberate smashing of china and glass, the burning of venerable family treasure seemed to her unnecessary. We expressed, as best we could, our own sense of outrage. But our indignation seemed futile in face of so thoroughbred a calmness. We tried to show our sympathy by patting the dog who accompanied her. He was an Airedale, so old that he was sick, who wriggled with delight when we petted him, although it was quite evident that every wriggle hurt.

We returned to the carriage and settled ourselves for a long ride, such as the one that had taken the better part of our day in Meaux, a ride in which we should spin from one charming little French village to another delightful little French town until we

were surfeited. But the instant we reached the boundary of the town, we plumped into difficulties. A sentry stopped us, demanded our papers. He looked them over and said we could not go on. We asked him why; and he said that our passes stipulated only Chateau-Thierry. But, so, we pointed out, they had stipulated only Meaux. Yet we had gone everywhere. That argument had no effect; he only shook his head and turned us back. We drove rapidly to the other end of the town. Another sentry stopped us, demanded our papers. He studied them and announced that we could go no further. Again we remonstrated and with the same results. We drove in still another direction to another limit of the town. For a third time, a sentry stopped us. For the third time came the same dialogue. For the third time, we were turned back. Always, our cocher added his impassioned Gallic appeals to our colorless Anglo-Saxon requests. Of course the fact that he had realized from the beginning that he would get no further than the boundaries of the town affected no diminution of his eloquence. He assured the sentries that he had known us all our lives; he had known our parents before us. Few were of a temper so heroic, or of a loyalty so magnificent. It would have melted the heart of anybody but a fellow Frenchman. The horrid truth began to dawn on us. Chateau-Thierry was an hour nearer the front than Meaux. Precaution increses in a mounting ratio as one nears the line. We could go anywhere we wanted within Chateau-Thierry, but we could not leave it except to go straight back to Meaux or Paris. Finally we gave up all effort to beat the

sentries and submitted to the tourist-trip about the town which our resourceful cocher finally suggested. We were glad that we made that decision, for it took us through woods as wild as any we had ever seen in this tamed country. And once, our cocher stopped and indicated with his whip a thread of path that led from the road, with the accent of one who would show us something. That something assailed our ears presently in the shape of a delicate, rippling trickle. It was a tiny waterfall, slung between over-arching tree branches and almost smothered in moss. We decided when we looked at it that we were farthest yet from the war.

"Tell me," I said to Mrs. Gleason, when we returned to the carriage, "how did they decorate you --- I mean what is that kind of ceremony like?"

Mrs. Gleason answered directly and simply as I knew she would.

"It took place where I have always thought I would like to be married," she said, "by the sea." We were drawn up in two long lines, I was the only woman, the rest were soldiers. The King himself pinned on the decoration. And afterwards he managed to talk with each of us."

I felt a little like Nigger Jim in Huckleberry Finn who said, "What do a king git?" when I asked, "What was the king like?"

Very blonde, very handsome, tall and soldierly," she answered --- "and shy. The color crept up under his skin, when we talked, in almost a girlish way. I was awfully embarrassed, myself, until I realized how frightened he was."

"What is the decoration like?" I went on, "I wish you'd show it to me someday."

For answer her hand went up to her neck and she tugged at a narrow ribbon there. Appeared presently on the end of the ribbon a little chamois bag. From the bag she drew --- it was really very beautiful --- a glittering square cross, silver set with dark enamel, pendant to a broad blue and black ribbon which matched the fleck in her buttonhole.

"Do you ever wear it?" I asked.

"No," she said, "but I always carry it here." And the cross went back into the little chamois bag.

Our drive within the tiny limits of Chateau-Thierry soon ended. We went for a walk in the big, old chateau that topped the heights of the town. Very little was left of the chateau itself, except some old dungeons which Mrs. Gleason and Bill zealously explored. But there was a mediaeval gate-tower, massively simple and grim; walls so thick and moss-covered that they might have seen the Tower of Babel. What those walls enclosed had been turned into a pleasure park for the people. At one end was a circular meadow like a fairy ring, the lush grass was shot by the rich sunlight to a beryl-like greenness where two snow-white goats wandered at will. It was surrounded by trees that dropped a curtain of green-black obscurity about it. Here people sat and talked in groups; or sweethearted in pairs; or walked or meditated alone. The other end of the Park was fitted up with tables and seats with simple out-

door games. That Sunday, it was filled with soldiers and soldiers' wives and soldiers' children. It presented a series of pictures of the poilu-at-play, the engaging child-like gentleness of which makes the fierce, fighting power of the poilu-at-war seem something we dream. At the little chalet, which offered post-cards, dozens of poilus were making an intensely-interested selection. At the tables, groups were drinking beer. In the centre, they were playing [redacted] games, such as bean-bag, and frog's mouth, that, in America, we leave to children; playing them with a zest which kept exploding into laughter and frenzied Gallic exclamative. All this went on upon a flat, grassy height which fell steeply down to the red-and-grey village, which in turn spilled from level to level, and then spread across the silver planes of two rivers until it flattened completely.

We left Chateau-Thierry that afternoon. We spent the night at hospitable Meaux, in one of those beautiful old French hotels which grow about a court-yard. We might have been the only people there, it was so quiet. And, indeed, I think there were few others. I had that feeling that always comes, when I consider the miraculous way in which the French still minister to comfort, that there could be really no war going on "up there." But in the morning, I was awakened by a familiar metallic hum. I ran to the window. Far up in the sky, a bird of war was dashing into the distance on heaven knows what mysterious errand.

After breakfast, we had recourse to Madame of the Trust. Handsome,

neat, plain of costume and elaborate of coiffeur, capable, efficient, business-like, a smile of recognition softening her official manner, she again procured for us the competent Jules and his trustable Joseph. "Where did we wish to go?" asked Jules. "Anywhere," we answered, "provided he would take us to the home of that American lady who entertained a battle in her front-yard." "Bon!" said Jules and we set off.

Soon we reached the countryside. And again came the extraordinary procession; fields, and fields and fields of harvest, gold-tinted and purple-shaded; poppies everywhere, lining the roadside, spotting, dotting the meadows, flowing in huge rivers into the fields and spreading there into enormous lakes, as though all the blood --- which, two years ago the earth had so greedily sucked up --- were emerging in the form of scarlet floods, tiny rivers, flanked appeared with flags, lined with sedges and so packed with lily-pads that the sun found the water only in a copper-brown flutter here and there. Again occurred all those picturesque and highly pleasing little incidents of the French road. Women going to harvest or coming from it, carrying wearisomely too-heavy tools; tiny, velvety overburdened donkeys; little donkey-carts holding marketing pairs; a housewife with a huge bracelet of bread on her arm; big feather-footed horses wearing loosely-knitted, summer earlaps; a great wagon loaded with rude crockery, stopping at every house; a face here and there at the window, looking with a meagre curiosity on the rare phenomenon of three tourists.

"There goes the Minister of War," Jules remarked with enigmatic

sarcasm every time a donkey passed us, whereupon we took it that Jules was a Royalist.

I cannot say how many little villages we dashed through in that long day. I retain only a composite picture of soft old loveliness, cruelly hacked and battered; the leaning façades of the old streets speckled with bullet holes and gashed here and there by bombarded ruin; of graveyards everywhere crowded with new graves alternating with fields where white crosses and black reared their opposing connotations; of gardens, still cared-for, in which dahlias massed barbarous color discords, and fuchsias, growing like vines against the wall, positively rained earring-shaped blossoms of vivid purple and crimson; of old grey garden-walls and old, gray barn-walls displaying the green tracery of espaliered fruit.

Once I remember, we came to a river where fifty feet below, a bridge broke jaggedly away from the bank. The French had blown it up to keep the Germans from using it. As we stood looking at the sliding green water, Jules told us that there was an automobile with eight Germans in it at the bottom of the river. "They came along here," he went on smiling sleekly his enjoyment of the incident, "at night. They didn't know that the bridge was gone and they were going at top speed. So over they went and there they stay! Voila!"

I had a sudden picture of it all --- one of the awful visions of war --- those eight German officers speeding along, confident of victory and discussing what the morning would bring forth. And then suddenly . . . in the midst of a word . . . that frightful plunge through mid-air . . . the struggle . . . short and fierce

and congested in that tiny box . . . the quick, no slow, watery suffocation.

Sometime in the middle of the afternoon we came to Huiry-sur-Marne where lives the lady who entertained a battle in her front yard. All America must by this time, know Mildred Aldrich's experience and her book, A Hilltop on the Marne. She left Paris three months before the war, hoping to find peace and quiet for her work in this lovely little French village. And then the war broke out, The battle of the Marne occurred, part of the engagement was fought on the plain on to which her hill-top looks.

Unfortunately Miss Aldrich was not at home when we arrived. She had gone to Paris for a while; or rather she had received permission ot go. It is as hard for the people in the war-zone to get out, as for the people outside to get in. But Amelia, her maid, and Dick, her dog, received us with every evidence of cordiality. Dick mutely entreated us to throw sticks for him, and for a few minutes, we kept him busy --- happily pursuing, joyously seizing, and ecstatically returning them.

"Voila son bonheur!" Amelia explained of Dick. And for that remark alone, Bill averred, he could marry Amelia. Amelia took us front to the lawn which overlooked the battle-ground, all laid out as clearly as a military map, as though for Miss Aldrich's benefit. She took us back to the garden where, to our amazement, we came on a huge bank of Californian poppies dimming the very sunlight with the brilliancy of their cups.

"There!" we two Californiacs exclaimed simultaneously to Mrs.

Gleason. "Have you ever seen anything like <u>that</u>?"

Amelia insisted finally on our going into the house to rest. But it was impossible to rest in Miss Aldrich's livingroom. There were too many books and pictures that you must examine because they whisked you everywhere at once. Me particularly, they whisked to that Boston of my girlhood where I first heard the name, Mildred Aldrich. Fancy finding in this tiny, remote war-walled French village autographed pictures of Mrs. Fiske, of Julia Marlowe; the Julia Marlowe of the slim days of that historic debut in Boston when --- looking the fourteen years of Juliet and not one day more --- she took the town by storm. There were also pictures of Sothern and even --- every old Bostonian will know how I felt when I saw them --- two pictures of Annie Clarke — the leading-woman in the Boston Museum Company.

All the afternoon, Jules had been hinting at a mysterious place to which he must take us; a place where, he averred, there were many singing artistes. "Singing artistes!" We discussed the term among ourselves. Where could there be any "singing artistes" in these days when all the cafés and even the domestic pianos of Paris are dumb. We gave it up. Presently Jules stopped. "The chateau of the singing artistes!" he announced with satisfaction. Now all through the Marne region, we had been seeing chateaux. Beautiful all of them and of varying degrees of antiquity. Some presented, to our scrutiny, dead faces, set in silence, as though life would never again brighten them; sombre old <u>allées</u>, mute too, as though foot would never again touch them. Others, turned into hospitals, offered a glimpse of the <u>blessé</u> uniform; a sick, white face

peering, lack-lustre, from a window; a row of beds in the shadow of the lawn. But this place was not old. It was quite new and modern. Neither was it a hospital. It was apparently an institution of some kind. A few old faces surveyed us from its windows.

A woman came forward to meet us. She was no longer quite young and no longer quite pretty. But she had the eternal charm of the French woman and she was making a brave fight against time by the use --- very delicately but quite generally applied to hair, cheeks, eyes, lips --- of cosmetics. For an instant that make-up came as a kind of shock there in the deep country and especially in contrast with the hard, leathery peasant skins, touched often with a thick apple-bloom, that we had been constantly seeing. But in another instant it became only an additional evidence of French gallantry. Her words explained the anomaly of the "singing artistes."

¶The place was a home for old actors. ¶She took us about.

We explored the grounds which lay back of the chateau; beautiful grounds too in which pretty rustic paths meandered at will over a little brook and through woods that had been conserved but not tamed. We came first to a charming little open-air theatre, done in the Greek style. Our guide said that there had been many performances there and some notable ones. Great actors, even Bernhardt, had come from Paris to take part in them. There had been none for a long time now. The paint of the little theatre was beginning to fade; the floor was covered with pine-needles. She asked us the familiar question, "When will this awful nightmare be over?" And

we gave her the familiar answer, "We do not know."

Coming back from the theatre, we started to turn into the little path which led to the Home. "But no!" our guide exclaimed, "there is something else!" The "something else" proved to be the grave of Coquelin. Coquelin had been very much interested in this home for actors. He had had a room there which they show now. He had, himself, chosen the spot where he wished to be buried. It is a beautiful spot. Mottled light and shade all about him; beyond the tempered wildness of the French woods; and on the monument these lines of Rostand's:

"Qu'il dorme dans ce beau jardin
Ses vieux [comediens] le gardent."

Coquelin! What memories that name summoned of that happy time before the whole world fell into the maw of war. I had seen him but three times. But those three times were good ones, you'll admit --- Cyrano de Bergerac, L'Aiglon and Camille with Sarah Bernhardt in the cast.

After this, there was nothing else to do but to go back to Meaux and then to Paris. So we returned to the carriage and drove back through the poppies and the graves.

"I think I'm going to write something about this, "I said. "I would like to call it Poppies in the Wheat.

"I think that would be a dandy title," approved Mrs. Gleason, "why don't you?"

"Because, " I answered, "just after Katharine Gerould --- she was Katharine Fullerton then --- came out of Radcliffe, she won a

prize from an American magazine by a story which she called Poppies in the Wheat. It was very thoughtless of Katharine to use that title when, later, I was going to need it so much." Then I grew reminiscent, "The Spanish War came when I was in college. I was strong for that war. I had a very different idea of war then; a confused picture of mediaeval color, plus modern battle machinery --- glossy chargers holding generals in gold buttons and lace --- sabres --- flapping red-white-and-blue, starred banners --- handsome young soldiers, their faces fired with an unalterable resolve --- great masses of infantry making geometric deep-blue squares on green plains --- thrilling cavalry-dashes, with swords waving, across open country --- gigantic plumes of battle-smoke --- then ultimately victory for my country --- and almost everybody coming back alive to a frenzied reception by fellow-country men. I remember once in college at a luncheon, a table-full of us debated over the Spanish war so long that we had to cut two afternoon hours of lectures. Maud Wood Park --- Maud Wood then --- was the only one who denounced it. She said that we were not justified in going to war in that case. The rest of us thought it took very little excuse to justify anything so picturesquely beautiful as war. One of us, Beulah Dix, wrote book after book and play after play, in which the war of Cavalier and Roundhead wove a scarlet warp of action through a golden woof of heroism. And somehow the war of those days seems picturesque as we look at it from these days. Beulah's last play was about modern war. And it was not

pretty."

"No," said Bill, "war is not pretty. But if you have a country like this and a nation starts to walk over you and to 'reduce you to vassalage' --- I believe that is the German term for it --- what are you going to do? I've seen this war on pretty nearly the whole Western Front now and nothing I have observed indicated to me that France either started it or wanted it. It all began in the foolish patriotism and superman ideas of a certain group in Prussia. France did not want the war. England did not want the war. Germany did --- or the controlling party did. And she proceeded to invade peaceful territory. What in that case are you going to do?"

The station was crowded with people; soldiers mainly returning to the front; broken-hearted families saying goodbye. Two faces I remember. One, a very young poilu, was carrying a puppy and as we stopped to pat his pet, the fresh boyish face crinkled with smiles. The other was much older, alone. He stood over his kit, slumped into an attitude of complete apathy, his eyes on the distance --- fixed. If ever I saw a weary and saddened face, that was it. I wondered what those eyes were seeing. A tiny grey-stone house with a scrap of market-garden, shouldering a patch of flower-garden; in the doorway a weeping woman in black and at her skirts, a child of two or three who might grow up fathered or . . . .

Three officers sat in our compartment. One was young and very handsome. He had a skin as white and delicate as a girl's, eye-

lashes as long and silky as a child's. Yet there was a Gallic air of gallantry and sophistication about him. Two years ago, you would have thought of him as a flaneur or a boulevardier. Now he wore the Legion of Honor and the Cross of War with two palms and a silver star. The star meant that, for heroism, his name had been read once before a corp; those palms that it had been read twice before the whole army.

That night when we reached our hotel in Paris, the elevator-man who wore the Cross of War and the Military Medal on his breast, greeted us with his usual bright-eyed cordiality. Then suddenly his face sobered. "Ah monsieur and madame," he said, "we all feel very sad tonight. The cashier downstairs has just received word that his oldest son is dead at Verdun. And it is only two months ago that he lost his younger son at Arras. C'est une chose penible, n'est-ce pas?

We agreed that it was a dreadful thing.

July 25th, Tuesday.

And now to England. Bill, having received a tip to get there as soon as possible, if he is going at all. If there is to be another intensive submarine campaign, it will begin soon. Racing about all the morning, getting mail and more passport pictures. To Winnafred Holt's dinner at the Crillon. Present among the dozen, the Ambassador, his daughter, the Minister of Public Works and his wife. Mrs. B., who sits on one side, tells me of the studied gayety of Berlin. Everybody is apparently spending money like water.

Officers, who look as though they put on a new uniform every day, flood the **town.** Mrs. C. shows me the most beautiful carved trench-ring I have ever seen. She tells me the story of a noble young Italian, a reduced gentleman, who emigrated to America. He returned finally to Italy "because America had not the thing he came for."

July 26th, 27th, Wednesday and Thursday.

Two hurried and driving days. First on Wednesday to the Prefet where, on Bill's showing a letter from the Maison de la Presse recommending that he be facilitated in his effort to get to England, the Prefet cuts short the customary eight days of waiting. From there to the American Consul, Mr. Prestley, where we get our passports visé. From there, we go to the English Consul. He of course sits in an inner office. The outer office is filled with other travellers waiting their turn to be admitted to him. It is all done very systematically. They give us a ticket with a number (177) and we wait in the outer office for an hour and a half before we are admitted to the inner one. There a tall, robust, shiny person, who looks like John Barry, asks us to sit down ---omitting the please. He asks Bill if he has a letter from a business house calling him to England. Bill answers no. The Englishman says that that will be necessary. Bill explains that it will take him three weeks to get such a letter from the Saturday Evening Post. The Englishman explains that such a letter will do him no good; that it must come from a business house in London. We leave and Bill immediately cables Hoover asking for such a letter from the Committee for Relief in

Belgium.

Dinner at home that night with A. Arno and Elsie Dosch and J. Hopper and his wife; she a pretty dark girl from San Francisco. Mrs. Harris comes later to have coffee with us. As a pleasant relief from the war, we talk about dreams, ghosts and rattlesnakes. Discuss the Freudian theory of dreams, that they are inhibited desires. Everybody says that he has seen color in his dreams which is contrary to one Freudian law. Hear again Elsie's extraordinary story of her headless ghost and the dream of her mother's cannibalistic orgies. Bill describes his mother's recurrent dream.

Bill met C. J. in Paris today. He says the Somme advance was designed primarily to keep the Germans engaged while the Russians cleaned up Austria. Early Thursday morning Bill obtains a letter from the English correspondent of the Times recommending to the English Consul that Bill be permitted to go to England. We go again to the office of the English Consul. The letter is addressed to Major L. who turns out to be the tall, robust, shiny person, looking like John Barry whom we met yesterday. Bill presents the letter to him. He reads it. Then we hear him telephoning about us. "I don't know anything about him," we hear him say. Then he returns to us. "As far as I can see, you have no excuse whatever to go to England," he charges Bill truculently. "On the contrary," Bill goes at him in the same spirit, "I have the best excuse in the world." He makes a detailed explanation. In the end the Major vises us. To Marice in the evening. Much confused and distorted talk on the war.

July 28th, Friday.

Packing all day. Dinner in the evening in the Rue Souflet at that restaurant where, during my first visit to the Quarter in 1908, used to sit a handsome but tragically sad young man, listening to the music of the girl orchestra. Dine with the Dosches and the Hoppers. Home through my last night of velvety Parisian darkness.

July 29th, Saturday.

The final packing in the morning. Out in a simmering heat first to call on the Watsons to leave a copy of Phoebe and Ernest then to the Hotel Westminister to say goodbye to W.C. --- whom we meet just coming out. The Marquise and Dr. Stragnell to luncheon. Dr. Stragnell worked in connection with the Red Cross, early in the war in Austria. He says that Austria is so much in Germany's power that she is virtually helpless. All her banks and railroads are in the hands of Germans. The Austrian visé is not good in Austria. The Turkish visé is not good in Turkey. In both countries you must have the German visé. The Harrises join us for coffee. Julian Harris gives me a piece of glass from Rheims.

The train leaves about five. Just as we go out, we run into the girl in the vestiare. She tells me that she has received a notification from the Spanish Embassy that they are looking up her brother's case. I leave the whole matter in the Harris's hands. Never shall I forget the look in that poor girl's face --- how it seemed to sharpen to a point --- when I told her that we had been to the Spanish Embassy to see about her brother. In farewell I give her, in addition

to her pourboire, the little carved wood German soldier and the carved wood goose that I got in Lyons for her child - le petit. Finally in the hotel bus for the last time over l'Avenue de l'Opera. Now that we are leaving, the crowds there seem almost gay. I look with all my eyes at every poilu we pass.

A long, hot ride through Normandy. Beautiful country, though not, it seems to me, so beautiful as the trip to Lyons or the trip to Meaux and Chateau-Thierry. Long stretches of green country, sparse with poppies; rivers; little half-timbered towns. One dazzling moment, outside Rouen, when Bill points out the Cathedral to me. Surely that is an ideal spot for a city; the island where two rivers meet. Bill tells me how, last year, just on a venture, he took the train to Rouen and how he was arrested the instant he got off the train, held there at the station until the next train for Paris came and then put aboard. Rouen is one of the most tightly-sealed towns in France.

Presently we arrive at Havre. Off the train and into a carriage. We fly through the riverside section of a strange seaboard town. The windows and doors of the houses are full of people who flock to see this nightly file of travelers; for, to one boatload a day, have the French and English shorn that great mass of people who used to skim from country to country. As we came away from Paris, the horizon blue of the French poilu gradually faded out of the landscape and the khaki brown of the English Tommy took its place. Here, it is as though we were in an English city.

We anticipate all kinds of trouble because the last time Bill

left England, he was --- because of his Battle of Ypres story, which Lord Northcliffe printed --- on the black list. But no trouble comes. We file past a line of officials and are showing passports here and there, on demand. And one charmingly-spoken, charmingly-mannered man holds a little parley with us, commiserating us pleasantly on the difficulties of travel. Afterwards Bill told me he suspects this delightful person to be one of the accent experts with which these ports are always manned; people trained to detect the last lingering breath of a German accent. The letter to Lieutenant T. which someone gave Bill did yeoman service in jumping us ahead. In an instant, we are aboard the boat and aboard with a great sense of tranquility. No trouble whatever with our baggage which is passed almost without examination. The long English --- or is it still the French? --- twilight has just begun. We sit upstairs for a while. There is aboard a motley crowd of Tommies, officers, naval men and one big, good fellow of a woman; an indiscriminate rout of travelers. All about me, I see people making preparations to sit up in their clothes --- because of the danger of submarines --- all night long. But after a while, I indoors and to bed. Read Tarkington's <u>The Turmoil</u> for a while. Presently a steward comes into the state-room and places an iron disk over the porthole. Thus, hermetically sealed, I fall asleep before we start, and we sail until ---

July 30th, Sunday.

Bill wakes me about seven. We have breakfast below and then, watch the approach to Southampton. We pass mainly hospital ships,

more and more and more of them, painted white with huge red crosses, looking very cool and quiet in the morning light. Presently the ship stops and I step for the second time in my life on the soil of England; step there with a sense of thrill which no other country can give me. We are herded into a big room under charge of some capable Tommies and then, one at a time, we pass through the ordeal of examination. In the midst of it, one of the capable Tommies takes a woman with a baby from the end of the line and places her at the head. Here again we expect trouble --- perhaps the secret chamber and the third degree --- but as before, no trouble comes. There is another conversation with another charmingly-spoken, charmingly-mannered man who, again, Bill suspects to be the accent expert; a request for our passports and for the pink slips which we have made out on the boat; a cursory exaimination of one of our trunks and then, very much surprised, almost stunned in fact, we are sitting in a Sabbath silence and quiet in a first class compartment, waiting to move on to London.

The tain does not go on schedule and we sit there for an hour, looking out into the sunny quiet, watching files of middies on their way somewhere --- to church, Bill conjectures --- bisecting a scene that is like the scene of every railroad station that I have known on two continents.

After a while, there is a faint quiver, an onward impulse, the train moves. We smile joyously at each other; for now, really and truly, we are on our way to London town.

It is a pretty trip; not so beautiful, I think, as my first trip, eight years ago from Folkstone. The country is not very different from that Normandy country, across the Channel, which we have just left. Everywhere are lovely English meadows, squared off with hedges; beautiful, sturdy English trees, very different from the frail, thin, nervous-looking trees of France; little, thatched cottages, exactly like the tiny cottages in my Japanese village; great fields of grain, sometimes with a blood-red dotting of poppies. At every station, English soldiers. War, war --- everywhere war! Once a fine picture, just a glimpse it was; and strangely alien in that quiet Vicar of Wakefield landscape. A road sunk below the level of the track and running off from it at right angles; a long string of grey-covered vans; khaki-clad men in command; above all, a fine, pale topaz dust and, on both sides, the green country sliding rapidly away.

Presently Bill falls asleep but I sit up straight the three hours or more, looking off on the English world and thinking all those thoughts that come to an American when he gets to England. I suppose I positively <u>weltered</u> in my sentimental bath.

The towns are, for the most part, modern-looking and ugly, though occasionally a village shows a beautiful old church. Presently I begin to sense the approach to London. Soon we were at Clapham Junction which meant London was near and, soon after that, we were in the terrific maze of London itself. Waterloo Station --- and then in a bus over Waterloo Bridge to the Carlton Hotel where we get two rooms and, oh joy, a bath. We unpack partially, bathe and

change. Then downstairs into the diningroom for lunch. I suppose I shall never, in all my life, forget my sensation --- after the strange life of Paris, without color, music, dancing; the deep mourning, the absorbed invincibility, the tragic calm, the grimness and silence --- when I plunged into that English diningroom, full of women, gaily and diaphonously dressed, eating to the sound of music. It was strange. It was passing strange. Everywhere are tall, slim English girls, in pale-tinted summer gowns and delicate summer hats, not so pretty, any of them, to prevent me from remarking to Bill, "I am disappointed in the English women." And then suddenly, there enters a creamy-skinned, starry-eyed, radiant creature, so lovely, so fresh, that she is more flower than woman. An elaborate lunch but not an especially good one. Out presently for a ride and walk. First through the parks; Hyde Park, Green Park and Kensington Park. Then out to Hornton Street where we find Red House closed. I see only the beautiful, brass-trimmed red doors and the garden overflowing its limits over the wall. Then for an aimless walk.

Oh the noise and confusion and immensity of London. I get, as I have always got, not only an effect of age but of a peculiarly venerable, venerated and immemorial age. Beside it, Paris has always looked modern to me, beautiful, piquant and chic. But London has an antiquity so pervading and pervasive that not all her present-day buildings, not her look everywhere of business, not the rainbow-colored busses, puddling her streets and streaking

her vistas with color, not her windows, hoardings, church-doors, national monuments flaunting war posters, not even thousands and thousands of soldiers can take away the air that Bede left here. It is a silent city and yet a city whose voice is a roar. I can only say of it that it seems the biggest city in the world. You would only have to see one brick of it to know that. And such an impression as you get, while you whirl about from place to place, not only of its ancientness, but of its variety; glimpses of the beautiful greeny spots that the parks put into its dullness; glimpses of streets, residential in character, sending my memory back to Chestnut Street and Mount Vernon Street in Boston; glimpses of the Thames and the bridges; glimpses of old buildings like the Abbey, snow-sooted over; glimpses, above all, of the churches and the quiet graveyards near. "Little pools of ancestral sleep" Louise Imogene Guiney described them once.

Curiously enough, those churches, with their Sir Christopher Wren archieteture, their beautiful steeples, suddenly made me realize how fine is the Park Street Church in Boston.

We dine at Simpson's where I thought the cooking bad and the service execrable. Afterwards, again we walk through London. And then I saw what I have never seen before and perhaps shll never see again --- I have no hope of describing the effect it had on me --- British streets flooded with war women. I have no words either which will describe the spirit and quality of those women. Summer-clad, in the haphazard finery of the lower middleclass, or the more

perishable finery of actual poverty, they strolled about with the air of people who own the country. I wonder if English women have always been like that. Or is it a residuum of that militant rebellion which, a few years ago, fired the world. Or is it the spirit of the over-a-half-a-million of women, who in munition factories or in various other economic ways, are serving their country as definitely --- and in some cases with almost as great a danger --- as the men at the front. There was something splendid about them. Perhaps there was a suggestion of something hectic, but mainly it was splendid.

July 31st, Monday.

We went first to the police to register our arrival. Then to the Commission for Relief in Belgium, where we find that Hoover is in Berlin. On the way, a man alighting from a taxi, and presenting a charming, sensitive, very radiant, dark face in our direction, greets Bill and proves to be a member of a famous book firm. He immediately recalls that he published the English edition of Phoebe and Ernest which is news to me. After our visit to the Commission of Relief to Belgium we go over what Bill calls Bill Shakespeare's dinner-pail route. This is an excursion that we have promised each other ever since the Wallace discoveries in Harper's Monthly taught us that Shakespeare's London lodgings were on the corner of Monkwell and Silver Streets. So from the London Wall part of London, we go straight, as the homing dove, to that address. On the way, we pass a fragment of the old wall, itself, and I don't know how many

lovely old churches, including St. Olave's, in which is buried no less a personage than the delectable Pepys. Monkwell and Silver come together in a little place called Falcon Square, just such a meeting of narrow streets as one can see anywhere in the West End of Boston. On the site of what was formerly Shakespeare's lodgings is a pub. Opposite is a tiny semi-circle of graveyard with a flutter of green trees and a touch of green grass. We go in for a moment and look about. A small boy, inquisitively inflamed by this unconventional procedure, follows us in to see what we will do. Taking pity on his ignorance, I tell him, from the heights of my omniscience, that the great Shakespeare once lived across the way. "Why I've lived fourteen years in London and never knew that yet," he said in great surprise. So from there, following what must have been Shakespeare's route to his club and his theatre, we cross to Cheapside, where, between Bread and Friday Streets, stood the Mermaid Tavern. And then, over London Bridge, to Southwark Cathedral where, if he went at all, he might have attended church, to the region in which lay his theatre --- The Globe.

Southwark Cathedral is intensely interesting. In Shakespeare's day, it was set apart for actors. Shakespeare's brother, Edmund, who died at twenty-seven, lies buried there. Also Massinger, Beaumont (or Fletcher I've forgotten which) and others of the Elizabethan dramatist group. Gower also. It is so old that there are parts which actually go back to Saxon times and a few fragments of pavement, broken amphorae and the like, which have come down from Roman times.

In one corner of the transept was a pile of wooden ceiling ornaments. They were carved primitively with distorted faces; warnings against lying and gluttony. There was a beautiful, old oaken chest, much inlaid, like a miniature castle. On Gower's grave was a colored, wooden effigy. There were Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan tombs, kneeling figures, strangely-habited. And for the special interest of Americans was a window, given by Choate, in honor of John Harvard, of which the beautiful stained glass was the work of John La Farge.

For dinner, we go, as all good Americans must, to the Chesshire Cheese where we eat pigeon pie and toasted cheese at a long table in a room full of Anzacs. It is an interesting old place with wainscoting of a rich, golden brown; old furniture; old prints; narrow stairways; a kitchen with an old, old stove. There hangs above Dr. Johnson's chair, Dr. Johnson's portrait. I don't think anybody really knows whether Dr. Johnson actually sat in this chair or actually dined at this place. But if he did not, he missed a delightful experience. In the evening to the Savoy for dinner. Very gay. Pretty girls in pretty gowns. Music. A friend of Bill's joins us, invites Bill to go with him to view the Canadians, Friday and Saturday, at Sandgate. We talk war of course. He is a little discouraged. He has managed to decipher the censored portion of a letter from an officer friend at the Somme. His friend says that the English offensive is stopped up for this year. A fine type of American face --- clear-eyed, straight-looking --- and the type of American personality --- straight-speaking and quick-speaking ---

which so often goes with it.

We walk home to the Carlton through a night even more velvety dark than the Paris nights; and much more filled with shooting terrors in the way of busses and taxis. But back and beyond these, back and beyond the hundreds of soldiers walking with women, looms the invincible strength of London. For somehow London gives me an impression, the like of which I have got from but one other city in my experience --- Chicago: a sense of a great, grim terrible substantiality, of a great, grim terrible activity. Beside London, New York seems unsubstantial, transient; Paris a play world. Power! Terrific power. Bulk! Enormous bulk. That is London. And yet with it a kind of softness. When I go to my quiet rooms at the Carlton, the city roars in the distance. No other city has such a roar. Yet it has a wonderful quietude too. It emanates --- that quiet --- from old buildings like those two old churches sailing up the Strand; from Westminster, Whitehall and the rest. All the time I have been here, a line from Browning has been running in my head --- I can never remember poetry . . . . Yet I think it is,

"Where the quiet end of evening smiles,
Mile on mile."

There is something about the soft tones of dusk here, something melting and melted, as though summer fused with night; a twilight in which the sky and the river --- and especially the immemorial qualities --- come out from the places, to which day has vanished them, and take on their proper values. I am thrilled to something

deeper than tears at the sight of this mighty nation at war, by all the signs of a death's grip struggle about me. But somewhere even deeper, there thrills another thing --- ah, much deeper; a sense of ancestry singing in my veins. To me, too, inevitably, with my passion for Shakespeare, comes the sense that I am treading the soil that Shakespeare trod. On London Bridge, for instance, I stopped to look at the Tower in the distance. I felt as though I were gazing on history, alive and vivid, flaunting her bloodshed and her agonies. I have tingled ever since I landed on English soil. I have not stopped tingling yet. In my eyes are the pomps and panoplies, not alone of this but many wars; in my ears the ringing of many centuries.

And then the women! That's the big touch, the modern touch! Women everywhere, working at everything. This morning, as we turned into the Strand, the first sight I saw gave me such a thrill that I still quiver with it. There came toward me, in the midst of that incredible tangle of traffic, a motor-camion, as big as a house and, at the wheel, a slip of a blonde girl in a long, white smock and a big, wide, pink picture hat. I have always wanted to see women with their hands literally on the machinery of the world. And here I get it.

August 1st, Tuesday.

Married six months, this date! Another crowded day. We realize that, in order to write, we must find bigger quarters. Our two rooms here at the Carlton, are so littered with the many things of its English furnishings and so choked with our luggage, that it is

fairly distracting. So out early and first to the Hyde Park Hotel where we find beautiful rooms but a little too expensive. Then to the C. R. B. where Bill gets the address of his Pooh Bah friend, Billy Goode; telephones and finds him in bed. He recommends the Artillery Mansions, Victoria Street. We go there immediately and find that we can hire, cheaper than at any place we have yet discovered, a furnished apartment; two bedrooms, a livingroom and bath, with service. We can eat all our meals, or none of them, in our rooms or at the Mansion's table, just as we please; an elastic arrangement which is perfectly suited to our fly-about needs.

Bill goes to luncheon with Billy Goode, and I lunch alone at the Carlton. About four, Bill returns, very jocund from many cocktails. We pack and move to the Artilliery Mansions. I unpack carefully. We have dinner, in our room, served by a little Swiss waiter, named Jules; our first dinner en famille since our marriage. Afterwards, in the soft dusk, for a pretty walk past the Parliament Buildings and onto Westminster Bridge. There we loiter while the soft, twilight-encompassed sunset dies in the sky and the muddy Thames becomes a mere shadow, silver-shot, satiny-smooth. We quote Wordsworth's "Dear God the very houses seem to sleep," and Spencer's "Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song." Then home through the gathering dusk and to bed. The papers today say that six German zeppelins, which were wandering aimlessly over England last night, were driven away.

I don't like "wandering aimlessly". I [redacted] think the Germans never do anything "aimlessly".

August 2nd, Wednesday.

More zeppelins.

And they're hanging Roger Casement in the morning.

Writing much in the forenoon, constantly interrupting myself to arrange and re-arrange things in the apartment. Out, in the middle of it all, to the Police in the Hotel Carlton District, to tell them that we are moving. There is an amusing group there ahead of us, waiting for alien registration, a fat Jew herding four damosels who, quite obviously, are of the street. We wonder about him and his trade. From there to the Savoy Hotel to lunch where we meet, first, S. S. McClure, who protests that he is not, as the papers hint, being deported; F. E., a former San Franciscan and a great friend of M. T.'s --- tall, slender, very handsome, with beautiful caressing manners. Later comes his wife; an American, tall with a pinky-white, freckly skin, Irish grey eyes and Irish black hair; very handsome and deep-voiced. With them a woman friend, also from San Francisco. We have almost a happy talk, much of it about California. And then inevitably, we run into tragedy. Arthur Collins appears and I meet him for the first time. His boy disappeared early in the battle of Flanders. They have not heard a word from him since. Of course they are waiting, tearfully hopeful for the end of the war. And of course ---

After dinner, we go to the bank where we learn that the code word

will not augment Bill's bank account, that we must wait for the slow course of the mails. However with his account, my American Express checks, a check coming from Land and Water we are, financially, perfectly safe. From there to C. B. But before going upstairs, talk with a friend of Bill's in his office. He tells us that the article in Land and Water by Boyd Cable on the American correspondents, over which we have been so indignant, has made a great deal of trouble for its author. The American correspondents immediately complained to the Ministry. From there, the complaint went to the War Office and Boyd Cable was not only officially rebuked but enjoined from writing for a while. In fact the affair ended by its being made very difficult for officers to send writing copy out.

Bill collects his check from Land and Water. Then around to C. and Company where I meet Mr. M. and Mr. K. The former is white-haired, palely florid, very regular and handsome. The latter is dark, irregular, luminous, winning. They seem enthusiastic about another book from Bill. Mr. M. tries to make us believe, in the long discussion that follows, that the English army is as democratic as the French. We suspect that it is more democratic than the American army, but certainly not as democratic as the French. Just as we suspect the American army is almost as democratic as the German.

As we go out of this office, we see, framed, a list of the men in the establishment who have responded to the call for volunteers. From here, Bill goes to the Daily Mail office. I go home for a nap. The five days of excessive heat, plus the tremendous activity, the constant spiritual vibration, resulting from being in England, cul-

minates in a sleep as deep as the Bottomless Pit. After a while, the door opens. Not Bill's voice answers my sleepy inquiry, but a boy with a card. I tell him to leave the card on the table and tell the caller that I'll send for her immediately. It is Mrs. Herbert Hoover. I dress in the green-and-orange negligée, (which) Heloise gave me. Mrs. Hoover comes up to the rooms presently; a tall, slender woman; fine-faced and sweet-faced; very simple, direct and sincere. I like her immediately and I like her a lot. She invites us to dinner at eight at the Albermarle Club. I accept and dress, and wait for Bill to appear. Six o'clock goes by and, half past six, seven, half past seven and finally Bill breezes in, full of news and gossip, effects a lightening change into evening clothes and off we start in a taxi. The Albermarle is situated in a little narrow street full of clubs and hotels. A sign on the door says that the club is closed but that certain members will be received at such a club and certain others at another. We decide of course that there is nothing left for us to do but to wait there. In the few minutes that we wait, taxis keep flying by, filled with beautiful women in beautiful evening dresses; bare-headed, but with elaborate and colorful evening wraps. How strange it seems after Paris! Finally accompanied by a Miss M., Mrs. Hoover arrives, looking very lovely in a black and white evening gown; a huge, unset aqua marine suspended from a fine chain of silver and pearls, at her neck. She explains to us --- and oh how deliciously typical of the English this is --- that the club is performing its summer feat of housekeeping. Every club

in London does this annually. Annually, the members must exist clubless, or go to other clubs which offer them exchange hospitality. What a roar would go up in America, if any club started this system.

Mrs. Hoover decides to take us to the Ritz. We have a delicious dinner in a charming diningroom, oval in shape like the Ritz in New York; iced cantalope, iced soup, chicken, claret cup, and finally ices. Then for coffee in the coffee-room. Later out by taxi to Red House where we talk in the garden for an hour or more. We sit under a mulberry tree, and gaze across the lawn, to where stands a file of plane-trees, tall, slender, frail. Against the sky, they looked like eucalyptus trees and they make me very very homesick for my beloved California. It needed but that crescent moon, which I always connect with California, to complete my nostalgia. Red House is an ancient house. Its spacious garden is even more surprising in London than the gardens I saw in Paris. That is because, I suppose, London seems such a city. It is the quintessence of cities. Mrs. Hoover told us that she had to sign a promise, in her lease of Red House, not to let her cows loiter in the lane near the street. Miss M. showed me a copy of my letter to the Olders which had been printed in the Bulletin.

Home through the pale midnight; through a London that seemed, back of her veil of darkness, to be rustling with history.

August 3rd, Thursday.

Working part of the morning. Just before lunch to the Police Station of our district this time (and it turns out romantically

enough to be Scotland Yard) to announce that we have moved. In all these dealings, the police are very courteous. It is really a most interesting experience. As we come out, we see an announcement that Sir Roger Casement has been hanged. Later we find that the notice is placarded all over London. From there to the American Express where, as yet, there is no mail. Then to the Savoy where we meet C., an American and a member of the Players' Club. His son, who enlisted in the English Army, has been at a first-aid dressing-station for over a month with lacerated knees. C. is very worried about it and shows it, pulling every wire to get over to France to see him. We meet several of Bill's newspaper friends. Lunch at the Savoy. Then I have my hair shampooed, by the inevitable Swiss; then home for a nap.

To dinner with Billy Goode in his house on Westbourne Gardens. A long ride in a taxi through the sweet English twilight, passing many lovely old houses that manage somehow to exude such a sense of intimacy. There were present eight at dinner; Mrs. Hoover and an M. P. from Plymouth among them. A pretty, quaint house, which Mr. Goode says is about eighty years old. Mrs. Hoover says that in her opinion Germany can last another year, or another two years, if the harvest is good; Germany is in the position now, as far as food is concerned, of eating into her capital.

In the midst of dinner, the M.P. is called to the House by a division. The incident made me feel as though I were living temporarily in a Mrs. Humphrey Ward novel. Ride home through the parks; a long ride and an indescribably beautiful one. A faint glimmer of

water here and there; and under the trees, soft splashes of smeared light thrown onto the grass by the hooded lamps.

August 4th, Friday.

Indoors all the morning writing. In the afternoon Bill off to an engagement and I for a long walk alone. First, however, we two go to the Abbey. There is about to be a service on this, the second anniversary of the opening of the war, and we have but a few minutes to look about before it begins. We, therefore, join one of the guided parties. Like any other great show place in the allied countries, the Abbey is full of sandbags. The tombs of Elizabeth, the first great feminist, (and of Mary, Queen of Scots, at no time a feminist,) are buried in sand-bags. The coronation chair has been removed and a duplicate put in its place. The Scone stone has disappeared. Last of all, we visit the wax figures, which, as always, fascinate and appal me. As usual, I stand spellbound before the image of Queen Elizabeth. I am convinced that it is the best portrait extant. I always have the feeling that it is her dead, stark staring body before me. Also I like very much the Charles the Second.

From there I walk alone down the Thames Embankment, past three bridges, into a little park where I see the old watergate of York House; a beautiful bit of grey, carved-stone mediaevalism, the two lions on its top, worn to mere mounds of stone. I come across a memorial, erected by the women of England, to Fawcett, the great blind man and the father of that Phillipa Fawcett whose exploits in higher mathematics were the wonder of my girlhood. It happens

that I have just been reading the life of Fawcett, so that this interests me particularly. Further along, I find a statue to John Stuart Mills, that other defender of women. Also a charming memorial to Sir Arthur Sullivan. I cross the street and look at Cleopatra's Needle; a much-booted sister to a pinky needle in the Place de la Concorde; another pinky needle in Central Park and numberless pinky needles in Rome. There are beautiful bronze sphynxes beside it, over which boys are playing. Thousands of other playing boys have polished the claws to a brassy brightness. Near here, one can take a boat and visit a captured German submarine, anchored in the Thames. Somehow I get a great thrill out of this. When I see the boat putting off, crowded with people, I feel as though it were the time of Pepys who --- had this German submarine been captured in his day --- would have been the first to see it. In the gardens, all along the way, are tall English flowers, slender and graceful --- much like English women. I pass Somerset House which gives me two thrills; one for its beauty, one for its power. In this respect, it is a little like the Vatican. Baedecker says that it has thirty-five hundred windows. Through the Temple, where I find that Brick Court, in which Oliver Goldsmith lived; through Fleet Street, up the Strand. Standing in the midst of the grounds, shamelessly conning my Baedecker, I work out from the map of White-hal Street which is Whitehall, the Banqueting Hall and the Treasury. I wonder if I shall ever be able to pass Whitehall without a sense of thrill. I wonder if I shall ever accustom myself to the extra-

ordinary picturesqueness of St. Clement Danes and St. Mary in the Strand. I wonder if I can ever pass the Abbey --- and as it is within three minutes walk of the Artilliery Mansions, I shall be passing it all the time --- without a sense of bisecting history. I hope not. I stop for a minute in St. Martin's in the Field. Within, it disappoints me; it seems modern. But there is a christening going on which takes my attention entirely away from the church. There is a crêpe-draped mother and a crêpe-draped attendant --- godmother, I suppose.

In the evening, we to see Fishpingle; a rather inadequate, conventionally-graceful English play of a passé period. Charmingly staged and beautifully acted, especially in the case of Henry Ainley as Fishpingle, and Marion Terry as --- I've forgotten what. It is preceeded by an exceedingly entertaining curtain raiser, Elegant Edward. I hear the orchestra play God Save the King for the first time in my life. Walk home. I cannot walk home too often through the firefly-like lights of the late English evening.

The Mail today carries this picturesque item: "The Thetford Town Council has appointed the fifteen-year-old daughter of the town crier to fullfil the duties of the office during her father's absence serving with the colors."

The papers are full of a discussion as to whether or not women should be permitted to lead services in church. The Bishop of London, in his Diocesan Magazine, sanctions women leading services in church, "provided they only speak to women and girls, with the permission in each case of the Bishop and the incumbent, and that

they do not speak from the pulpit, lectern or chancel steps." The Archbishop of Canterbury has decided that it is "a matter for each bishop to deal with in his own diocese." All the time, too, there is suffrage agitation.

August 5th, Saturday.

At work all the morning. In the afternoon out with Bill for a long Baedecker raid on London. First to St. Bartholomew the Great in Smithfield. With the exception of the chapel in the Tower, this is the oldest church in London. And it looks it. It thrills me even more than Southwark Cathedral. When Bill was here four years ago, it was built around and over and into by falling-to-pieces, half-timbered Tudor houses; the effect of course of a wonderful picturesqueness. The inside shows plainly the marks of the fringe-factory which filled one end of the church and of the blacksmith shop which filled another. Now it is completely restored and with, I should say, the maximum of taste and reverence. It is a wonderful place. I don't know what moved me most; the rough old walls or the fragilely-delicate oriel window, through which the prior used to watch divine service; or the beautiful simple Lady Chapel and the strange tombs. Of course we find the war here; the tomb of Rahere, the founder, which is the jewel of the place, is mounded with sand bags. Through an old gate, one enters a court which contains a grave-yard. I noticed one stone sacred to the memory of Mr. John Jones. Above that entrance was a tiny house, half-timbered, with enchanting

casement windows. Bill had no remembrance of seeing this when he came before. He wondered if it could be old. But the woodwork was undoubtedly old and it was held together by the enormous wooden pegs of antiquity. Inside, the rector seeing us moving about, kindly guided us from spot to spot. He told us that this lovely house-above-the-gate which so puzzled us, had been found recently. It had always been covered with tiles. A zeppelin raid loosened some of the tiles and, on investigating, they found the old structure beneath. He saw that we were interested in everything; and, so, he took us through Cloth Fair which he said was the oldest street in London. There are a few, old, overhanging Tudor houses, ending in the surprise and delight of Dick Whittington's Inn. It looked, Dick Whittington's Inn, older than anything we have yet seen; a strange dome-shaped house with remnants of wooden decorations, beautifully carved and colored. It was closed but the rector said that, inside, the ceiling went up to a dome too. Not, as he carefully explained, that he frequented this public house, but that he had seen it through the window.

As we passed down Cloth Fair, a group of women bowed to the rector, and, for the first time in my life, I saw the bobbing curtsy which I have seen so many times on the stage. For a moment, these houses in England seemed a hundred years older than houses of the same age in America.

An historic neighborhood surrounded the church; Smithfield where martyrs were burned at the stake and where Bartholomew Fair, the

Bartholomew Fair of my favorite Ben Jonson, used to be held. The exact spot, Bill's friend told him, was not known until recent excavations brought charred bones to light. Now a tablet points out the approximate area. The Charterhouse School --- its memories, curiously enough, more strong of Colonel Newcombe than any real boy inmate --- was near. We gazed with interest on what little we could see from the outside, grey and mediaeval-looking. Across the square was the famous St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the oldest in London. In the centre of all this was a kind of village green, on which three girls were playing very feminine, haphazard tennis and a young man fed records into a sturdy victrola. To my great delight it screeched Pinafore for a long time. The whole neighborhood was very quiet; Saturday afternoon, summer and war.

From there to St. John's Lane to see St. John's Gate, a beautiful mediaeval gate, incredibly engaged in crossing this modern street. This is a typical case of the surprises that await one in these ancient countries. It was almost as unbelievable as the Watergate to York House. A picture of St. John's Gate used to head the old Gentleman's Magazine --- Bill remembered reading it in the Sutro Library in San Francisco. From there to St. John's church, which I would have liked to enter because there are graves of the Booth family in the churchyard, but it is closed. Also to St. Sepulchre, near Newgate, which I would have liked to visit because of the graves of Captain John Smith and Roger Ascham. But that, too, is closed. So finally to Ely Chapel, St. Etheldreda's, where a witty and artic-

ulate Irish woman takes us about. The history of this church shows perfectly what can happen to old churches in England. Very old, Catholic at first, then Episcopalian, it fell finally into the hands of some Welch Protestants. In the meantime, a brewery had located in the crypt. Our Irish guide quoted a witty tourist, "Spirit above and spirit below, the spirit of love and the spirit of woe." Finally it came up for sale. The Catholics got it, owing to a misunderstanding on the part of the Welch agent, who believed that the Catholic agent was a Welch bidder. The Catholics got it for less than the freehold price. The next day the Welch offered the Catholics five thousand pounds more than that price, but were refused. "Well," the Welch agent said, "I am sure that you will take better care of it than we would."

It is a beautiful church. Upstairs, one whole wall, sustaining the old arched wooden roof, is of beautiful, ancient stained glass, and in the crypt are old, old wooden pillars (now reinforced with stone columns) and walls eight feet thick. Outside is a cloister with a pair of fig trees. Our guide gathers two leaves, wishing for us the luck they should bring --- two children. She tells us that her boy has been in the war two years. For a while, his wife, who received daily letters from him, lived in London. Now the wife has gone to the country and the mother no longer gets any news from her son. The joys of motherhood, it strikes me, are not always unadulterated. On the bulletin board of St. Etheldreda were printed cards which begged you to pray for the soul of this or that man, killed in

action. In St. Bartholomew's, the board also held a picture of --- oh so beautiful --- a fresh-faced English lad, killed also.

From St. Etheldreda, following our guide's directions, which take us through an alley, we go to the old Mitre Inn. And from here, down Holborn Street where, for the first time this visit, I see the beautiful Staple Inn, half-timbered, sagging and leaning. On our way home, too, I notice for the first time, that there is a hospital opposite Westminister Abbey. Soldiers in the striking, blue suits of the English war-convalescent, are sitting out in front. You meet those blue-clad convalescents everywhere; and of course, everywhere, nurses. There are here, too, as in all the war countries, war pictures in many of the windows. They are not so beautiful as the French war posters and pictures, but they are very interesting. The great war note of England to me, however, is the women. They dominate the country.

Indoors all the evening reading Shakespeare's London.

August 6th, Sunday.

Work all the morning. A long walk in the afternoon to Hyde Park, hunting for the free-speech corner. We don't find it, but we walk all over Hyde Park, Green Park and Kensington Park. We try to hire a boat on the Serpentine, but there are too many in line, ahead of us. We watch football, played by soldiers, sailors and civilians. Bill calls my attention to their wonderful kicking. The place is full of soldiers with girls, soldiers alone; also girls alone, but

quite adequately and capably alone.

On our way home, my eye alights suddenly on a girl crossing the deserted street a little ahead of us. My eye alights, but stays. There is something about her swift, free, powerful stride which instantly impresses my imagination. I call Bill's attention to her. She comes straight towards us carrying a stick; not tall, not big, not handsome, just average, but with something --- a business-like air, a capability, an assuredness --- which gives her that extra-ordinary, arresting quality. I tell Bill that I seem to see the New Woman in her.

"Do you see that band on her arm?" Bill asks. "That shows she is a munition worker."

For tea to the Savoy which we find rather deserted. We watch with great amusement a group near us, a soldier and two girls. One of the girls is so young that her hair is in a braid. She is very hoydenish, provoking all kinds of pretty struggles with the soldier. The other girl, pretty and dark, sits perfectly apathetic; bored or jealous, I could not make out which.

August 7th, Monday.

Out all morning with Bill doing errands. To the American Express, to the bank, my jeweler and finally Bill's tailor --- Mr. Gillett. While Bill gives his order to an underling, Mr. Gillett talks with me. Here occurs a bit of dialogue typically British. We speak of Paris. I comment on the great difference between Paris and London; the preponderance of mourning in Paris, the heavy, grim, tragic quiet,

compared with the music, the dancing, the surface gaiety of London. I end, "But of course the British are losing their sons just as the French are." Mr. Gillett said quietly, "Yes, I lost my oldest boy last week."

He said that his son had been in the war from the very beginning, that he had seemed to bear a charmed life. All kinds of things happned to those about him, but never to him. Then, suddenly, last week the letter came. Mr. Gillett was very quiet about it. There were no tears, scarcely a change of expression; only deep down in his eyes something sadder than tears; a lassitude; a kind of soul-sickness. He showed me a picture of his son, an officer, sitting in the midst of his men. I was struck with the melancholy of the boy's face. In his eyes was the same soul-sickness that was in his father's eyes. It was as though he had seen what he could not bear to think of. "It is a dynastic war," Mr. Gillett concluded. ¶ It was a harrowing experience.

To the Cheshire Cheese for lunch. Then home for a nap. To dinner with Paticia Cosgrave Murray in their charming apartment, an interminable taxi-ride from the Artilliery Mansions. Much talk about the war. She has been working with a society which helped to entertain the wives of Tommies. She happened to mention to one of these wives that she was an American. Mrs. Tommy remarked in great surprise, "Why I thought you were a lady!" I have a long talk with Donald Murray about invention. I seem to think that invention is a great deal like creation. He defines invention as the juxtaposition of

two alien ideas which immediately produces a third, different from both. Home by tube for the first time and a late walk through Victoria Street.

August 8th, Tuesday.

Yesterday we obtained a permission from the police to go to Stratford, for Bill wants to see what the most-touristed part of England looks like in a war. So we take a morning train first to Leamington. It is a pretty ride through miles and miles of beautiful country, as silent and deserted as France. Everywhere are great green squares of meadow, surrounded by hedgerows. And everywhere, singly or in charming groups, the sturdy trees of England. We pass no forests.

At Leamington we go to a hotel, near the station, called the Manor House. And indeed, it looks as though it might be an old manor house made over; with lawns ornamented by squares and crescents of old English flowers and with two or three old ladies sitting about reading. We hire a carriage here to ride over to Warwick. As we pay for the carriage, from over our heads comes a familiar whirring sound of an aeroplane. We watch it of course. It seems somehow, as it heads off into the clouds, more than ever like a dragon-fly. While we watch, we hear the groan and buzz of another and still another, until there are three trailing off busily into the heavens --- as though some giant hornet's nest were spilling its contents into the sidereal system. Presently the carriage comes;

a comfortable high, two-seated affair with an old Irishman on the box; and we start for Warwick.

A beautiful drive.

Our driver stops us first at an old mill, not far out of Leamington, where a little, red-brick, latticed-window dove-cote has been made into a summer place. Such a love of a house! Such a perfect Kate Greenaway picture of a place! It is scarcely bigger than the bird cage that it really is, with --- not possibly --- more than three rooms inside. And the second story so low that the slim, high-growing flowers in the thickly blooming patch of garden reach to its windows! From there, through more lovely English country until we come to Kenilworth Castle. Our driver takes us first to the back of the Castle which, he assures us, is the most beautiful view of all, especially by moonlight. It is lovely enough, heaven knows, in the full sunlight of a beautiful August day. Between us, on the road, and the castle lies a stretch of low green country which, in Elizabeth's time, was a lake. On this lake occurred those wonderful water-masques which were part of Leicester's program of entertainment for the Queen when she visited him. Above this green ex-lake hung the beautiful, massive brown ruins all broken and windowless. We drove around to the side which is the admission end. Outside, there were parties picnicking. A merry-go-round poured out a raucous volume of music. A little line of old houses opposite the ruins, were filled with people having"teas" or soft drinks. Inside,

a red-headed girl with a wry neck sold us tickets. We entered the ruins. They are very beautiful, ivy-covered and with the few trees very carefully tended. We wandered all through them, although I did not have the strength somehow to climb to the highest heights. I felt as though I were in Rome. And, oh how I longed, as I long always in the ruins of Rome, to see it by moonlight! There were many people there; parties of mothers with children, eating on the grass; a curate playing with a group of boys what we used to call, "Hoist the sail"; pretty girls in bicycle parties, smiling down through the window openings of the high towers.

On next to Guy's Cliff.

This is a beautiful castle on a river. Here is an old, old mill and a bridge, ending in a public lane, which gives you, across an expanse of flag-grown, reed-choked river, a view of the Tudor heights of Warwick Castle. Here, the perhaps-mythical Guy is supposed to have lived and here Mrs. Siddons was once companion to the lady of the Manor. Now it is a hospital for the wounded of Armegeddon. The heir to Guy's Cliff went down on the Queen Mary in the sea-fight between Germany and England. We are welcomed almost tearfully by a guide --- who I suspected of having had a drop too much --- who hailed us gratefully as Americans and insisted on shaking hands with us, [redacted] to the manifest delight of two bicycle girls who followed, laughing at everything he said and did. This became evident even to him after a while, but he ordered us not to notice them. "They are only munition-workers on a holiday," he

commented contemptuously. He said, as everybody along the way said, that the war had dwindled the normal full stream of American tourists to the tiniest trickle. He was useless as a guide. He only pointed out to us the perfectly obvious, although he did show us Charles Kingsley's name cut into the wall with others that I have forgotten. Bill tipped him of course.

Into the carriage again and off for another ride through the brilliant hot August day. More and more meadows, hedgerows, trees dotting the landscape singly or in clumps and all standing in an extraordinary immobility, as though everything were confined under the glass bell of the sky and the air were being gradually exhausted. Into the town of Warwick at last which we find full of lovely little brick, two-storied houses, so tiny that you can almost reach onto the upper story; casement windows; always with old, old glass.

To the Warwick Arms where we hire, beautiful with old dim furniture and old dim engravings, two "communicating" rooms, very simple and clean and sweet-smelling. We have a delicious dinner in a diningroom, where a long-haired cat --- nineteen years old, we are told --- begs for fish and gets it. There, we are waited upon by a sweet-voiced, country maid who, every time she does anything for us, says "Thank you," abbreviated to "Q". And upstairs, we are attended by another sweet-faced country maid who, when Bill pressing the wrong button which summons her instead of turning on the light explains and apologizes, says, "Oh it is quite all right, sir, quite all right sir," in a voice of liquid honey.

After dinner we go [redacted] first to the Police; then to make a few purchases. I buy an old jam-spoon from an entertaining old Scotchman. Then we wander about, seeing two old city gates at opposite ends of the town and the outside of a wonderful old hospital which is so Tudoresque, so faded and leaning, that we promise ourselves we will [redacted] go through it the first thing in the morning. On we go, until I am quite exhausted. And yet I cannot leave it all.

Through street after street, where we discover more and more beautiful, old, leaning, two-story Tudor houses. Last of all and quite by accident, we turn into Mill Street, which runs between low old houses with crowded, colorful gardens at their backs, to the river; the wall of Warwick Castle on one side and a waterfall on the other. Above the wall rises the slit-windowed towers of the Castle. Melted jade, the river purls between tree-hung vistas, over sedge-strewn deeps and under an old broken mediaeval bridge, until it becomes a water-fall. There, it immediately turns to [redacted] faintly-flashing crystal. It is twilight. Near three English girls, bicycling their holiday away, sit and chat; one surreptitiously smokes a cigarette. All England is in that picture to me. Home after this and to bed.

August 9th, Wednesday.

After a delicious and very copious English breakfast, out into another stilly, hot August day, to the old hospital. An old soldier takes us about. It is beautiful. Sometime, hundreds of years ago, I have forgotten how many, somebody, I have forgotten who, left money to be used for the support, in this ancient place, of twelve old

soldiers. Squads of twelve have been thus taken care of constantly ever since. It dates, I think, back to the Crusades. It is shaped like an old inn, built about a hollow square. On one side is the livingroom with a huge fireplace filled with old arms and beautiful old tankards; an old Saxon chair, whose replicas fill the shops of the town. On the other side is what was the old banqueting-hall, now just cellar, beamed with Spanish chestnut which grows white with age. Above are the rooms where the old soldiers live. Everywhere appeared the Bear and Staff of Warwick.

Our old soldier was red-faced, grey-haired and black-eyed. His eyes had that strange look that the eyes of the old so often have; that setness, that unwinkingness, which gives them an air of mute indignation. His talk was very diverting. King James had been entertained at the hospital and he always referred to this event as when King James was "right nobly h'entertained" and he referred to the "h'old h'inn" and the "h'open h'air". In the inn-like court, rather small, there were vines and bushes and flowers; painted coats-of-arms on the walls. Bill took my picture there. Afterwards, we went to the Chapel above the adjacent old gate; a place large enough for the twelve old soldiers, but not many more. And we peeped in the "h'old h'inn" next door which is apparently no longer an inn. The doorway is so old that the places are left, untouched, where the old candle lamps used to hang. And its wooden panels are so old that they simply --- I am driven to the phrase --- beggar description.

From there we go to Warwick Castle. Here I got the same thrill that came with my first glimpse of London. The very soul of England

broods there. We went in through a huge door, under a huge gate, bought our tickets; and then walked over a road, between high walls, which led to another gate --- a road huge like a tunnel. This was the mediaeval entrance. The portcullis hung in its slot, ready to be lowered, and is, in point of fact, lowered every night at ten. Above the portcullis were the slits through which arrows were shot; melted lead, or any other unpleasant fluid, poured. Through this gate! Soon we were in view of the Castle beautifully preserved; ivied; walled; rearing two enormous frowning towers; one of them, in accordance with what seemed to be the custom of the times, called Caesar's tower. In front, a lawn of velvet ran to Ethelfreda's Mountain; a high hill covered with trees and bushes which soon merged with the walls and towers.

A guide met us and took us into that part of the castle which is open to visitors. We went first through the Armory; then as I recall, six rooms, a tiny one whose name I have forgotten, the Gilt Drawing Room, Queen Anne's Room, the Cedar Room, the Red Room and the Great Hall. We were only three tourists at first, but our numbers kept augmenting until we were nearly a score. Of course, as on all such occasions, we were hurried along. I could have stayed an hour in each room and I do not know how long in the Armory. Weapons have always interested me, the older and more savage the better, and here the walls were lined with them. Out of the multitude of things, the guide selected an antiquity here and there to talk about, when every one of them was intensely interesting. As a result, I remember

mainly the beautiful chain armor which I have always loved, the cross-bows which I had never before seen and a pair of Roundhead boots with the curious square toes which gave the Roundheads their name, of which I had never even heard. There was also a blunderbus with a wide, cup-like mouth --- something like the trench mortars they are using in the present war. The men of the party commented on all kinds of weapons that have been revived for use today; helmets, rapiers, clubs. Incidentally I remember --- oh, how I wanted to examine it! --- a curious glass bowl, milky in color and very beautiful; smooth on the inside, but on the outside, like a dog's collar, all glass spikes. Later in the big hall, there is more armor; a peculiarly beautiful suit of chain armor, with a square helmet of a most lovely shape; one gigantic suit mounted on a wooden horse; and one pathetic little suit of plate armor which belonged to that tiny, misshapen Elizabethan heir of Warwick whose tomb, in Warwick Church, calls him the "noble imp" and whose father, legend says, paid his nurse to poison him.

As for the other rooms, they were orgies of Adam mantels; black Florentine tables with a beautiful flower inlay of colored marbles; tons of buhl --- red and silver and brass. There was, in Queen Anne's room, a Venetian mirror and such a beautiful bed! And everywhere pictures. Oh such pictures! There was a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Mrs. Siddons as Tragedy, holding a mask. There were Van Dykes of King Charles and Queen Henrietta Maria; it appears that Van Dyke did over thirty of each. There was a Holbein Henry VIII

which, as Henry VIII pictures always do, gave me the shudders. In it appear, without mitigation, the huge, square fat face; the little pig eyes; the small pink sensual mouth and --- above it --- the tiny, fine hay-colored mustache, trained to show every line of that mouth. How did Holbein dare! Perhaps he felt that his fidelity to the detailed elegance of Henry's attire would make up for his fidelity to the detailed dreadfulness of Henry's face. There were many Rubenses, a particularly pleasing one of St. Ignatius Loyola and two of that Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stratford who, under protest, Charles the First put to death. One of the Wentworth portraits showed a face young, handsome, and without care; the other, a face not so young and still very handsome, but lined with care. There were all kinds of pictures that I wanted to stay and examine. Lelys with the inevitable pearls in their hair. At one point, I remember the guide bade us to go to the window and look out at the view. It proved to be the spot that we discovered the night before; the widened, jade-colored Avon flowing under the broken arches of the old bridge and plashing in a crystal waterfall; trees and trees . . . long green vistas gradually melting into the August haze . . . . And in another place, the guide showed us a secret stairway which led out-doors. The big Cedar Room was panelled in what might have been California redwood; but the Great Hall was of brick. It had a clerestory, which was opened into it, after the fire a few years back. The great Hall was filled with wonderful and interesting things, among them an enormous metal caldron, now used as a punch bowl.

Out the way we came which, I then discover, is ornamented by a Battle of the Amazons done in carved wood, by Grinling Gibbons. Then for a stroll in the garden, passing on the way, three disdainful peacocks. We come out on such a sight as I have not yet seen in England --- the lawn and the formal garden of an ancient estate. In front is a pool filled with lilies. On both sides of the pools, flowers grow high, grow low, show all colors. Some of these flower beds were ringed about by cocks cut out of box. Beyond stretched a vast expanse of lawn, shaded by trees; where in the far, hazy, mellow distance, two peacocks sat.

From here to the church, for which we have but a few minutes. We see the chapel of perpendicular Gothic, lacily delicate; beside it, a tiny room, all airy, stone carving; ponderous, mediaeval tombs.

From here home to lunch. On the way Bill buys a wooden panel painted with coats-of-arms. After lunch --- in another carriage, this time with an English driver --- we start for Stratford.

A beautiful, beautiful drive through the same domesticated, lovely English country, still immobile in the breezeless August day. All the way to Stratford we talk about Shakespeare and the Wallace discoveries. Twice we pass Charlecote, two different views, and oh how I longed to go in. For an unsuccessful interval, our driver tries to find for me some of the Charlecote deer. But, apparently, it is so hot that they are all resting under the trees. Suddenly Bill descries one group of them; then another, lying on the grass. Of the first group, all I see is antlers. But of the second group, I

catch glimpses of moving heads and chestnut-colored bodies. It was really thrilling to me to watch the Charlecote deer. We pass the stile at which the lad Shakespeare is supposed to have been caught with his poached Charlecote deer. We pass --- and somehow this commonplace little incident gives me a thrill --- a cart filled with gravel bearing the name Sir Something Lucy, Charlecote. We pass a few little villages and finally get into Stratford town. We go to the Red Horse, where my father stayed before me nearly seventy years ago; and where since then, every Haynes has stayed. A dignified white-haired housekeeper, dressed in black silk and accompanied by a beautiful Great Dane, receives us. She takes us up two flights of stairs, through long halls lined with framed engravings where are old wooden chests; old china and old metal temptingly displayed, to two sweet-smelling rooms.

First of all of course, to report to the Police. How strange it seems to be reporting to the Police in Shakespeare's town! Then at once to Henly Street, to the most famous house in the world --- the birthplace of William Shakespeare. We stayed there over an hour. Of course I had been there before. I hope, I shall be there many times again. I looked at everything all over again; the 2 [redacted]uartos and Folios; the interesting map, or picture rather, of Tudor London. The old documents on display [redacted] are very interesting. I had no idea, for instance, that Shakespeare bought so much land in Stratford. I went upstairs, into the room purported to be the birth-room; out into the garden. I sat in the chimney where Shakespeare sat. And

I wished most powerfully that I could see the cellar. I think we ought to be allowed to see it. But the thing that really held us there so long was a debate we got into --- with two of the very intelligent women in charge and a tourist curate --- over the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. The curate was a Baconian. He had a cousin who wrote books, proving that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. He hinted darkly of the terrible things that had happened to her manuscripts, of whole editions that had been suppressed. He attributed this to the Masons who, he said, knew the Shakespeare secret. He said --- and of course if this is true it is most interesting --- that in the British Museum, there was a commonplace book of Bacon's containing many phrases found in the plays. A talk about John Harvard and his Stratford mother. There is a strong likelihood that Shakespeare saw John Harvard. There is little question that he visited the Harvards at Southwark, as their inn was only a stone's throw from the Cathedral. One of the woman curators said that a Harvard professor told her that the Shakespeare girls were probably bridesmaids at Mistress Harvard's wedding. I asked her if Stratford youths ever stole the Lucy deer now. The question appeared to shock her. She answered it with an emphatic "No."

From the birthplace to Stratford Church. The last time I was here, the trees, leading to the church, were full of cawing rooks. There were none today. They tell me that they have brought up their young and have now gone to the fields and woods. Also since I was here last, they have covered the bust of Shakespeare with a glass

case. I'm glad they've done it, but it makes it rather difficult to examine the bust. We look again at the Shakespeare graves of course; the register of Shakespeare's christening and funeral. We look at the other graves too, especially that touching one of the Countess's handmaid.

It is strange to find the war in Shakespeare's church. There is hanging there a Roll of Honor of forty-one men who have died in that parish alone. The verger tells us that his son, twenty-seven years old, who had just been married, has recently been called. "It takes all the joy out of life, sir," he said. As we leave, we meet Ben Greet who is conducting the Bishop of Windsor about Stratford. We stop and talk with him a moment. This is my first glimpse of an English Bishop. His figure made perfectly clear to me the orgin of perpendicular Gothic. To dinner at the Red Horse where a capable, red-cheeked, middle-aged woman waits on the small array of guests. Then to the theatre to see She Stoops to Conquer. Ben Greet utterly miscast as Tony Lumpkins. Two rather pretty, charmingly-spoken girls as Kate and Constance. It is very amateur however and I am much bored. Home after this long day, and to bed.

August 10th, Thursday.

In the morning, "across the fields to Ann" through that little path which Shakespeare used to take to Shottery. Find the Hathaway Cottage as fascinating as ever. A tall, pretty, dark Warwickshire girl with such a charming country accent is in attendance. Bill

says that she was here, when he came to Stratford, for the first time, four years ago; and that he likes to think Ann Hathaway looked like her. Many beautiful ancient things here. Upstairs is an old bed that has always been in the family, square and beautifully carved; old sheets. There is an ancient leather drinking bottle, which they found in the barn. Like many of these old bottles, a square piece had been cut out of the side to mend some*body*'s boots. I see rush-lights for the first time. A party of touring bicycle-girls went about with us, so that the room was full of cooed questions and cooed exclamatives. A beautiful garden outside. On my first visit to Ann Hathaway's Cottage, there was a woman sitting there holding a blue-eyed, apple-cheeked English baby on her lap. From a tree above a bird kept calling, "coo-coo! coo-coo! coo-coo!" And every time that bird spoke that baby answered him with a gurgling "too-too!" All lyric Shakespeare, it seemed to me, was in that scene.

Back to Stratford again and I find that I have lost my beautiful new Paris veil and, so, in much sorrow and perturbation, home. To New Place which we do not find particularly thrilling. Then into the Chapel of the Guild Hall. There are some tiresome regulations by which we are not permitted to enter the Grammar School where Shakespeare studied. But we see the lines of the bricked-up door through which he came to church every morning. I told Bill that we were probably standing on the spot where he suffered the worst boredom of his life. From there to the --- Press where we are raked

in by the enterprising wife of the owner of the place, who first shows us some beautiful old beams, a lovely back view of gabled roofs and then virtually forces us to buy a book. We get the Sonnets and a new book, Dreams about War. Sometime, during the morning, a visit to the Harvard House; a beautiful old place, the timbering all exposed. Upstairs a fine room, panelled in oak; a mantel-piece of carved and tinted stucco; old glass. After luncheon to London. Bill sleeps much of the way. But as usual, I sit with my nose just grazing the flying landscape. A beautiful country, part of it uplands. We pass great fields of grain, sheer gold, side by side with fields of grass, vivid green. Also come great patches of vari-colored crops. And ever and always, the stately trees of England, fixed and immobile in the hazy, August quiet!

Nearing London, I exclaim suddenly, "They're building an airship over there." They were not building one, as Bill immediately told me, but an air-ship was rising. And up it went, moving parallel with our train, so that we saw it for a long time. In profile, it looked like an elongated pig. Stop at the American Express for our letters. Then home.

August 11th, Friday.

First out to the Police, to notify them that we have returned. They suggest that we get a permanent Identity Book. An Identity Book is a treasure, not easily obtained. It involves a compilation of pages of statistics about ourselves. It demands that we get two

British householders in the neighborhood to guarantee us. And it insists that we sign these documents in the presence of both these witnesses. Luckily I recall that we have a publisher in that district.

At this Police Station, the one in Cannon Row, I have an interesting experience. We were ushered into the presence of Inspector Wood who began, in a stern and magisterial manner, to ask the usual questions. We discover that, usual also, we have to pay a fee for undergoing this inquisition. Bill has only a large bill and he leaves the station to get some change. That left me alone with the Inspector. I began to talk with him, and the grim majesty of the middle-class conception of the official manner softens. Inspector Wood has no daughters, but four sons, and all in the war. Two are in France, one formerly in Gallipoli, is now in Egypt; the youngest in England, mobolized, but not sent off yet. The Gallipoli son has had enteric but he is all right now. Inspector Wood showed me his picture. Just such a faithful, honest, stupid roast-beef face as his father had; a face that you couldn't drive a nail in. This son was in that engagement at Sulva Bay in Gallipoli in which, at the end of three minutes of the Turkish guns, there were only three Englishmen left alive out of forty. The Inspector explained, "I tried my best to get into the army but they wouldn't take me because I was over fifty. I had been pensioned for over six years, but I wanted to serve my country so much that they gave me back my old job. Colonel French, General French's nephew, told me that this

work was as necessary as any other war work; it had to be done." He stopped and gave me a strange, intent, brooding hungering look. "I wanted to wear the same uniform my boys were wearing though."

"How does their mother stand it?" I asked. "She's nearly crazy," he answered. Then he showed me a group picture of all his sons; four faithful, stupid, roast-beef faces. But at that precise instant, the door opened and Bill followed by another official came in. The inspector snapped that picture back into his pocket like lightning. "Where did you say your father was born?" he roared at me.

From there to the Embassy where we get our six-months passports renewed. From there to the jeweler where I get my mended jewelry and manage to break an earring on the way home. From there to Harrod's where I try to find a suit, or "costume" as the English call it. All too heavy and thick for this season and so to Liberty's which, with the exception of Vickery's in San Francisco, is I consider the most charming shop I have ever seen. In despair, I order two dresses made from models. After lunch to the publisher's where we get our Identity Books signed. From there to the Strand where we have more photographs taken for passports, Identity Books and the like. From there to the Hotel Langham where we call on Mr. C. His boy died and he was not allowed to go to France to see him. First one leg was cut off, then the other. The second amuputation came at nine in the morning and he died at nine that night. Mr. C. told us how extraordinarily kind everybody had been, the surgeon and

nurse each writing him a letter and the chaplain too. Mr. C.'s face looked much older than a week ago --- lined. His eye-balls were pink, as though the tears were trying to explode through his very will not to weep. He looked like a tired, old dog.

While we were in Stratford, the Italians, to Bill's delight, took Goritzia. Now they have all St. Mihiel. The Russians are coming on, nearer and nearer to Lemberg. In London, the controversy as to whether women shall be allowed to lead church-meetings, still rages. In Hackney, they have erected street shrines, in honor of the local men, at the war. Queen Mary has visited them all.

August 12th, Saturday.

Out on errands. To the American Express for our mail; to one jeweler where I leave the earring that I broke on my way home the other day; to another jeweler where we get a wrist watch with an illuminated dial; to Liberty's where the elevator girl says, "Q" when I enter the elevator, and where I buy a lot of beautiful scarfs; to Jones and Dickens where I get some handkerchiefs; and home where in the elevator, the tiny Buttons tells me that he is sixteen (if he is twelve he is doing well) and that he has a brother at the war. Cannot for some reason sleep, but sit darning gloves for an hour. Bill comes home in the midst of it and wants to take me to Harrow where he is going with a gradute of Stanford University for tennis. But I am too tired. Full of news from H. He goes out for the afternoon, dinner and the evening. I dine alone in our rooms. I have a long talk with an intelligent Swiss waiter who has worked in Switzer-

land, France, Italy and America. He asked me the question that I have so often asked myself, "How can Japan and Russia, who fought each other so vigorously a few years ago, be such good friends now?" He said, "They say this about war and that about war, but peace is best."

Afterwards, when I am in negligée, Maggie, the Welch chambermaid, comes in to turn down the beds. We get to talking and she tells me one of the most wonderful stories I ever listened to; a short story all finished to one's hand.

Ten years ago, Maggie was a servant of the English Counsul at Dieppe. There were two in the family, the Consul and his wife. The house was a beautiful place. It had a huge diningroom and a double staircase of walnut. It was filled with old furniture, old family portraits, old plate. Underneath was a subterranean passage that led back to a chateau on the hill. In front was a lawn which stretched to the sea. The guests used to walk in their bathing suits, from their piazza, which was covered with clematis and honeysuckle, straight into the water. The family had also a chalet in Puy where they used to go boar hunting. Lord Salisbury took the place next to them once. Maggie seemed to think remarkable, what is so common in America, that the guests of one house would walk straight over the lawn to the other house. I suppose that was because so many places in the old world are guardingly walled.

(— Maggie found this remarkable —)

also

this

The Consul used to give magnificent dinners. There were so many chests of old silver and old china that it would take three days to

get the things out for the dinner and three days to put them back after the dinner was over. In fact this silver was so wonderful that, when it left France, to return to England, the family had to pay a thousand pounds fine because it had been in France so long. It was a great hunting-place, and every bell in the house ended in a boar's foot.

The Consul, himself, was a magnificent-looking man, six feet tall and exceedingly handsome. His wife was very beautiful and very tiny. They had had three children. One of them was a beautiful girl who, as Maggie put it "went wrong" in Paris. That so preyed on her mother's mind, that, gradually, she went insane. The slow process of that mental weakening was proceeding all the time Maggie lived with them. The Consul adored his wife and she adored him. He was determined that nobody should suspect what was happening to her. But there had to be somebody who knew, and that somebody was Maggie. His room adjoined his wife's. "I'll keep her with me always," he said to Maggie, "even if I have to pad her room." He never would permit guests, even relatives, to stay in the house. He kept them at the hotel. The wife was as little as a child and --- gradually --- she began to be like a child. She called her husband, father. When he attended an Embassy dinner of any other nation, he always took his wife to the hotel with him. When he had an Embassy dinner in his own place, she used to sit outside, on the staircase, so that she could hear him talk.

The servants were perfectly devoted to them. The cook and the

footman, who had been with them for forty years, were married while in their employ. The Consul gave them a wedding in the big dining-room. Gradually as the mistress's condition grew worse and worse, the establishment became smaller and smaller. The Consul did not want anybody to suspect his wife's condition. For years, Maggie cooked his dinners without his knowing it, so that he would not hire another person. Once, a visiting nephew told the old man about seeing his daughter drunk in Paris. After that he never had strangers about.

Gradually the Consul became ill. He had medical attendance there in France, but finally he had to go to London. He was operated on. The operation was unsuccessful and after three months, when he thought he was getting well, they broke the news to him that he could not live. He came back to France with two male attendants and a woman nurse. The attendants used to take two walks every day and when they came back, they would ask "Maggie, is he dead?" He lived a year longer than the three months they gave him. He used to write every day. He got a little deal box with a key. In this he placed his papers. He told Maggie to give this box to the new consul --- not to his sister --- after his death. Maggie had to take care of his wife during the days preceding the obsequies. Maggie went into the diningroom during the funeral preparations and there, according to the French custom, they were and soldering him into his coffin [redacted] covering him with sawdust. Maggie said that she could not stand it and went out instantly. Ultimately, the diningroom was hung with

black sheets with flowers pinned on them. Finally the floor was strewn with flowers. Maggie took the wife for a walk while the funeral was going on. From the distance Maggie saw the funeral procession go up a cliff and down to the ship. The last she saw was the coffin being swung onto the deck. Later, the captain asked her if she didn't want to see it. "Not the coffin," Maggie answered. "I've got it on the bridge," the Captain said," with the Union Jack on it."

Maggie took care of the widow until finally they had to put her in a home. All the time, she called for her "father". She was perfectly docile except sometimes when --- just like a child --- she would refuse to get out of her bath. Then Maggie would cover her with a mackintosh, and call for the footman who would lift her out. During this time, Maggie's own mother died in Wales and Maggie returned to England. While she was away, she received three telegrams a day begging her to come back to her charge. The hired nurses could do nothing with her.

Maggie also had to make an inventory of everything in the house. She said that they made a bonfire of all the Consul's private papers; even the great blocks of love letters, tied with ribbons, which he had written his wife; even his uniform, though Maggie cut off the epaulette and belt before this happened. Among the wife's things was her wedding dress. Maggie said it would have fitted a child; with a little basque, pointed front and back, and a skirt very full on the hips, sewn with pearls. Maggie said that, as nobody wanted them, she went through the house and cut all the boars' feet from

the bells. She asked me if I would like a pair of these; and of course I said I would. She said she would have to send back to Wales for them.

There were tears in Maggie's eyes all the time she told me this story. She added that she had never been so happy in her life as in those years in France; that she adored the French and everything about them, the way they lived, what they ate and particularly their way of enjoying themselves. She said just as soon as the war was over, she was going back to France. She could never be really happy anywhere else. She had tried to get over during the war, but they told her she was too old. She said that a kind of excitement came over here, whenever she heard the French language spoken. Just the night before, she had come across some French people, in one of the railroad stations in London, who seemed utterly dazed and bewildered. She found out from them where they wanted to go and took them there.

August 13th, Sunday.

Writing all the morning and then in the afternoon for a walk through Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. We come out on the Serpentine and cross the bridge from which is a view much extolled by Henry James. Kensington Gardens is full of beautiful flowers. About the Basin were many children playing. I am much charmed by a little blonde cherub of a boy, who looks like Peter Pan and who was possessed to throw himself into the water. I stop to look at the statue of

Queen Victoria, back of Kensington Palace, done by the Princess Louise. It is a highly idealized creation. It would have been much quainter to render Victoria as she was --- a spherical, squat, motherly dumpling of a woman who succeeeded in being awe-provoking.

In the evening to a big dinner at the Red House where I meet Herbert Hoover for the first time. In looks, he reminds me of Lord Northcliffe. Very much younger looking than I expected, very good looking too. His face is, as Bill described it, "full of curves"; an ear-mark, Bill asserts, of many able men that he had known. I find him, at first, a little cold; but that is, on analysis, only his characteristic pessimism. We sit outside in the garden waiting for the guests to arrive. There comes a Miss L., just out of Belgium, and men and men and men; one recently from Belgium too; four Stanford men; and almost all Americans. Last Eleanor Egan looking very big and handsome and vital.

I have much talk with Hoover at dinner, (where I sat at his right,) and later when we had our coffee. He tells me that the woman situation here is likely to make trouble after the war; that, because of the amount of work women are doing, labor men may turn anti-suffrage in a body; that, in the last week, there had been a great labor conference in which this had been discussed. He said that labor had so limited the output that England had imported a great cartridge-making machine from America. You feed this machine with metal at one end and, in an hour, it turns out twenty-five thousand cartridges. At the beginning of the war, labor limited its output to four thousand cartridges an hour.

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In order to get around this, the employers discharged the men and put in women. The women have turned out the normal twenty-five thousand ever since. He said that there could be no real victory in this war and that we should feel the effects of it for twenty-five years. He expressed himself as pleased with Wilson for keeping us out of it. I said that I thought the honor of nations was equal to the lowest-moraled of its citizens. He said I was optimistic.

He told us some very interesting stories about Belgium and the way she managed to celebrate the National Holiday this year. The Germans gave strict orders that there was to be no celebration of any kind. The national colors could not be displayed nor could the national anthem be sung. Business was to proceed as usual. When the twenty-first of June came, all the stores were open. But everything had been taken from the windows, except perhaps one object, and prices had been advanced a thousand per cent. A few stores attempted to do business as usual, whereupon, boys went about spilling pails of paint in front of the doors. This of course not only kept people from coming in, but served to show to the Belgians who were the poltroons. There was no display of national colors, but everybody wore green, the color of hope.

When the American Fourth of July came, the Begians celebrated it, full speed. The Germans had not thought of this and, so, they could not reasonably arrest anybody. And when they remonstrated, the Belgians said that they were simply paying tribute to the nation

which had been their best friend in the war.

We had some talk on equal suffrage. Hoover is of course a suffragist. He does not believe that the enfranchisement of women will make much difference in results, that it will only double the existing vote. But, then, he does not think the franchise has ever accomplished much.

After dinner, while the men are smoking, Eleanor Egan at my entreaty, tells us the story of the time she was submarined in the Mediterranean. And an extraordinary story it is! She was crossing from Piraeus to Alexandria. The boat --- which should have carried about forty --- had two hundred people aboard, most of them Greeks rushing away from conscription. Early in the voyage, they picked up the boat of a vessel that had just been submarined. There were twenty-nine men in the boat, a cat and four kittens. They took them all on board --- drowning in the process two of the kittens. The incident of the submarine, however, sent a wave of terror throughout the ship. Of course, everyone realized that it meant there was a submarine somewhere in the vicinity. Everybody was praying for night to come. Eleanor Egan had a very pleasant talk with two of the rescued English sailors. They handed the two rescued kittens to her and asked her if she would get them some milk. She procured the milk and took it and the kittens to her stateroom. She said she sat on the floor for a little while, playing with them. Then, leaving them peacefully lapping up their milk, she started to go on deck. As she came up, she looked casually over the rail and

there, emerging from the water, was a periscope. She shouted, "Mon dieu c'est un sous-marin!" Immediately came the sound of an explosion.

Her instinctive impulse was to save the kittens. She started down below. But everybody on the deck with her seemed to be seized with the same impulse --- to go below. And everybody below seemed to be seized with the same impulse --- to come above. She got caught in this melée. Powerful as she is, she could move neither up nor down. In the meantime, people began to fill the boats . . . people began to do insane things. A Greek started to cut the rope on one side of one of these crowded boats. Had he done so, the boat would have dropped, end-downwards, spilling everybody in it into the sea. But one of the English sailors rushed over and prevented this. That was her main impression at this moment; for suddenly, without warning of any kind, a twisting surge of the crowd heaved her over the side of the vessel and she fell thirty-five feet into the water. Her breath was completely knocked out of her. But she is a magnificent swimmer, and instinctively she kept afloat. People began to leap overboard and soon the water was filled with the floating bodies of the drowned. Two women tried to clutch at her and she had to avoid the hands that would have pulled her under. "No you don't!" she told us, she instinctively said to one of them. It grew darker and darker, until there was only a band of pink sunset light at the horizon.

In all she was in the Mediterranean nearly an hour. She said that the water was warm and very buoyant with great swells. Finally a boat

came in her direction. Twice they threw her the rope before she caught it and they pulled her in. There was a nearly-drowned black baby in the boat. She put it under her coat. There was a nearly drowned woman there. She laid her across her knees.

All the time, the submarine had kept above water. The commander kept calling in English, "Is there anybody else on the ship?" There were plenty still on the ship; but he repeated this so many times that finally, in exasperation, Eleanor Egan called, "Of course there are! Can't you see them?" The submarine itself was covered with babies. Every man on it was spanking or shaking a baby. One girl's face was all black and blue and the eyes starting out of their sockets. Finally --- it was an Austrian submarine --- the Commander said, "Go back to you ship! We are not murderers!" Everybody went back into the boat --- that is everybody but the twenty-five dead.

When Eleanor Egan went down to her stateroom, the kittens were asleep.

They got safely to Alexandria. I asked E. E. if this terrible experience had affected her nerves. She said not especially, but that for several days, she did not enjoy getting into her bath.

The men, came from smoking, interrupted this story. We women did not even notice them as they came in. (Note --- 1954. How it would have interested me, almost past the point of credulity, to know that the man who led the file --- our host --- was to become President of the United States.)

August 14th, Monday.

Dictated all the morning to an English girl. She told me of a woman in her neighborhood who received the news of the death of five sons in one day. They were in the same regiment. When I told her about the retired French actress in the Marne country, still bravely made up, she said with a smile, "Carry on!"

Bill comes home with a story of an American acrobat, a circus performer, who did the double flip. He did that double flip with a cargo of bombs, over five lines of barbed wire and back. He got the V. C. But in the end, he was shelled and --- as both legs flew off --- he will never do the double flip again.

Afterward to the Police, where we take out signed Identity Books and leave them there for the day. Bill buys me a beautiful chrysopraze pendant.

August 15th, Tuesday.

Dictating in the morning. To lunch with a large party. Talk all the time about the war of course. Talk with a Mr. C. of San Francisco, come to study commercial relations between France and America. He said that suffrage in California had been a success, that, in the last election, the women defeated labor and socialism. To the Coliseum in the evening. See Lois Fuller's dancers. There are beautiful effects in color and light. The dancers --- bare-footed, slender girls --- very graceful. Home through the moonlight after the rain. The streets are full of mists as definite as gauzes

--- they might have been dropped by some flying troop of air-Amazons. A pure, perfect moon rides a calm sea over the Parliament and the Abbey.

August 16th, Wednesday.

To Liberty's to have my gowns tried on. Bill out for lunch, brings R. N. back with him. He tells us delightful story of the chivalrous Turks. Through a mistake in orders, a British company charges across No Man's Land without artillery preparation. They died in such masses that finally the Turks held up the white flag, calling, "Go back to your trenches; we are not murderers." He tells me about an extraordinary book by a Swiss, Professor Reiss, on the first invasion of Serbia by the Austrians. He got into Serbia while the wounds, both to the country and its inhabitants, were still fresh. He took the affidavits of the living. R. N. said that it was a list of terrific atrocities; children hanged; women ravished; men mutilated; men and boys compelled to dig their own graves and then shot so that they fell into them; great pits dug and crowds of people held about the edge with a wire, and then shot so that they tumbled backwards; dead and wounded all buried together. R. N. says that whips have been found with which the Austrian officers beat the privates. He tells us that the soldiers returning from the German front, are compelled to wear citizens clothes; so that moving pictures seem to present a Germany filled with men as yet unmobilized.

The controversy, in England, as to whether woman may speak in churches still rages.

August 17th, Thursday.

Out in the afternoon on various errands, to the jewelers, the bank, the Savoy to arrange for our dinner tomorrow night and to call on Eleanor Egan. In the evening to dinner at the F.; a dreadful dinner in a place most meretriciously pretty --- and the foulest --- that I was ever in.

The battle of Picardy is proceeding in what seems to me a desultory fashion; gains of a few hundred yards; small groups of prisoners; small captures of guns. The Russians, however, are marching straight on.

The following extraordinary story of an African dispatch rider in the papers today. The hero of the tale was of course riding a motorcycle:

"One man had orders to carry a despatch which was to be handed over to two riders who had left two hours previously. He was riding along very fast in the semi-darkness when suddenly he saw a lion cross the road. He managed to swerve a little but grazed the lion's hindquaters and struck his tail. He then ran smack into a stone, was thrown from his mount and strained his ankle. The lion had not made off, but had turned round to see what manner of beast had hit him. While he hesitated the despatch rider got up a tree --- there had been no time to retrieve his rifle.

The man stayed on his risky perch all night, without food or covering, soaked to the skin by a tropical rain. When morning came the lion had gone, but the road was like a miniature lake, so that riding was out of the question. But the despatch had to be delivered so on he limped as best he could, every step a pang of pain. A little way along the road he struck a wireless camp, where he found the two men he was seeking. He handed his despatch over, but it was some days later before he could return.

August 18th, Friday.

For a walk in the afternoon down the Strand. Into St. Mary's. Very much disappointed in the modern and restored effect of the interior. Unable to get into St. Clement Dances. Am not sorry, as I expect to be disappointed in that too. However, nothing can dull the extraordinary effect from a distance of those two old churches --- like ships --- breasting the sea of the Strand traffic. On to St. Paul's. I find it very much more impressive inside than my memory of it. But perhaps that's my development. A service going on now. So I walk about the yard, gaze on the cross, erected on the site of Old Paul's Cross, thinking all the thoughts that an Anglo-maniac is bound to think on such occasions. For there of course Shakespeare walked; Johnson, Marlowe, Webster, Beaumont, Fletcher and all that illustrious crowd of Elizabethans, the heroes of my girlhood.

In the evening our dinner at the Savoy to Commandatore Cortesi.

Present the Hoovers, Eleanor Egan. Mr. Hoover told one of the most charming stories of the war that I have yet heard. When the war came, there was an American Wild West Show traveling through Austria. The principals in this show were of course Indians. But as is sometimes customary with Wild West shows on the continent, they also carried a menagerie. Soon after the war broke, food conditions began to be difficult and the Indian owners of the show were forced, first to feed their ponies to their lions, and, then, to sell all the menagerie. Finally they decided that they must get home, as of course nobody was going to Wild West shows. The war-law of the country was that they could take out of that country only what they could wear. As their Indian clothes were much more valuable than their citizen's clothes, they put them on; fringed doe-skins, bead-embroidered; the long feathered war-bonnets reaching to the ground. Thus costumed, they travelled to Hamburg where, they expected, they would get passage on an American ship which would take them home on trust. But at Hamburg they found that, because of the British blockade, there was no American ship of any kind.

In the meantime, a little Polish-American lad of fifteen, from the West of the United States, had been sent by his parents, all alone from America, to visit his grandparents in Poland. He landed at Hamburg, meaning to take a train to Poland. But he found that he was not permitted to leave Germany for Poland. He turned back to the ship, but the ship had sailed away. He had sixteen dollars in his pocket; but he was all alone, friendless, wandering the streets

of Hamburg, not having the remotest idea what to do --- and of course frightened by the situation.

Suddenly there appeared, coming down the street where he was walking, a file of American Indians in the regular Indian war costume. Indians. Brought up in the West, these were people he knew. He rushed to them. Immediately explanations followed. The boy mentioned that he had some money. "How much?" "Sixteen dollars." "Sixteen dollars," the spokesman for the Indians repeated electrically. "Hand it over!" By hook or crook, with the aid of the American Consul, they managed to get into Holland and from there to England. In the meantime, Hoover had been given his first great job in the war --- the job which preceded feeding Belgium: the job of getting the Americans, who were in Europe, when the war started, safely home. The Savoy Hotel was the headquarters for this complicated business and it was always filled with Americans needing money, or passports, or advice; or all three.

One day there sounded the noise of a commotion in the waiting crowd. Mr. Hoover looked up. Across the room to him was coming a band of American Indians, in full war-costume, a little American lad in their midst. They explained their plight. Black Feather, the chief, said to Mr. Hoover, "I don't want you to think that we're taking that money from this boy. We'll see that he is paid when we get back to America." Mr. Hoover got passage for them all. But it happened that there was a widow about to return to America, young, beautiful, rich. She became interested in the situation of the American lad and sent for him. She told him that she would take

him home on the ship with her. He would have a beautiful cabin with a bath, next to hers; and she would see that the best of care was taken of him. He answered, "Thank you very much, ma'am, but if you don't mind, I'd rather go in the steerage with my friend, Black Feather."

This reminded Bill of an experience he had in Belgium, early in the war; in ill-fated Louvain. Passing through one of the little Places, he came across a deserted circus, in which the lions and tigers were roaring for food. They must ultimately have fallen into the hands of the Germans. Unhappy beasts!

Mr. Hoover also said that, during this exodus of Americans to England, a little old lady presented herself to him. She said, "Mr. Hoover will you give me your personal word that, if I sail now, I will arrive safely in America?" Mr. Hoover was very much amused. But realizing that she would not sail unless he gave her that word, he immediately agreed to do it. She said, "Will you put it in writing?" So Hoover gravely wrote, "I personally guarantee that Mrs. Blank will arive safely in the United States," and signed his name. He said that, if she did not arrive safely, neither she nor anybody else would know the difference; and if she did, she would take it for granted that it was his superior magic that had effected it.

August 19th, Saturday.

Spend most of this day, spinning about London to find somebody who will cash a check for us, that we may go to Scotland tomorrow.

In the evening, to vaudeville, the London Opera House, where we see Ethel Levy. Meet S. S. McClure there with a girl. Go with them to supper at the Savoy afterwards. She wishes that they were fighting with the Germans not against them. She speaks of her terror of Zeppelin raids and of the many times she has had to walk home alone, through the darkness, late at night, to Maida Vale. She has been fortunate, she has lost only three friends. She expresses herself in regard to the Government with that bitterness which Bill says, is more virulent in England than anywhere else. She complains that there is no romance in this war, that there was romance in the American war of the Rebellion --- "on the Southern side of course," she is very careful to add.

Agust 20th, Sunday.

In the afternoon to tea with the N's. Meet an American girl. Out of the whole day, remember only one impression. Walking through the park, we pass an English girl. She was a charming thing, slim and willowy, very softly and delicately pretty. She wore a ruffled gown of a very filmy grey material and a great wide, frail, floppy hot, trimmed with chiffon. She had naturally a floating gait. And in addition as she walked, her ruffles, her laces, her hat-brim, her wavy locks all fluttered and flitted. And over her arm, she carried a mackintosh of a rubber as heavy as lead.

August 21st, Monday.

To the mail. Get R's letter about <u>The Californiacs</u>. Come back and work on my manuscript all the afternoon.

August 22nd, Tuesday.

To Edinburgh. A charming trip through a beautiful, clear sunny day. At York and Durham, we catch glimpses of the two Cathedrals riding the country, as Chartres did, like great ships at sea. Through a cleared space at the station, we get a brief sight of the old city wall of York. Beyond Newcastle, a delightful middle-aged Scotchman enters our compartment. He immediately makes conversational overtures to us and we talk together until he leaves the train. Realizing that we are strangers to the country, he makes me take his seat at the window and serves as my guide all the way to Berwick. He points out to me Holy Isle, St. Cuthbert, the lighthouse where Grace Darling lived, the beautiful castle of the Duke of Northumberland. He tells us that, owing to an accident, the name of Berwick was left out of the peace negotiations after the Cimean war. So that now, Berwick is still officially at war with Russia. He recited a traditional rhyme which describes Berwick:

"A bridge without a central arch,
A church without a steeple,
A pile of dirt at every door
And damn conceited people."

Suddenly with a bound we are in Scotland.

Somehow the country seems to get more diversified immediately. Gone is the softly-padded, tree-skirted meadowy monotony and come a rising-and-falling country, much more virile and significant. After our Cicerone leaves us at Berwick, we fall into conversation with an army surgeon who is going to spend his leave fishing. At six into

Edinburgh to the North British Station Hotel, the best hotel I have seen in Europe. Big, cheerful red rooms, not crowded with furniture; wide windows: high ceilings; huge beds; a bathroom like a Roman bath; but, alas, no desks, no waste baskets.

Out at once for a walk in the misty dusk where low lights are just beginning to twinkle and where I see --- a deep stone-grey against the soft twilight mist --- towering like an enormous stalagmite --- the monument to Walter Scott.

We walk along Princess Street to the Castle. I am astounded by the romance of Edinburgh's extraordinary situation: the Old City, the New City and between them, that green sunken garden filling a dried-up river bed; both cities ending in the high Castle.

At dinner there sits near us a group of three; an old man, a young woman, a little girl. The old man is, apparently, the father of the young woman and the young woman is apparently the mother of the little girl. The young woman, who is very pretty, is dressed in fresh mourning, very quiet. She has a fine, high-colored skin; but her face is so sodden with weeping that her eyes are almost closed. The tears keep rising to her eyes all during her meal. She controls herself only by a tremendous effort.

Later in the lounge, I see a middle-aged man who is a Scotch translation of the middle-aged man we saw in the Cyrano de Bergerac Tea Room in Bordeaux. He, too, is struggling with his grief. He keeps trying to control it. There is a woman in black with him.

The hotel is filled with officers and the street with khaki. Of

course everywhere are Highlanders in their kilties, bare-kneed and with a knife in their stockings. It seems to me I see more of the Black Watch than any other plaid.

Of course, even before we eat our dinner, we go to our Police. They very carefully look up the record of Bill's last visit here.

August 23rd, Wednesday.

First up High Street and into unbelievable closes. We stop at Deacon Brodie's Close to interview the dealer in antiques who, as yet, has never delivered the furniture which Bill bought and paid for the last time he was in Scotland. The proprietor is not in. We go up to the Castle where recruits are being drilled. It is a very amusing contrast with the scene we saw at St. Cloud. No, "Mes enfants," here; no joshing reprimands. Instead, swift, curt commands and some straight-from-the-shoulder, Anglo-Saxon abuse. Then into the Castle where we see the apartments to which Mary Queen of Scots retired to bear the young Prince James; a big room and a tiny chamber. We go into the huge, banqueting hall, now full of armor; out and around the castle, down into the prison. We see Mons Meg, the huge old gun. The views from here are simply dumb-founding. It is a beautifully-preserved, old place. We go back by High Street, into more closes. We see Lady Stair's mansion, an incredible place. We see, more incredible still, the great <u>landes</u>. These <u>landes</u> are, really, mediaeval sky-scrapers; grim, solitary-seeming, stone prisms, shooting, unalleviated, skywards. Everywhere

coats-of-arms, mottoes, devices of all descriptions decorate the doors. Everywhere we catch glimpses --- down through openings in the closes --- into the New City or into the Old City. Everywhere were the comely, friendly Scottish people; everywhere the most beautiful babies I have seen out of Italy; many of them red-headed. Everywhere floods of silvery light, begotten of the pallid Scotch sun and the thick Scotch mist.

It is a very foggy country. I suppose that accounts for the complexions. Those complexions are almost startling in their vividness, as though the blood were trying to burst through the skin. Everybody tries to help us, whenever we lose our way. One little boy, with an adorable Scottish accent, recites in a sing-song a beautiful, rhymed hodge-podge of the history of Edinburgh. Suddenly he gets very confused and breaks down, blushing and smiling. Of course Bill double-tips him. We walk past John Knox's house to Holyrood Castle. Then home to lunch. In the afternoon, again to Deacon Brodie's Close and this time the dealer, very old and very deaf, is at home. He looks at Bill as one risen from the dead; for of course the last thing in the world he expected was to have this mad American show up again in the war and demand the Prince Charley chair and the corner-cabinet(Hepplewhite style; inlaid) with the old glass in it, for both of which he had paid. The Prince Charlie chair is still there. He shows it to us. It is a wainscot chair of what seems a black wood like ebony, much carved. In the carving in a small

oval above the waves of the ocean. This is believed to be a representation of Prince Charlie --- "the king over the water." The other --- he explained that it fell to pieces. But of course he sold it to somebody else. In great confusion, he refunds Bill's three pounds. Bill trustingly leaves him, on his second promise that he will send to us in America the Prince Charlie chair. (Note Later he did.)

We go into St. Giles, very beautiful and old, where there is a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson by St. Gaudens and a plate, bearing her profile, to Mrs. Oliphant. Home utterly exhausted and to bed in the middle of the afternoon., Don't get up even for dinner. Read Robert Louis Stevenson's delightful Edinburgh.

August 24th, Thursday.

In the morning to John Knox's house. Very beautiful. Fine old wainscoted room upstairs. Much struck with his tiny study which was only big enough for himself, a table, a chair and a fireplace. This relieves my mind in one way. I have never been able to figure how people kept warm in those days. The answer is, of course, these tiny rooms. The chamber, in which Mary Stuart gave birth to King James the First of Scotland, is equally wee.

Here on exhibition were thumb-screws and ear-screws. On the walls were these startling inscriptions:

"Why should the pleasing face of a gentlewoman affray me? I have looked upon the face of many angry men and yet I have not been afraid above measure!"

"Oh fair ladies how pleasing were this life of yours if it should ever abide and then, in the end, that we might pass to Heaven with all this gay gear. But fie upon that knave, Death, that will come whether we will or not!"

Bill is particularly delighted with that fine phrase, "gay gear!"

It is really a very beautiful house; the rooms charmingly shaped and charmingly arranged. The outside is lovely too; it is irregular, out of plumb, and has an overhang. It is decorated with all kinds of devices and coats-of-arms.

From there to Holyrood Castle which was, to me, the most interesting thing I have seen in Scotland. For as to me, as Rome is Caesar; Stratford, Shakespeare; so Edinburgh is Mary Stuart. This, too, is touristing which is especially satisfactory because we are so sure of the historic accuracy of everything we see. Of course the great connotative details of Holyrood are Mary Stuart's rooms. The livingroom interests us exceedingly; but the bedroom with the tiny supper-room leading off is the most thrilling place I have ever seen. From this little room is a tiny staircase going downstairs to what was Darnley's apartment. And it was in this room that Mary was entertaining a gay party the awful night, a group of conspirators murdered Rizzio in her presence. Lacking --- as all but students do --- the definite, accurate knowledge, I do not often reconstruct in detail the scenes of historic places.

But my imagination was very busy with this one. It must have been so delightful a party, so cozy with the fire and the lighted candles and the spread dinner table --- so gay. There were present

the beautiful Mary herself, piquant and Gallic yet Scotch too, so beautiful with her matte skin, her exquisitely piquant nose, her slim alabaster throat, through which, when she drank, the red wine glowed; the picturesque Rizzio; Lady Argyll; Arthur Erskine and Lord Robert Stuart. They must have been a little crowded in that tiny room, but very likely the party was the more intime for that. And then, suddenly; Darnley came bursting in from the little staircase; behind him, Lord Ruthven, just up from a sick bed and showing it in a ghastly pallor; George Douglas, the future Bishop of Morey, bringing up the rear. In the meantime, Douglas, Earl of Morton, who had secured the gates of the Palace, came with a second band of conspirators, up the main stair through the Chamber of Presence, into the Queen's bedroom, to the main entrance of this tiny living-room.

Lord, what a scene followed!

High words . . . the Queen's orders to the intruders to leave . . . their refusal . . . movements growing more violent in that crowded place . . . the livid, terror-torn Rizzio, hiding behind the skirts of Majesty . . . the scuffle . . . the turned-over chairs . . . the broken china . . . the falling, lighted candle which Lady Argyll caught . . . . And when the Queen started to cry for help, one of the conspirators silencing her with the threat that if she stirred, he'd "cut her to collops."

Suddenly Geroge Douglas snatched Darnley's dagger and stabbed Rizzio almost at the Queen's feet. Then they dragged the poor wretch, shrieking and protesting, out of the Queen's presence and

finished him up in the big hall. Ruthven --- and this is a peculiarly insolent touch to me --- returned, the instant the murder was completed, and drank a glass of wine from the Queen's table. Rizzio's body stayed outside all night. And all night too, a picture of the sallow Elizabeth, her gift to Mary, looked powerfully down on the whole proceeding.

I know of no detail that gives me a greater impression of the bloody cruelty of that period than that, at the time, Mary was near her time with James the Second.

I have always wondered where the Queen's Maries were that night.

When the guard told us that Ruthven said he'd "cut her into collups," I remarked [redacted] it did not seem to me that it could be much fun [redacted] being a Queen, in those days, if anybody could talk to you like that. For some reason or other that amused him intensely. His Scottish severity broke into immoderate laughter. From there we walk through Cowgate and Grassmarket, past the Castle to the Hotel, seeing all the way beautiful babies, a surprising number of them red-headed and all with startling complexions. In one dim-lighted court, I catch a glimpse of a soncy maid, also with an astonishing, purple-rose [redacted] color, her red hair drawn smoothly back into a knot at her neck, capably rolling a huge hogshead on end. Of course, here as elsewhere, girls are doing men's work.

In the afternoon, a ride about Arthur's Seat. A thick Scotch mist and [redacted] we return early. But we see many soldiers, drilling

in the rain and many children, playing --- regardless of it. In one place we come upon two children lying under a single coat on the wet grass. In the evening to a cinema.

York
August 25th, Friday.

Shopping in the morning. Buy a silk petticoat and a Scotch plaid for Heloise. Also we visit Herriot's Hospital; an ancient place and very beautiful; with highly interesting windows, the decoration of no two of which is alike. Inside are wonderful old rooms all of oak. Our guide said that formerly they were not half so beautiful, that they had become "all clagged up" with varnish. An artist finally prevailed on the Governors to let him scrape this varnish away, whereupon the present beautiful wood coloring was revealed. Nothing is ever done to it now, our guide informed us, "barrin' cleaning oop." There was a huge, gate-legged table here and six fine, old curved-back chairs; and in the wonderful kitchen, two enormous fire-places, one at either end.

We take the two o'clock train to York. But, before leaving, as usual, we visit the Police. There, the offical in charge asked Bill if he had recently been in Edinburgh. Bill answered that he had been there a year ago. He gave the dates. The official reached for a big book and began looking up Bill's visit. All the time I stood tranquilly by, not realizing that Bill, poor, deceitful wretch, was trembling in his shoes. After a while, the official looked severely up at Bill over his glasses and said, "Ye did not

register the last time ye left, Mr. Irwin!" And oh how I wish I could render the Scottish accent he gave to Bill's Scottish name! "Did'nt I?" said Bill exclamationing surprise with admirable versimilitude, "That's very strange!" This negligence brought us only a mild rebuke. But when we are safely on the train, Bill tells me that when he left Edinburgh last, he was not only accompanied by Lord MacDonald --- The MacDonald, Chief of the clan of MacDonalds --- [redacted] plus a merry party of men, but that also he was full of the MacDonald's prime Scotch whiskey. He remembered vaguely that he should see the Police and spoke about it. But the MacDonald --- also full of his own prime Scotch whiskey --- waved this formality contemptuously aside. He said that when an Irwin came back to Scotland for the first time, after his family's absence of two hundred years, he should not be bothered with the Police. I told Bill that had I realized the circumstances I should have told the Police official that Scotch whiskey was to blame for all Bill's negligence. I am sure he would have understood.

We get into York a little after six. As usual, we go at once to register with the Police. Then to the Station Hotel. The Hotel is full of officers. In the evening, we witness a scene which we cannot quite explain. A young private dines there with his old father and mother. He is the only private in the place and the mystery is how he got permission. I must say he keeps very silent and looks very subdued.

In the paper today appears the following:

"Writing home from Kondoa Irangi, German East Africa, a lieutenant in the R.N. A. S. armoured cars says:-

'Yesterday one of the cars came into action. It was charged by a rhinoceros! The car weighs about five tons, but it was upset. Not a bad effort even for the rhino, who grunted and took himself off!'"

York
August 26th, Saturday.

A busy day full of touristing. First we walked the length of the city wall; a distance of over two miles. It was a most interesting walk; for the old city lay on one side of the wall and the new city on the other. We passed three or four beautiful, old city-gates; towered, machiolated, some port-cullised and one barbicaned. I never knew what a barbican was before. It is a sort of entrance hall, extending forward from the gate. There were slits, single and cross-shaped, for the archers; and at intervals along the wall, embrasures where they could enfilade attacking hosts. I did my best to imagine those enemy hosts, stealing up from the surrounding rivers and trying, with wooden battering rams to break a way through the wall.

From the wall we looked onto all kinds of things and scenes. We saw cows, pigs, sheep, dogs, cats. We gazed down on the river ink-black, with silvery puffs of swans afloat on it; on tiny houses, in rows of red brick, with tiny pretty gardens at the back; on the Canal; on the horse market. Sometimes there would be nothing but

a swelling slope of velvety grass at one side. Once we caught a glimpse of the big tower of a castle. And all the way, we were getting pictures of marvelous York Minster. We came out finally on the Deanery and the beautifully-kept Deanery Gardens. And so, of course, we went at once to the Cathedral.

Nothing had prepared me for the bigness of it. With all its hugeness, Chartres — yes, even Chartres — could not train my mind for this immensity. It is august. It is sublime. Yes, august and sublime! And yet some things disappointed me. I did not, for instance, like the way the rood-screen, with the organ poking up from it, interferred with the superb vista of the nave. But I loved the simple, naked loveliness of the minster as a whole. No ornaments. Few tombs. The thing itself is its own decoration. And that extraordinary square tower in the centre, of whose effect from without, I was doubtful, became, within, but an addition to perfection. Length, depth, height, the ultimate in dimensions! Coolness and shadows that laved the very soul! A place so historic and storied that the air seemed thick with a quality extra-spiritual. Beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful!

The stained glass is very old, some of it dates back to the thirteenth century. It seems dull after the stained glass of France. But it grew persistently more beautiful as I gazed on it. There was one huge, five-divisioned, golden-brown window, called the Five Sisters. There were great doors of a wood so heavy and old that it looked

more like stone than wood.

The verger took us into the great Chapter House: a hexagonal prism of old glass, very lovely but with so perturbing an echo that the ecclesiastical assemblies use it only to open their meetings. Then to the crypt --- where we saw Roman, Saxon and Norman architecture --- an altar to Bellona. Then to the vestry where there are bits of old wood, all that is preseved from the fire, set by a madman early in the eighteen hundreds. Here also is an old chair in which two kings were crowned; a semi-hexagonal black metal case, divided into triangular sections, in which were kept ecclesiastical copes; and old ivory horn that dates back to the ninth century; old ecclesiastical brass; a tremendous mace; and old pictures, some horrific, of the Minster in flames.

When we come into the church, there is a service in progress. Not since Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome have I heard such wonderful music. It seems to whirl tangibly through those dusk-sown immensities. It reduced me to one organ --- an ear. Home through the centre of the town, by many lovely streets, full of overhanging, half-timbered old houses. We see St. Williams College, beautifully preserved, half-timbered too; a little like the Shakespeare house.

In the afternoon for another walk. First to All Saints where we see a bit of old window glass, beautiful but lugubrious, called the Prick of Conscience. It represents the last fifteen days of the world's history, just before Judgment Day. The waters are rising

and sea-monsters rear their heads. The world is in flames and the inhabitants are fleeing before them. Finally comes total annihilation. A quaint church; a nave and two aisles; no transept.

From there, from church to church, until we have seen seven; all very much alike, all with a nave, two aisles, Norman arches; all of old stone. One has a Saxon tower, another has a Norman steeple. Sometimes there is a bit of old glass. But ever, about them, there are little patches of graveyard with old, old trees and old, old bushes, with leaning ancient stones, the inscriptions almost illegible; always mossy and shaded and still and always intensely lovable.

Finally through Stone Street to the Minster again where evening service has begun. Together with many officers and privates, we sit and listen for a long, long time.

All these churches show Rolls of Honor, the list of their dead in the war. In one, there was even a mass of framed photographs of soldiers. On the wall of the Minster was one long list of those already dead and another of those for whom prayers are asked.

On the way to the hotel, we pass the Castle and go in. At the left, as one enters, there is, on a mound, an empty shell of a high tower --- Clifford's Tower. Back of a big open square are two huge buildings of the Georgian period. One is long and double-winged with a cupola. The other has a flat facade with graceful urns, fine, engaged half-columns and Georgian windows. These two buildings were so silent, so stark, so dead and desolate that, despite their beauty,

they gave me a most curious sensation as of spiritual chill. We asked the guard about them. He told us that they were always prisons, one of them for women; but are now used for captured Germans. Then, we noticed that there was a barbed-wire entanglement in front. I have never seen a place so saturated with its own spirit. Architecturally beautiful as it was, it reeked the atmosphere of tragedy and horror.

We went up into Clifford's Tower. They showed us the remnants of a tiny chapel there. They pointed out the well, into which, the Jews threw the families they had slain after they had so basely betrayed Clifford.

Back to the hotel to pack and then off for London town. In the compartment with us, two delightful men; one in the Royal Engineers and the other in the Anti-Aircraft Service. Of course, we talk about the war all the way. The Anti-Aircraft Service man was in the Royal Scots at first Ypres, but rheumatic fever weakened his heart. The Royal Engineers man had not yet been to France. He wore a black band on his arm. He told us that when the zeppelins come to England, they hover, all the afternoon, over the sea, seventeen thousand feet up in the air. When the dark comes, they make a dash for the coast. He said they came one night over Edinburgh when the motor guns were all emporarily absent. Our informant seemed to think that that proved they knew as much about our plans as we of theirs. He expected that we might have to stay in the station for a while after we got to London. He warned us that zeppelin raids

were coming. At dark, the guard pulled down all the curtains in the compartment. Our companions kept peeping out as we approached London to see if we were anywhere near the search-light area. Into a dark station and out into black streets. We were a long time getting a taxi. But London was very beautiful in the dim light and the midnight silence.

August 27th, Sunday.

To the Cecil for dinner which I find very charming though not so brilliant or so gay as the Savoy. So over to the Savoy for coffee.

August 28th, Monday.

Italy and Roumania both declare war on Germany.

August 29th, Tuesday.

Dine at the Berkeley Grill.

August 30th, Wednesday.

In the evening to the moving pictures of the Somme --- official pictures of course. There a thing, almost incredible happened. Back of us sat two people, a man and a woman, who talked together during the intermissions. I was conscious at first only of the murmur of their voices. I had not heard them really, until the pictures of the Somme came. Among these, there was one group of Tommies marching up to the trenches. They were aware of the presence of

moving picture-machines because, as they passed, they waved their guns, smiled and cheered. It was a pleasant effect; that long line of grinning English faces. Then came darkness --- intermission. Suddenly back of me, I heard these remarks:

The Woman: Did you see him?

The Man: (In a low voice) Yes.

The Woman: Many and many a time I've come just to watch him march by like that.

The Man: (After a pause and still in a low tone) Was he smiling?

August 31st, Thursday.

Out to a dinner party. On our way back, we pass Charing Cross just as they are unloading the wounded from the trains. Ambulance after ambulance shot past us, the back door open. In one of them, we saw a nurse standing in the middle aisle, between berths, bending over one of her patients. This is a nightly function; always enormous crowds --- absolutely silent --- attend it.

September 2nd, Saturday.

Write all the morning. In the afternoon I go to the Abbey. I hunt up "Rare Ben Johnson" and Jane Lister, dear child." I visit the cloister and the Chapter House. Crowds there. To dinner at the Rendezvous --- French and fascinating. A delicate twilight; all gray; a moist, silvery amethystine air. Buckingham Mall very beau-

tiful; the trees faintly penciled in the mist; and back of the mist, a soft rose flushing the sky.

September 3rd, Sunday.

Such a day as this has been!

It all began last night. We had gone to bed early, but for some reason, I could not sleep. As I lay in bed thinking, it suddenly penetrated to my absorption that I was hearing occasional faint, but definite sounds. I listened for a while. It was really not sound; merely, one might say, the shadow of sound. Then it came to me gradually that it was explosion; so distant though that it might have been the tap of a pencil on a powder puff. I listened vaguely curious. It grew a little louder. Suddenly it flashed on me what it was. I leaped out of bed and rushed in Bill's room. "I hear guns," I said. "I think there's a zeppelin raid on." Bill leaped out of bed, ran to the window. There was no doubt about it then, for immediately came a good-sized explosion. We flew into our clothes. That is to say Bill put an overcoat over his pagamas and I put one over my nightgown. Then we ran out of the apartment into the hall. Other people were dashing out of their rooms and we followed the crowd up to the roof. I suppose we were there a half an hour, but although we heard guns, we could see nothing. It was a very amusing situation. All about us the black roof was filled with vague moving figures. All about us the air was filled with soft English voices. But nobody could distinguish anybody else.

That is to say nobody could distinguish faces. I could see enough, however, to gather that the accepted costumes for zeppelin raids are nightgowns and pajamas. After a long while we came down and went to bed.

This morning Bill immediately rushed over to the Savoy bar which — like Henry's bar in Paris, is the gossip centre of the local universe. And there he learned that, for the first time in the history of the war, a zeppelin had been brought down on English soil. Bill came rushing back with the statment that he didn't care where the zeppelin was. Even if it had come down on the Isle of Wight, he was going to charter a taxi and go to it. So we found a taxi with a driver, who almost leaped into the air with joy, when we said, "Take us to the zeppelin." It proved to be at Cuffley, a little town out of London. I thought that our driver might have some difficulty in finding the zeppelin. But nobody had any difficulty, because all London was going and all, of course, headed in the same direction. I have never seen such a procession in my life. Motors, taxis, carriages, buggies, pony-phaetons, dog-wagons, carts, bicycles --- I had almost added wheel-barrows and velocipedes. The rest were pedestrians. It was misty and the road soon became a morass. The police stopped us when we were within a mile of the place, made us get out and walk. As the road was so choked up with cars, it was impossible to get another vehicle closer. We followed the procession over muddy road and muddy bye-path and still muddier

meadow until we came to - - -

There it lay --- the burnt shell of the great air monster, an enormous skeleton. Soldiers were on guard, so that we could not get too near, although we got quite near enough. And other soldiers were dismembering the skeleton to take it to London for the examination of experts. I had been there for several moments before I realized that lying on the ground not far away were . . . things . . . partially covered with a tarpaulin. I stared at them. They looked like a collection of the wooden Indians that used, in my childhood, to stand in front of cigar stands, but blackened, scorched, as though they had been rescued from a fire. Suddenly it came to me what they were . . . dead bodies . . . the bodies of the twenty men of the zeppelin's crew. I had no sense of horror. I could look at them, without a quiver, because they did not seem like men. But suddenly I caught a glimpse of a fissure of red flesh running down one leg. And then, for an instant, the whole scene swam blackly before my eyes.

I pause here to pay my tribute to the English nation. Here were a people who had suffered the outrage of continual zeppelin raids for over two years. They had seen property destroyed; lives lost; women and children cut to pieces in a barbarous manner. They knew what it was to have their nerves continaully on edge. They had experienced the sensation of a constantly augmenting hatred. Now here, for the first time, these unknown, unseen enemies lay before them dead; not hoist but <u>dropped</u> by their own petard. They were of course

exultant and one would have expected some of that exultation to spill over into triumph, even in insult. We stayed over an hour and in all that time we never heard a voice raised, we never heard a word spoken that could even have been distantly translated into disrespect to the dead.

The talk of course all day was of nothing but the captured zeppelin. To dinner with the Hoovers in the evening.

September 9th, Saturday.

Yesterday we came home from Manchester. Last Sunday, after the zeppelin raid, I said to Bill, "Now I must finish the novel. If you want to go anywhere, you must leave me here in London to work. I want so much to write that I can't think of any place to which I care to go." Bill accepted this dictum obediently as usual. In the middle of the morning he went out for a while. When he came back, he said, "I am going to say something to you that will make you say to me, 'Get out the suitcases at once and we'll pack!" I replied that there was nothing on earth he could say that would bring forth that answer. He said, "The Trades Union Congress, which is the English equivalent to the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, is meeting this next week in Birmingham. I have platform seats and letters of introduction to many of the labor leaders. Do you want to go?" I answered, "Get out the suitcases at once and we'll pack."

We spent Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday there; most of

the time at the Council. It was interesting enough on its own account; but doubly so because of its contrast with the A. F. of L. I was much struck with the difference between the two assemblies. The American Convention is larger, noisier, more disorderly, infinitely more vigorous and virile. In addition, the American Convention seemed a generation younger, but that was partly due, of course, to the fact that all the young Englishmen are in the trenches. And perhaps for the same reason, the English Convention seemed definitely sad. On the other hand, the English delegates were as far as clothes went, much "smarter" in their appearance. And I must admit that they spoke much better and much more to their point. That is without doubt due to the admirable rule which governs speaking on the floor. In the A. F. of L. a delegate can speak, I think, for twenty minutes. If at the end of that time, he has not finished what he has to say, somebody jumps up and moves that his time be extended. It always is extended and sometimes more than once. The result is an incredible amount of sheer rambling. An English delegate may speak only ten minutes. It is surprising how much you can say in ten minutes --- if that is all the time you have. And I must say the English speaking surprised me with its directness and conciseness. Also it was enormously interesting from the variety of dialects; English, Sctoch, Welch and Irish. I had of course to get accustomed to a whole new vernacular --- <u>blackleg</u> for <u>scab</u>, for example. And even after I got the necessary vocabulary, I could not

understand the motions under debate, unless, by accident, they were explained during the course of that debate. There was a "tied-cottage" business for instance that was like Greek to me.

We met many of the labor leaders of whom I remember particularly Arthur Henderson and Sexton. Two American delegates from the A. F. of L. appeared; Mathew Woll of the photo engravers, whom I had met at San Francisco in the Convention of 1915, and Magoon of the car conductors. They made speeches.

One evening, during our stay in Birmingham, we went to a meeting of the women trade unionists. That was intensely interesting. The speaking was admirable. Mary McArthur, the most prominent of English labor women, talked thrillingly in a voice from which dripped a Scotch accent like honey. She is a tall, big, full-bosomed, full-hipped Scotch woman; red-haired and comely; with beautiful hands and a beautiful voice. She spoke particularly of the way the war had effected English women-workers. She said that some of them had their own bank accounts now. But she warned her audience that the cost of living was steadily ascending. Margaret Bondhill, a pretty English girl, also made a speech in her sweet English voice. Then there was an English woman, a little older, the Hon. Susan Lawrence wearing a monocle, who also spoke; a little hesitantly and haltingly, but with a delicious English accent. Then there was an Irish girl who made a speech with a delicious Irish accent. I did not know which I liked the most, that honey-sweet Scotch accent, that sugar-sweet English accent or that treacle-sweet Irish accent, but perhaps

after all, though less able, the Irish girl's talk was the most moving. She was making an appeal to the girls who filled the hall to be ready to relinquish their jobs when the men came back. She said, "Remember it's the lad you're writing to." And she referred to Dublin always as, "dear, dirty Dublin."

Another evening, we spent at dinner with Consul T. on Hagley Road. Mrs. T. was extraordinarily interesting on the effect of the war on the "lower" classes --- I use in quotes, the English term. She said that the workers, who had obtained steady jobs with steadily-increasing wages, were all spending those wages for things that they had never been able to have before. The sale of cheap jewelry in Birmingham for instance had increased enormously. Also women were buying the fur coats and pianos that they had always wanted and never had. She seemed to think it was a deplorable state of mind, but my sympathy was entirely with the spenders.

Another evening, we went to see a second company in the great London success of last year, Mr. Wu. It was really a very thrilling melodrama.

In connection with the Congress I have met a delightful old Englishman, a Mr. B. from East Anglia. He might have come from Scituate, Massachusetts. He is a socialist, a suffragist and a labor fan; so that we have much in common. He is the kind of old man who collects "lore". One of the things he told me was that of the four hundred million inhabitants of China, there were only ten million who knew that there was a Chinese-Japanese war.

Yesterday we came back to London. We went to the Alhambra in the evening. London was so beautiful that we walked to and from the theatre. The moon evoked lacy reflections. All the way, through the narrow streets, was sooted over with shadow; but here and there came pools of soft golden light.

September 19th, Tuesday.

Today Bill had a talk with R. D. He is reformé. He told Bill that he saw Germans actually chained to their guns.

September 25th, Monday.

Another zeppelin raid Saturday night. It was the first time, since my arrival, that the raid had actually come over London. Again we got up in the middle of the night, wakened by the sound of distant guns. We went up to the roof and found the usual assortment of half-dressed people. The guns seemed to die away and we returned to bed. But again they came on. We [redacted] dressed and ascended to the roof again. Suddenly there was the sound of a tremendous explosion --- the loudest noise I have ever heard in my life.

Today's paper tells the whole extraordinary story. Saturday night twelve zeppelins invaded England. Two of them came over London, one dropping the bomb whose explosion we heard. The other seems to have accomplished no damage. Then they started back to Germany. In Essex somewhere, these two were brought down, one in flames, the other intact.

Intact!

The story of that zeppelin is to me one of the most extraordinary stories of the war. One of the newspaper accounts is headed How Twenty-two Armed Germans Invaded England. The story extracted from all the newspaper accounts seems to have been something like this.

The commander of the zeppelin apparently started to return to Germany. At sea, trouble of some kind manifested itself. He decided to turn back and come down. The zeppelin landed in an Essex meadow. Not far away was a small cottage. The people who lived there decided that their hour had come. They locked doors and windows, hid in closets and under beds. In the meantime, the German commander knocked on the door; knocked harder and harder; kicked, banged; called; yelled, shouted. Nobody answered. So, summoning his crew and ordering them to shoot all the ammunition out of their revolvers, so that they might not be captured armed, the commander found the road and marched his crew along in perfect formation.

In the meantime, the whole country was aroused of course. A special constable jumped onto his bicycle and sped towards the spot. Suddenly in the distance he heard the sound of marching feet. As he neared that sound, he descried in the darkness a body of men, uniformed like soldiers, but not English soldiers. He dismounted from his wheel. The officer in command came forward. The constable said, "What's up?" The officer said, "Can you tell me the way to - - -?" naming a town indicated by blanks in the newspaper. The

constable answered, "It's some miles away from here." Another German officer then made explanation. "Zep . . . we crew . . . engine exploded . . . we prisoners of war." The constable said simply, "This is the way."

The zeppelin crew took up their march. The constable followed. Presently they met an ex-police-sergeant in plain clothes, accompaned by other special constables. "This is the crew of the zeppelin," explained the first constable. "I am the Commander," said the officer coming forward. "Consider yourselves under arrest," said the sergeant, and they all marched off together.

Later when the crew came before the village constable (almost instantly promoted to a sergeant) the Commander said at once, "Where is the motor car?" Then, "Where is the military escort?" They told him he would not have long to wait. Then he gave a glance at a telephone box and said, "May I use the telephone? I want to speak to some friends in London who will let my wife know that I am safe." I know of nothing that indicates more perfectly the accuracy of the German spy system or of its dunderheadedness. And of course the English, equally naive in their excitement, failed to let him do this. Of course in that case, they would have found out who the "friends" were.

They took the Germans to the vicarage. In the front garden there is a flagstaff. At the vicar's suggestion, the villagers set up the Union Jack and cheered for the king. The Commander, who had

treated all his crew --- one of whom had a broken rib --- with the utmost indifference, refused to spend the night in the same room with his men. The vicar refused to give him a room in his house, so the commander sat up all night in the hall reading.

One newspaper account says that a German asked one of his English captors when he thought the war would be over. "It's over for you matey, now," the Englishman replied.

September 26th, Tuesday.

This morning to Brixton, the district bombed by last Saturday night's bombs. I was aghast at the destruction those few explosions made. Thousands of window glasses were broken; three houses badly demolished; the ground violently torn; minor breakage everywhere.

November 1st

I have been too tired to keep this diary regularly because, in the meantime, I have finished the novel and sent it off. Besides I have been going about and experiencing the usual war experiences at even a swifter pace and certainly [redacted] at a greater emotional price. And yet, perhaps, this last month has been more vivid than any other, except my first month at the war. This is England, and I have always loved England. The people speak my language in every literal and metaphorical sense. Perhaps I should have used that last ounce of reserve strength to do this fatiguing writing daily, for, oh, the memories of this month!

First the zeppelin raids. I think, of all the experiences of the war, perhaps these Saturday nights --- in which we always expected the zeppelins --- will remain longest in my memory. We make a point of going to the theatre Saturday nights. When we come out, — and after the taxis have streamed away, — there comes such a silence over London. Silence, and yet the city seems so richly inhabited! As we walk along the black streets, we become aware of [redacted] figures lingering in doorways, waiting. Now and then we get the pale glimmer of a face. Sometimes we would ask the bobbies, "Are the zepps coming tonight?" Often they would answer, "Yes, we've just received news that they are on their way." Or they would evade, "How should I know anything about it?" Sometimes we would get the warning in the restaurant from talk at the next table. A man in uniform would say, "Yes, they're coming tonight!" Or some other indicative statement, — possibly more guarded.

In this month they have brought another zep down. At Golder's Green. Again we were aroused by the guns and both went up to the roof; came back. As I stood by the window, suddenly the whole sky flashed a wide, a vivid pink, as of an out-of-schedule instantaneous dawn. I rushed into Bill's room. "There's a zeppelin down!" I declared. "I saw the glow!" we dashed into our clothes and ran out of the Mansions to the street. A crowd stood there. I told them breathlessly that I had seen the pink flare of the dying zep. Nobody spoke; but they looked at me skeptically. I told them again, but they received my statement in a blank, dead discouraging silence.

A little later a postman came by and confirmed my news. A zeppelin was down somewhere. I was triumphant that I was not fanciful. I was of course sure I had seen that colossal flame-pink glow.

Oh those London nights! Over the heartbreak and under the sense of impending peril, there was always a sense of tremendous, of sinister adventure. To be in a taxicab, speeding through a dark so thick that it was as though the air were melted velvet; so black that the taxis and busses about you, running close and apparently running wild, were invisible. Out of that dark would come the sounds of this speed; broken-off talk; laughter. It gave you a sense of surging life. On wet nights, of course, the blackness was deeper. The cones of light, made by the hooded street lamps, cast perforated reflections of a palish silver. I always used to note --- those nights on which we could not get a taxicab --- a certain little island in the street on our way past the Abbey. It is surrounded by maple trees. And the reflection of those leaves on the mud of the street was like embossed black velvet on black satin. And on those misty nights, Westminster, just a looming shape and infinitely bigger than in the sunlight, seemed like something colossal but alive, which back of the visible wet, silently brooded. How I loved the Abbey those nights --- it had so benign a patience; so sure a courage I always used to address it when I passed. Sometime during the middle of the month, we went with P. and V. W. for a three days' holiday in Oxford. It was my first visit to Oxford and oh such a strange one! An Oxford, almost as depleted as though

some tidal wave had sucked all its scholarly young life out of it. Not that there was not plenty of young life there, but with the exception of a few Rhodes Scholars --- all the men were training in camps. Early in the morning, I was always looking out the window of my picturesque room in the picturesque King's Arms, to see who was running on the street. It was invariably next year's class in training.

Of course I did all the things and saw all the things, one must do and see in Oxford. I visited Christs, Oriel, Balliol, Exeter. I made a point of hunting up the Shelley Memorial. I visited beautiful old quadrangel after beautiful old quardrangle. I strolled along Addison's Walk by the Cherwell and tried to think all the thoughts that --- in my girlhood when I passionately loved Addison --- I thought I was going to think on Addison's Walk. I don't think I succeeded very well because I did not expect to see Addison's Walk in a war. I canoed on the Isis with Bill and found it quite as charming an experience as he had promised. Going, I saw the view most frequently printed and engraved and etched and photo-graveured and painted, of all Oxford, the meadows with Magdalen Tower in the background among the trees. We floated on a tiny river which we had almost to ourselves, meeting swans and ducks and passing a very beautiful old estate, decaying at the very water's edge.

We went to tea with the Warden X where we met a beautiful blonde English wife and looked out on a beautiful English garden. We went to tea with Warden Y. where there were five beautifully-behaved English children, talking in whispers. We went to tea with still

another set of people whose names I have completely forgotten. There were two officers present, both with disabled arms. One prophesied that revolution will come after the war. Aeroplanes were flying all the time this conversation was going on and the three beautifully-behaved children of the household watched them in fascinated silence from the window. We went for the evening to the house of a Miss C., a New England woman. Here --- and oh how surprising to find it there --- was old colonial furniture; pictures of five generations of Cape Cod ships on the wall. We had breakfast with one group of Rhodes scholars, [redacted] tea with another and coffee with a third. Once we had tea in Prince Rupert's room, old and wainscoted, next door to Charles the First's room, now shut up. Everywhere wonderful old Tudor houses, half-timbered and overhanging; everywhere wonderful windows, oriel or mullioned; everywhere marvelous doorways, carved or panelled; everywhere walls so old that they look as though they were eaten away; everywhere stately [redacted] trees, everywhere wonderful ivies, now crimson; everywhere the autumn flowers; everywhere aeroplanes; everywhere soldiers; everywhere convalescents; everywhere framed lists of the dead --- Bill finds the name of a friend of whose death he had not heard, among them.

Once during the month, I explored the East Side with Miss L. It was a terrible experience. Superficially it was much cleaner than the East Side of New York. But oh, the drabness, the dullness, the lassitude, the stark monotony of those colorless streets, those tiny alleys, those sunless courts! The most discouraging thing about it

is that you get the impression that these people do not know that any other world exists. Everywhere were children, bare-footed in that penetrating cold; babies of an incredible pallor; and human forms which had submitted to every kind of warp, cripplement or disfiguration. One woman was actually so concave that I wondered how she could breathe. Yet some of those babies had hair like guinea gold. Miss L. told me that they are fairly prosperous now. Before the war, she said, "You could see everybody through his clothes." Now at least they are warmly dressed. Many of the women have even bought furs. Miss L. told me that the results of zeppelin raids in this neighborhood were simply awful. Children were thrown into fits, occasional babies died. She said she was there the day the news of Kitchener's death came. They took that news hard on the East Side. There were knots of women on every corner talking it over. They always referred to him as Mr. Kitchener.

It was an interesting neighborhood in more ways than one. Everywhere I heard the sound of buzz-saws, got the smell of clean wood. Miss L. told me that --- except for two --- every trade in England is represented there; the cabinet trades in particular. Occasionally we came across rows of little gardens with pathetic little hanging pots of plants. I penetrated to the second story of one house, but was driven away by the foulness of the air. Of course there are pubs everywhere and of course everybody goes to them. They are the only cheerful places to which they can turn.

Somewhere along the route, Miss L. pointed out one court called, Kill Coppers Court. Six policemen have been murdered there. And

somewhere in the midst of it, I see some really beautiful old almshouses, some really beautiful little Georgian houses with charming doorways. And --- and oh this is England --- the site of the Curtain, Burbage's Theatre, where Shakespeare may first have acted.

And sometime during the month, I visited the Tower. We did not expect that --- as aliens --- we should be permitted to do this. But we were. I suppose I enjoy the Tower more than anything in London. We went through Bloody Tower, Wakefield Tower, White Tower and Beauchamps Tower. It was in Bloody Tower that the young princes were put to death and Sir Walter Raleigh was confined. Afterwards, we saw the Regalia. I was particularly interested to examine the duplicate glass of the Kohinoor and the Cullinan. The Cullinan is quite as big as I expected it to be, as big as half a paving brick. It has been broken up. Part of it is in the crown of the present king and part in the mace. I thought George's crown much the most beautiful of the men's and Mary of Modena's the most beautiful of the women's. I was exceedingly interested in the armor, as always; especially in the fluted armor and in the various pikes, halbreds, glaives, spetumes, spontoons, partizans and bills carried in the middle ages. And of all the things I mused over, I found the block and axe most poignantly interesting. The sinister old ravens still haunt the Tower green.

As we came into the Tower, Bill asked a guard if it was permissible to tell him where Lodi had been executed. The man replied, "No, we are not permitted to say. But it's not far from here, sir." And he

gave a quick nod of his head in the direction of the moat.

And sometime during the month, I went for a weekend to a beautiful old place at Rickmansworth. I walked in a wood in which Robin Hood used to meet his men. And I saw a bed in which George the Fourth used [redacted] Not far away was the stone pillar erected to guide the couriers with his mail.

to sleep — the biggest bed I have ever seen in my life. King George used to come here for weekends.

Sometime also during the month, I went to Woolwich to visit the hugest munition factory I have ever seen. I went as a guest of Miss B. It was her duty to oversee the women workers. I sat in her office for an hour while she interviewed girls applying for jobs there. There were hundreds of girls from all parts of England, most of them young and many of them pretty. She knew just how to to talk with them. She coaxed, joshed, jollied [redacted] and cajoled and bullied.

Afterwards we went from building to building; all very spacious, orderly and clean; very different from that confused institution I visited in Lyons, but of course, not half so picturesque or so full of talk and gesture. When the tea hour came, I saw hundreds of girls chatting in the big, sunny rooms provided for the purpose.

Perhaps the most charming thing that has happened to me since I came to the war was seeing Mary Anderson act --- "our Mary", as we so proudly used to call her. All my life I have wanted to see Mary Anderson, but she retired from the stage too early. When I was a little girl, I saved up my spending money to buy a photograph of her which hung in a Boston window. There were two of them, both

as Perdita; one front face, the other profile. They were London pictures, by Downey, and they cost seventy-five cents apiece. That was a huge sum to me in those days. When at last I achieved the seventy-five cents, I rushed to the shop, took both pictures in my hands. I looked at one. I looked at the other. I looked at both many many times. I could not make up my mind which to choose. Finally the shopkeeper said, "You may have both of them for seventy-five cents."

Mrs. Navarro came back to act for a war charity. She appeared in Pygmalion and Galatea and in Comedy and Tragedy. She is quite as beautiful as I imagined her. She has the same exquisite profile, the nose exquisitely shaped, slender; and transparent in its bridge. She has the same wide-apart eyes, the same beautiful flat back and the same beautiful flat stomach. The same graceful lines enclose her neck. Yes, she is quite as beautiful as I imagined her [redacted] and much more graceful than I believed anybody could be. I had no idea, however, that she had such a deep voice and such a sweet mouth.

When she first called, "Pygmalion! Pygmalion!" an elderly man back of me, in a voice swelling with emotion, said to the young girl who accompanied him, "Well I remember when I first heard that voice, thirty years ago."

Mary Anderson wore the gown she has always worn as Galatea. I remembered it from the pictures. An artist must have designed it for her; it is the only really Greek drapery I have ever seen, not carved in Greek marble. Every pose was like a figure on a Greek vase. And such acting!

The second play gave her a charming opportunity to display the versatality that I had not guessed she had. She wore an exquisite pink gown with a long train, ruffled in front and a little short. She wore pink flowers in her hair and pink slippers. She gave the impression that I have always got from her pictures, of sweetness, of a bewitching grace, of real character. No wonder the American newspapers used to call her, "Our Mary."

When she was called before the curtain, she bowed charmingly and she moved off with the step of a girl.

It was a very interesting audience. The front rows were filled with soldiers. One had a bandaged head and another had to be carried in. Popular actresses sold programs at prohibitive prices; Ethel Levy; Gladys Cooper; Fay Compton. On the floor sat two Princesses; Princess Schleswig-Holstein, and the Princess Beatrice of Battenburg. In a box, with the Princess Victoria, the Princess Royal and the Princess Royal's daughter, sat Queen Alexandra, looking the same and exactly as beautiful as in the many photographs of her I used to admire when I was a girl. And her hair was done precisely the same way. Royalty came in on a ruffle of drums and went away on the cheers of the soldiers. But I was interested to observe that --- when old Genevieve Ward entered the house --- she was applauded more than royalty. There were many flowers of course; and "our Mary" appeared once before the curtain with an enormous bunch of lilies and once with a huge laurel wreath.

The rest of this month seems to have been walks about London and meeting people; talks always of course about the war; and the constant news of deaths.

And all the time the Somme goes on and on.

Somewhere during the month, I got this out of a newspaper:

"A Crimean veteran, William Richard Littlejohns, who was present at the fall of Sebastopol has died in tragic circumstances. For fourteen years he had lived with a niece at Peterborough, but the latter, who has lost four sons in the war and has an invalid daughter, was no longer able to accommodate him, and the old man came to London to enter a workhouse.

On Monday he was found drowned in the Thames near Temple Pier. In a pocket was a postcard addressed to his niece which read, 'God forgive me; no cash. Dear Chris, goodbye. Remains of food on steps by the bank.' There was also found his marriage certificate which showed that he was married at St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, forty-nine years ago. He was wearing his wife's wedding ring.

At the inquest yesterday, a nephew who lives in Edinburgh said the old man, who was eighty-two years old, was a volunteer in the Navy during the Crimean War, and held a medal and clasps.

The Coroner: I suppose a generous country rewarded him handsomely?

Witness: He got no pension except the old age pension of 5s a week. Witness added that he had allowed his uncle 5s a

week, though he had lost his business as a law stationer owing to the war, and could not afford it.

The jury returned a verdict of "Found drowned."

On Trafalgar Day, I stopped before a newstand to buy a paper. Behind me came two cab drivers. Propped up on the newstand was a picture of Nelson. One of the cab drivers, an old, big weather-beaten man, touched his cap with his whip. "England expects ---" he said. The other man saluted too.

Early in November I sailed alone for America, parting at Liverpool with Bill, who was going to the Somme.

When Bill came home to New York, he brought the boar's feet for which Maggie had sent to Wales.

JUST BEFORE THE DRIVE
BY
INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

UDINE, Wednesday, October 17, 1917

We left Rome for our ten days in the Italian war-zone last evening in a pouring rain. We had gone through the usual preliminaries to any travel in the war-world, but on the train, to my great surprise, we had to go through none. In the spring of 1916, when we were allowed --- without chaperoning officer --- to penetrate the French war-zone through the Marne country and north to Chateau-Thierry, it seemed to me that we were showing, not only our permits

but our passports, every other minute. This time, a permission to the front, in both Italian and English, decorated by a large red seal, had been transmitted to us by our Embassy and of course we had our passports. But I do not remember that we had to show either. The station was filled with soldiers, going back to the war-zone. And their women-folk were taking gay or despairing leave of them according to their temperaments. How often in France, in England and in Italy, we have pushed our way through these knots of women! Some are silent and stark and others are weeping agony, but all are trying to control themselves --- at least until the car is out of sight.

Finally the train started and the soldiers, waving last farewells, jumped aboard. There followed a period of readjustment that seemed unending. The porter did not make up our beds until half-past eleven and until that time, there was a continuous file of officers passing the door of our compartment, some of them dragging tiny kit-boxes, which I saw now for the first time, and of which I was to see so many hundreds in the next few days.

When we woke in the morning, we had passed Padua. Our first stop was Mestre where, ordinarily, one changes for the hour's run to Venice. The station presented a lively picture. Soldiers swarmed; some of them hustling through breakfast; some of them buying post-cards from vendors who had already stamped them; and all in that cheerful morning mood which seems normal to armies. I had supposed that we should either change at Mestre or be shunted onto another track for Udine. Instead --- for what reason I cannot guess --- without

change of any kind, we sped the length of the narrow neck of land that leads to Venice.

We passed the familiar marshes and lagoons. Far to the right, pale blue mountain-shapes hovered uncertainly on the horizon and ahead, chimneys, campanili, church-domes gradually lifted their tangle to the vision. We stopped in the station for a few minutes before we turned back. It was a curious sensation to realize that Venice with all her faded, luscious loveliness --- that Venice which I had not seen for eight years --- lay there right at our hand and we could get not even a look at her. In that high screening station, we might have been in Chelsea, Massachusetts; or Hoboken, New Jersey; or Oakland California. But that regret did not tingle long. None of the old feelings stay in the war-world and particularly in the war-zone; life is too clamorous about you, too insistent, too seething. Details are always leaping out and hitting your senses as though you stood in a world that was flying to pieces. And, so, soon now, turning north towards Udine, the Headquarters town, we were passing all the definite evidence of war; soldiers and soldiers and soldiers, in the picturesque long capes of Italy, of the magically vanishing, green-grey color; war-carabinieri with their big, three-cornered hats; troop-trains, full of the freshness of health and youth; hospital trains with huge red crosses painted on their roofs and small ones painted on their sides; some of them with shutters down and moving fast, full of their bloody burdens; others with the windows open, cots all ready, the bed clothes turned nicely

aside, waiting to welcome their responsibility of torn flesh; mail cars, whose purpose was indicated by a facsimile of an envelope in white enamel, sealed with five red blotches of sealing-wax, tacked to its side. When we struck Mestre the second time, the diner was put on six or seven cars to the rear. By this time, breakfast had become a crying necessity. But never have I had such difficulty getting to any meal as to that one. The corridors were packed with grey-green officers and piled with their little trunks. Again and again, big soldiers climbed nimbly to the top of four-foot heights to make room for us. Occasionally some of them spoke in English. "Very difficult passage!" said one. "I feel as though I had taken five trenches," I responded.

We had coffee and biscotti in the diner --- a pleasant process which we prolonged as late as possible and then we made our way back through the same crowded avenue. As though in the meantime, soldiers had sprouted where soldiers had not grown before, the return was even more difficult. It was a case, at times, of squeezing through places seemingly too small for humans. We did it though. Once we struck an impasse at the entrance to a car in the person of a big handsome, genial priest who expressed in words, smiles, and gestures his despair at the inability of two objects to occupy the same space at the same time. Fortunately the train stopped soon. We got out and ran ahead to our compartment.

The country itself was flat --- and this was not entirely the result of the pouring rain --- rather uninteresting. At times, little

villages slid into sight and they were of course always charming, guarded by their tall, needle-slim campanili and their big domed churches. Here would be a campo santo --- very quiet with its simple graves, its guarding cypresses and the still, old church near. There we would get a glimpse of a market-place, nimble with gesture and vibrant with color. And all the time, we kept coming across barracks— big colonies of geometric wooden boxes, or tiny sporadic settlements of tents turned to what seemed a marble-hard, stone-gray permanence by the weather; aerodrome centres of lofty, arch-roofed, much-glassed buildings.

A little after twelve, we arrived at Udine.

Never shall I forget my first impression of that town; all activity, a boiling activity. It was several minutes before we could get a carriage and, in the meantime, oblivious to the spouting rain, we stood in fascination watching the seethe of affairs. In semi-tropical Rome there was still so much green that I had forgotten there was such a season as autumn. But here --- In front, a long line of trees, still thickly-leaved, the color of rust, put into the gray scene that strange accent of the fall which makes half for cheer and half for sadness. Sodden dead leaves lay, yellow and brown, in the gutter. Scarves of vine, touched to a pinky redness, drifted off garden walls. Soldiers were everywhere. You could scarcely see the town for the soldiers, scarcely see the stage for the actors. They seemed to obscure the very architecture. They poured --- arriving --- from the station into the square and flooded --- departing --- from the square to the station, shouldering or dragging

their little trunks, or followed by porters who carried them, soldiers in capes of dun ~~green~~ gray, soldiers in mackintoshes of a brilliant poisonous green. Camions, like great moving houses, war-grey in color, lumbered in every direction; and military motors of the same hue scuttled as freely back and forth as though the town were deserted not crowded; motor-cycles, also war-gray, bisected talking groups with the utmost aplomb; cabs with cabmen on the boxes --- who had pulled the hoods of their long black capes over their heads --- put black notes into the scene. A few civilians, moving about their lawful errands, looked somehow malapropos and unpicturesque.

After a long time came a vettura and the hunt for rooms. That took time; we should have telegraphed ahead, engaging quarters, it seems. About the town we ambled, trying to get glimpses from the carriage-window and through the veil of pouring rain, of the town-life. We caught many such glimpses of course and intensely interesting and picturesque they were. Pretty Italian girls were pattering through the streets in their clacking pattens. Older women, less pretty but more beautiful, were making lace, according to the Italian custom, close to doors and windows. The men were of course busy in their shops. How warm and glowing seemed the blacksmith's forge! Now came a courtyard with a faded, broken old palazzo. Once in the distance, I saw the high-towered citadel, looming over the town. We went from hotel to hotel, only to find them all full. Finally we engaged a room with two beds at the Nazionale. We did

not wait to unpack, but went immediately to the Croce di Malta for lunch.

Here was another typical picture of war. The big diningroom was filled with soldiers. There was a woman here and there --- but not many. The place rang with talk, sharply accented; staccato; laughter, [redacted] ringing and happy. Near at a great rectangular table sat a group of officers. The table was covered with the remains of their dinner; a dish of fruit; coffee-cups still undrained; crumpled napkins; bits of broken, brown war-bread; half-filled glasses of the golden, cider-like wine of the country. A bunch of pink-green Italian grapes still lay in the bath, to which all Italian fruit is subjected, before eating. A long stogie-like cigar was being roasted above a flame in a delicate silver apparatus. All these officers were boys; young, debonnair, comely. They laughed; they joked each other; nobody could have been more carefree. One hears a great deal of the Great War putting an end to war forever. But whenever I look at a tablefull of young officers, I wonder if war will not always represent the greatest of all gambles --- the supreme adventure --- to male youth.

After lunch --- which was delicious and by no means too cheap --- we went to the Ufficio Stampa to register. We were asked to come back at six for our military passes. Between these hours, we walked about the town, getting ourselves constantly lost but always with the most charming results; getting ourselves found with even more

charming results and then getting ourselves delightfully lost again. At six, our passes were given to us. We were accredited citizens of Udine for eight days. We had asked to be allowed to pass the remaining two of our ten days at Venice.

Friday, October 19.

The authorities gave me a little trip to Aquilea this afternoon. Fews towns in Italy have been more imprtant than Aquilea in her prime; few have had a more bloody history. Once, centuries ago, it was a Roman town. Between that time and this, almost every European race with the conquering instinct had tried to take it. Some have succeeded. The last to wrest it from the Italians were the Austrians. But it has come back to Italy again. A very short time ago, it was in Italia Irridenta, but now it is in Italia Ridenta. It is about thirty miles from Udine.

We rode in one of the military cars and at the military speed. For a long time, we passed through country, except for hedges covered with brilliant, red berries, rather dull-colored and uninteresting; no big forests, no rivers, no lakes; with, in fact, none of those individual variations which make scenery beautiful or picturesque. It seemed the kind of country one finds everywhere; the kind of country that might be any place, so featureless was it. But we kept coming to little towns; and it is impossible for an Italian town, no matter what the situation, to be anything but beautiful and picturesque. Of course there were tall campanili and broad palazzi. One town in particular had a noble public square, tree-

bordered, but with an open central space big enough to house a circus. After a while, the ragged, flat uninteresting country began to offer, on one side, a glimpse of those mountains which encircle the great bowl which holds the Headquarters Town. And presently appeared a mountain, glimmering drab-white in the rain, which was part of the Carso front. And after that, we got a continuous view of that front; maddening views because the speed of the car was always drawing a curtain across them. But even at that pace, I saw a string of the military balloons. And, again and again, great, soundless, harmless-looking, casually-drifting puffs of smoke which suddenly broke and spread to an umbrella-shaped bigness . . . shells.

We passed all the signs of the war, except the actual fighting or the return of the wounded. We passed so many soldiers, in fact, that I had been told I had seen a hundred thousand, I would have believed it. We passed hospitals with great red crosses painted on their roofs --- for the information of hostile aviators of course. We passed transport of all kind, martial and civilian; indignant cows who had been pressed into the alien service of carrying heavy loads; strings of the huge, velvety oxen, wide-horned and mouse-colored, of the country; mules, horses, camions, carts bearing all kinds of mysterious loads that were covered snugly both from the rain and from our prying eyes. And three times, we passed rest-stations.

Going to Aquilea, most of the men in the rest-stations seemed to be washing. Coming back from Aquilea, they all seemed to be eating.

Washing --- not only did they all seem to be washing everything, but they washed everywhere. Groups of them knelt at troughs, fountains, rivulets, employing the immemorial cleaning process of the country, beating the soiled garments with stones. And every bush, every wall, every door, every window, every roof held drying masculine garments of some sort. Eating --- groups of them sat about dipping from huge bowls, with great metal mugs something that looked very delicious indeed; others, holding their empty mugs, stood in line waiting for their share. I say mainly they were washing and eating. But I seem to remember, too, that they were doing many other things, talking, strolling, house-cleaning, watering horses, playing games. Think of anything a man would have to do or would want to do in the circumstances and you may be sure some of them were doing it. Once my eye caught on the brilliant splash of a group of red fezzes. My mind whizzed back to the French front where I had seen a group of blacks, except for the poilu blue, exactly similar; for Italy's Bersaglieri wear the fez as the French African troops do. And once in a lonely stretch of green country, a young nun --- white-clad, angelic-faced --- suddenly drifted past our speeding car. She came exactly like a vision that had painted itself on the diaphanous curtain of the air and she disappeared, before our speed, exactly as a vision disappears.

Presently mounding, grass-covered fortifications, very like those which surround Paris, and a beautiful, high, old city gate apprised us that Aquilea was near.

We went first to the church.

It is an extraordinary church. With all her four hundred strong, Rome has no one exactly like it. Perhaps it is more akin to San Lorenzo Outside the Wall than any other. Two lines of magnificent columns, set strangely on high, square, beautifully-proportioned pedestals, run down the centre, making three aisles of its rectangular base. The floor is one of the most beautiful mosiacs to be seen in all Italy --- the land of marvellous mosiacs. In one place, life-sized, are the portraits in mosiac of the family of the donor; a man, a woman, young daughters. Elsewhere are fishes, snails, boats --- those strange unsailable craft of primitive art --- containing the apostles; all done large, richly-colored. High steps lead on both sides to the altar; and behind the latar is a wide space. At Christmas, last year, General Cadorna and all his staff went to mass in this church. And on that day, according to old-time rites, the priest preached his sermon with a drawn sword across the book.

In this church there stands on a pillar, a bust of the dead Christ, done by a wounded, eighteen-year-old soldier during his convalescence in the hospital. In his illness, there appeared to him a vision of a brother who had been killed in the war, and this is a translation of that vision into marble. It is an extraordinarily striking, haunting performance; the head of the Christ set at a droop; the tossed long hair, still stiff with pain-sweat; tears oozing between a tangle of lash, that is stiff too. The face is unmistakably the face of the dead and yet, in the expression, is set all the harrowing spiritual agony of life.

Beside the church is a museum and behind it a graveyard. The museum was interesting, as interesting as any mere museum may be in war time. But one looks at all beauty with a haunting sense of its unreality; and in these days of air-raids with a more haunting sense of its fragility. Funeral urns, fragments of carving and mosiac; old glass, old coins, old jewelry, old everything that belongs to the household; broken statues, even a broken Venus --- really charming, in the style of her sister of the Medici. But the scanty group that looked at these old, dead-and-resurrected things seemed to me more interesting than the things themselves; one Englishman, two Italians, two Americans and five Frenchmen; a typical, khaki-brown, grey-green, horizon-blue encounter of this war-world and all of them in the exclusive war-zone for definite purposes.

But if the museum failed to stir our blood, the graveyard made all possible amends. Peace graveyards are not all beautiful. War graveyards are not only all beautiful, but poignant. Perhaps because they are so simple. This was a long rectangular patch of ground, set in the shade of the cathedral, guarded by a blunt-topped, hexagonal-shaped high campanile and screened, here and there, with towering, night-black cypresses. There were many fresh graves; some with the humble little crosses which mark the last resting-place of the undistinguished private everywhere. Others --- those of the men who had been decorated --- bore crosses, all of iron, wreathed with branches of the oak, signifying strength, and the laurel, signifying glory.

Lieutenant Somni asked me if I would like to ascend the Campanile. He said that from the top I could see Monfalcone and Trieste. Of course there could be only one answer to that question. We went up a long winding stairway, like the one to which you ascend to the roof of Notre Dame, the steps very narrow, high and steep. We came out on a big hexagonal-shaped platform. There were soldiers there, a telescope mounted on a tripod, a machine-gun; the earmarks of the observation-post.

What a country lay before us! Stretches of green, moist crops in checkerboard patterns; the jelly-emerald blotch of far forests; the silver of winding rivers; the palpitating violet-blue shapes of distant mountains; everywhere tall campanili. Through our glasses, we instantly got Trieste --- a city of shining, carved-ivory white-ness of which the afternoon sun made much, [redacted] Nearer and seemingly not far off was the brown blur of Monfalcone. That "ship" is one of the famous picturesque details of the war --- like the leaning virgin of Albert. When Italy came in, the Austrians were building a big ocean steamer. When they abandoned Monfalcone, they had of course to leave it there. But they shelled it, setting it afire. It burned enough to burst and split before the Italians could put the fire out. There it stands, however, a huge black charred mass, a strange contrast to the velvety green landscape of the campagna the gleaming marble whiteness of Trieste, the lucent blue plain of the Adriatic. This "ship" is the beginning of the eastern end of the western front. Not far off are are the trenches. My companions

picked the line up for me through their glasses. I stared long and silently at that tiny, grey-brown thread of death. Suddenly back of us sounded commotion. We turned.

An officer, breathless from swift running over those steep stairs, was communicating something in jerked, voluble Italian to our officer. Instantly Lieutenant Somni turned, "We must go at once." He vouchsafed no explanation and of course we asked for none. At dinner that night though, we learned that Aquilea had just received the first warning of an air-raid. There are two alarms. The first means, "Raid in your general direction;" the second, "They are making for you." The second warning did not come. But all around us the glittery, soft, showery afternoon became heavy with the booming of guns.

Coming home, the car was held up for fifteen minutes by troops going forward to the trenches. And that, you may well believe, was a picture of war. They marched close to the car; hundreds of young boys in their war-faded, vanishing grey-green uniforms, carrying guns. I shall not soon forget that procession of faces; pale, smileless but resolute and flashing-eyed. They all looked into the car as they passed. But if they felt surprised at the presence of the foreign woman, that surprise showed in no change of expression either of approval or disapproval. They did not seem to see that on which they looked. The flash in those black eyes came from some inner emotion. Tonight, recalling that picture, I feel as though I had caught a glimpse of the eternal Young Italy --- the Italy of Caesar, the Italy of Garibaldi, the Italy of the Great War.

Sunday, October 21st, 1917.

Udine is a fascinating spot. I have been to one other headquarters town --- the French. That was lively enough, but not so lively as Udine. A town of sixty thousand inhabitants normally, Udine has been increased by the war and its headquarters importance to a hundred thousand. Of course, narrow streets --- curving past old palaces, tiny shops and across the toy-bridges on the canals --- spiral into the inevitable Italian tangle. But sooner or later, they all seem to come out on the spacious principal piazza which ascends, at the back, both by many stairs and by a long, slow-leaping, one-storied loggia to the high city citadel. That citadel, a palace, covering the summit of a hill, tops itself off with the figure of an angel. Below angel, below citadel, below citadel-steps, below leaping loggia, stands another big, wide palace and, on its roof, are two bronze figures who, when the hour has come, beat on the bell which hangs between them. That is a little like Venice. And the building opposite, a jewel-like imitation of the Doge's Palace, the open Forum of the town, is very like Venice. Moreover, the Lion of St. Mark's confronts you --- once high from the castello wall and again low from the top of a marble column. At one side of the piazza, an old, grey statue of Hercules keeps guard. At the other side, a pretty circular fountain maintains a tiny, musical tinkle. Back and to the left --- and surely, this is the very irony of propinquity --- a wreath-crowned statue of Peace studies the picture of war below her. That Peace is not a great bit

of sculpture. But somehow she intrigues the imagination as she sits in her chair, relaxed, reposeful, serene . . . waiting . . . .

Not far away is the town-market. An Italian market, in normal conditions, is the despair of painters; but a market in the war-zone is even more colorful than in times of peace. For there are the uniforms of half a dozen allies to add to its rainbow quality. This one is held in a big square --- the market-women sitting under white umbrellas as in the Piazza del Erbe at Verona. All kinds of fruits are on sale here, all kinds of vegetables and Italy is a country where the vegetables are quite as beautiful as the fruits; brilliant scarlet; blood-red crimson; glaring gold; acid yellow; green and brown, all in endless satin-lustred or velvet-surfaced variety. In one corner, two rows of old women --- the witch-locked, white-haired market-women of Italy, with gay silk head-kerchiefs emphasizing the tan in their skins, many skirts, long earrings of coral and gold --- each with a pack of brooms and a basket of eggs --- sit opposite each other in little low chairs, talking busily.

Of course the place is full of soldiers buying for mess. For a long time, it interested me to watch a white-haired English officer, attended by a respectful Tommy, dickering at this table and that. And I found it entertaining that the handsome Italian woman --- who presided over a big, meat-booth at one corner of the market --- wore an elaborate lace waist and all her jewelry. And why not? This was her interval of dress parade.

This market offers constant shift and change of color and movement.

The little quaint streets are charming. And the tiny shops which seem always, whatever else they sell, to display numberless varieties of picture post-cards, render punctiliously the entertainment that all small Latin shopping promises. But it is to the big Town Square --- nestling under the Castello and under the gaze of the calm-eyed Peace --- to which you come again and again.

Standing behind one of the big pillars in the open Venetian palace, myself quite unseen, I could watch everything that happened. You can gaze without ennui for hours on that scene. Soldiers of course contribute most of the detail. They are invariably young, almost invariably handsome. Of course the beauty of the Italian officer is proverbial. Perhaps the Latin is better adapted physically to become a uniform than any other race. Or perhaps, the Italians have been unconsciously clever in suiting cut and color to the national type. Certainly always they make pictures. Mainly of course, they wear the war green-grey, but occasionally an apple-cheeked lad sports one of the long military capes, blue, almost sky-blue, of pre-war days. A scene like this has the effect of translating much mediaeval Latin art. Again and again, by attitudes, expressions, gestures, by the folds of their long capes --- one end of which is thrown over the shoulder --- and especially in the case of the Alpini --- when the hat is trimmed with a high-shooting quill at one side --- you are reminded of those groups of citizens who stand in the lower corners of many Italian masterpieces; groups that often contain portraits of the painter and his friends.

But they are not always Italians --- the soldiers on which one gazes from the old palazza. Here, come to rest, is a big, grey army camion with a group of French poilus in their refreshing horizon blue, sitting and awaiting, one cannot guess; what mysterious order. After a while, that mysterious word comes apparently. For suddenly they go vaulting into the big, shadowy interior of the camion through the open back. Two Italians take places on the front seat and off the camion whirls. Here a solitary Russian --- in his straight, pale tan-colored blouse and his high black shoes --- runs true to form, for in one hand he carries a lustrous copper tea-kettle. There, an English Tommy comes pelting round the corner on a motor-cycle, stops and immediately disappears into a shop. At once, the cycle is surrounded by a group of Italians, making keen comments on its mechanism. Yonder, a group of Americans --- in long brown coats, braid-trimmed on the sleeves and with the wide, cord-encircled hat, create a wave of turned heads as they pass through the ocean of grey-green; for they are recently come to Udine and the uniform is new.

Few things interest me more than these foreign soldiery, injected into that mysterious war-world, of whose movements so much must, perforce, remain secret. What are they doing here, I am always asking myself. That Cossack, for instance, who dined regularly at our hotel in Rome, wearing all the time his extraordinary uniform; a big, brown, heavily-quilted surtout-coat, trimmed with fur, with many gilt ornaments, among them a beautiful silver dagger hanging from a chain; a Cossack, moreover, with a correct chiselled blond beauty as Anglo-Saxon as any Englishman --- what was he doing in Italy, I wonder?

That group of American bluejackets whom I saw in the Piazza Tritone in Rome, gazing, in a kind of stupefaction, at the moss-hung old Triton who for so many years now, has faithfully blown a slender fountain of water upwards through a shell --- from what had they come, to what were they going? That solitary Serb whom I saw yesterday, strolling through Udine, very handsome in his dead-leaf, brown uniform with its ruby-velvet tabs and its strange, stiff, rimless, creased, pill-box-shaped hat --- of what was he thinking as he walked slowly, thoughtfully, head down? And that group of English women, who dined at our hotel one night at the Headquarters town in the French war-zone, trim and slim in their short-skirted, high-booted war-zone khaki; talking things over deep into the night with all the earnestness and informedness of a trio of officers, who, the next morning before the rest of us were up, had cleaned their motors and made off into the distance -- what were they doing there? How long had they been behind the lines? How long would they stay?

But that public square of Udine really needs no adventitious picturesqueness to eke out its natural charm. Here are plenty of girls. And such girls. Most of them softly, roundedly brown in the expected Italian way; others, and a surprising number of them, with the bushy, brilliant red-gold hair, so loved by Titian and Veronese, parted in the middle and bunching in great sun-kissed waves to their ears. They wear black shawls and black pattens. Some of them carry baskets that hang from hooks at the end of a curved pole, which rests, Chinese fashion, across the shoulders. A group of girl car-conductors

in belted grey uniforms came into the piazza, ready to go on duty. They show their numbers in silver, pinned on the crowns of their grey caps. They are very taut and efficient-looking, except where --- in lace-collars, earrings, chains and (Italian anti-evil-eye) charms --- they break into inevitable femininity. The newsboys whip through the crowd at any moment and beggars are always at hand. Every afternoon appears a boy selling delicious-looking, candied fruit on a round, tin platter, held by a long stick, thrust through its centre. Late in the afternoon, the boys coming home from school, go whooping through the little Venetian palace, vaulting and jumping and playing mysterious games that I doubt not, are older than anything in the town.

These are but some of the details inevitable to a picture of Italy at war. But if you wait long enough behind your pillar, unseen but seeing, little dramatic episodes play themselves out in true Italian fashion. Here a big, tall soldier shows two comrades --- whom he has just greeted as though after a long separation --- the scars of his wound. He pulls down his cape and indicates the point where the bullet went in, under one ear and, on the opposite side, where it came out. His listeners shrug their shoulders, throw their hands, examine the scar with gestures as articulate as their words. You can hear them say even if you don't know their language, "Mache! You lucky dog! Anybody but you would have died!"

Now comes a mother with an adventurous girl-toddler who insists on running away. She is caught by her proud mother and proudly --- between kisses --- scolded; is lost again; is brought back by a

soldier to more and prouder scolding and kissing; is finally, still amidst flurries of kisses, held by a stern hand, at which she tugs with all her rebellious baby strength. Now a soldier emerges from a shop across the street and vauntingly displays his bargain to his comrades --- a little comb neatly set in a trim leather case and all for "cinquante."

A group of officers very young, very gay, very handsome and alas --- but I said they were young; very haughty and supercilious --- eye the pretty bare-headed girls as they pass. They are just below me and I can hear almost their comments. Not that it would do me any good to hear, for I cannot understand. But I can tell from their expressions what they are saying. They are so young that they are very cynical, very difficult to please in the matter of female beauty. Indeed, it is quite obvious that no one of them has ever met that ideal of feminine pulchritude which he holds up to himself. They shrug and deprecate as the fair creatures pass. Ten years from now, if they still live, they will not be half so fastidious.

Here appears a young woman with her little daughter. Obviously she is from the country-side. She is very humble and conciliating, looks shyly at the crowds, registers terror of the clanging trams. She is indubitally searching for something. At intervals, she accosts strangers, each time showing a paper on which an address is written. Of course it is somebody wounded and in a hospital, perhaps the father of that shy, slim little girl who clings so tightly to her arm and who listens to all the conversation with so avid and so mature a look of anxiety. I watch her go from man to man. Nobody

can give her the information she seeks. Finally she speaks to a nun. The nun --- no more than the rest --- can answer the questions, but she goes with the woman, from group to group of the soldiers, until finally they find one who can direct them. Off they speed, mother and daughter, on feet that seem suddenly to dance.

And now blazes excitement. Above sounds the strange deep organ-music of a distant plane. Every head tilts upwards. How strange must seem to aviators, who drop low enough, all those pink face-disks gradually turning skywards on their long black body-stems. It may be an Austrian plane, for Udine has been raided many times. Not recently though. And besides there would have been an alarm. Now the solitary plane is joined by another. And another. And <u>another</u>. Four delicate gnat-like creatures, drawing a lazy pattern on the blue of the sky; four aerial organs whirling out a symphony of war in the high altitudes of the air. The aeroplanes melt into the distance. Their music fades . . . .

Tuesday, October 23.

Last night, I woke from the soundest of sleep to the noise of guns. They were far enough away to have lost all sharpness, all connotation of terror. For long periods came a muted crackle and then suddenly, putting that out entirely, a deep bull-mouthed roar. I have always liked the growl of dogs and the roar of lions. There is a quality in them --- conviction, perhaps. I know a labor-leader in San Francisco whose voice has that same loud, deep vibrating

quality. It gives enormous force to his remarks. These guns had an accent equally convincing. I lay for a long time listening to them and marvelling at the strange world where one could lie warm, safe, serene with loud death booming not far away. I prided myself on my serenity. The guns died down. And then suddenly, close to my ear, a mouse began to gnaw his way through the walls. My heart turned to water ---

Night in this town is unbelievably beautiful. Its darkness makes the darkness of London, Paris, Rome seem like brilliant day. It looks at first ebon-black. It is not quite that of course; for --- at alternating distances, strung all over the town --- blossom tiny green and blue lights. But these lamps are placed under the arcades, so that they offer more a punctuating dash of color than a real illumination. When you step from the blaze of your hotel into this street-blackness, you can see nothing for a few seconds. Then it is as though the curtain had just gone up on a Henry Irving production of Shakespeare, one of the Italian romances. All about, subdued inevitably by the velvety darkness, is the noise of a large town filled with youth. Dark, caped bonus [redacted] --- materializing and dematerializing in mysterious fashion --- glide here and there. Just ahead, a near bit of architecture cuts through the black fog, attaching vagueness to looming form. Far off buildings are but unshaped shadow. At any moment you expect the footlights to flare, to reveal [redacted] a beautiful carnival, progressing to the matchless music of the Shakespeare verse. But instead, you creep down tiny curving streets to your

restaurant. People pass so close that they brush you. You hear their talk and laughter, but you cannot see their faces. Sometime a motor comes rounding the corner and then the effect is really wonderful. The conical glare of the lamps rescues from obscurity great disks of the street. Green-grey figures, caught in that gush of luminous silver, are revealed to the last fold of the puttee. Then the motor hoots on and the world blackens doubly again. You grope your way to the linen-hung door of your ristorante, pull it aside and plunge immediately into an abyss of light, so sharp and white that, for an instant, you must shade your eyes. The ristorante is always full of officers, dining alone, in couples, in trios, or in quartettes in big table-fulls, all very happy and relaxed and bursting with talk. You sit there until ten, when the waiters begin to put the lights out. Then there is nothing to do but to grope your way home again. I find it deliciously thoughtful that, in Bill's absence at the front, some one of the correspondents is always delegated to bring me to the ristorante and escort me home. Otherwise, I could not eat.

We dine at the table with the correspondents; English, American, Italian representatives of the American press. These war-time talks! People who have once had garlic in their salad can never again eat it plain. Will peace-time talks be spoiled by them forever I wonder! I do not want to believe that. And yet --- and yet --- there is an enormous thrill --- horrible sometime but always there --- in the war-atmosphere. Take today. The papers have been full of those eleven Zeppelins (German) that went to England, of which two were brought down there, three in France and the rest blown by a terrific storm to the Mediterranean. It is possible that some will

come down in the jungles of Africa. That bit of news is the signal for everybody to tell stories about zeppelins. And what stories they are! But the talk, as is inevitable among the fraternity of journalists, wanders to every broad space and to every hole and corner of this war. Between them, they have covered it all. Characteristically it is concrete, definite, informed, accurate and singularly fair-minded.

The talk scatters . . . the wild so-called "buffalo" on the Roman Campagna . . . O. Henry . . . the humorous abuse, inevitable with all English, of the War Office . . . the income tax . . . the immortal courage of the English Second Lieutenant . . . sugar distribution in England . . . English slang as compared with American slang . . . stories . . . stories . . . [redacted] stories.

In the midst of it, one of a group of newly-arrived American Red Cross men, who have been lunching in state with Italian officials, comes over to our table to offer us some of the butter which has been presented to them. He cuts off a generous third of a big roll. Butter in butterless Italy! It is weeks since we have tasted butter. We fell on it ravenously. Had I followed my inclination, I should have eaten it as one does cake.

Thursday, October 25.

We left Udine early this morning for Venice. As usual the station presented one of those pictures of war that would have seemed incredible to peace, but whose frequency now makes the old-time pictures

of peace seem like dreams. Just opposite our car was a troop-train, going forward. The men had apparently not breakfasted. The car behind ours was full of soldiers, going back. They were eating. As soon, however, as they realized that their comrades across the way were hungry, they began passing over to them bread, wine, fruit, cigarettes. Encouraged by their example, we bought biscotti, chocolate and cigarettes and tossed them through the windows. The soldiers held out their hands, their caps, empty wooden boxes, baskets, anything that would catch them.

We went back to Venice, of course, by the same route which had brought us to Udine. And there, after all our care to get a permission at Udine, we were held up in the station. What the trouble was, I do not yet understand. Our passes had been issued by the naval authorities. Perhaps it was only a matter of making assurance doubly sure. At any rate --- during the two hours that it took to learn from the Comando Supremo at Udine that it really was safe to let us enter the city --- we sat in the restaurant of a station that did not command a view of even one corner of a canal. As I have said before, it might have been Chelsea, Mass.; Hoboken, N. J. or Oakland, Calif. After the two hours, however --- our harmlessness and respectability having apparently been guaranteed --- we walked out of the station and into a gondola.

War! Venice! What an anomaly! There she stands though, in all her colorful beauty, sophisticated and wistful, the black gondolas shooting like arrows of mourning over the tangle of multi-colored

reflections in her green canals, the red, lateen sails trailing a shadow of blood over her silvery lagoons. But oh, what a difference from that gay, glad Venice of peace!

As you pass along the canals, you see through the iron grillwork of the lower windows of the palaces enormous piles of sandbags. This is everywhere. You come to the Piazza of San Marco to find the great square entirely metamorphosed. The little shops which sold such charming frivolities are mostly closed. St. Mark's, itself, is no longer itself. It has been shorn of its golden horses. Sandbags, inside and out --- here, about the base of the Campanile, around the Doge's palace --- conceal all their greatest treasures of carving and color. Packed marvellously, these sandbags mount in serried ranks over a framework of wood to which they seem to give a curious structural value. One wonders if they may not result, these war-protectives, in a new impulse to architecture. But the saddest thing of all is that the old, beautiful, colorful life of the square seems to be entirely sucked out of it. Soldiers --- and here in great numbers, sailors --- form the bulk of the passers-by. There is but a trickle of the old-time, care-free strolling and sauntering. Everywhere young girl-mothers with babies in their arms accost you, begging. All the gondoliers are old men. At the Danielli we are able to obtain rooms easily enough, but we must eat elsewhere. The hotel-clerk tells us that there are two good restaurants. For dinner, we picked the largest. We turned off the square, under a series of black arches, and came out on a wide, still

lagoon-like end of a canal; an expanse of satiny shadow stretched taut, on which was painted the pearly reflection of a neighboring palace. We groped our way through the door. Before us lay a glacial acre of white-lighted, many-tabled emptiness with groups of waiters standing disconsolately about.

Venice, Friday, October 26.

Up early and out alone in the vapory Venetian morning. I gravitated naturally to the Piazza San Marco. And here I witnessed a really touching ceremony --- the municipal feeding of the doves of St. Mark's. Poor, puzzled creatures! How they must yearn for peace and the well-filled purses of the tourists which kept them as fat as butter-balls. About nine came along an old man with a big sack of --- what do you suppose? Macaroni! He spilled it out of the nearly-closed end of the bag in a great circle. Doves flocked from everywhere by twos and trios, by dozens and scores, by hundreds. Following that circle of scattered manna, eating so close that heads were concealed and tails uplifted, they looked like an enormous wreath of fluttering, iridescent-petalled, gray orchids. People gathered about in a sympathetic circle. And when it was found, after the frantic feeding stopped, that much macaroni was left uneaten because the sticks were too big for the doves to handle, everybody knelt down and broke them carefully into practicable portions. After luncheon we took a long walk under the sapient guidance of our consul. Yes walked for two hours in Venice, over

the Rialto and through the Marceria. A gondola is by no means the necessity in Venice that the amateur fancies. Venetians of limited means rarely use them. Many, Venetian-born, have never been in one. We stopped for a few minutes in Santa Maria Formosa and Santi Giovanni and Paola. The latter has suffered slightly from raids. But the wonderful statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni, the most beautiful equestrian statue in the world, still stands secure under a dove-cote of sandbags. This walk was reassuring --- it brought us through the quarters where Venice is working at the immemorial trades which depend at no time on the *tourist*. Here people were buying and selling all the necessities of use-and-wont existence. And wherever Italians gather to buy or sell is color and motion, gesture and gaiety. There came moments when we actually forgot the war.

But we remembered quickly enough a little later when a group of the few Americans left in Venice sat in Piazza San Marco at tea. We were talking with something of an old-time vivacity. After all it was Venice. And --- constant air-raids to the contrary --- what could the soul of Venice have to do with war?

Near us, the daily communiqué was put out. A group gathered about it. The group grew swiftly to a crowd, almost a mob. People, emerging from that mass, sent about spreading the news. Suddenly --- and how quickly it came about, it was as though somebody had thrown a constricting gas into that human blend --- the square which, a few moments ago, had been a normal scene, full of supple, easily-flowing streams of people, had changed, had crystallized into tight

groups. Little knots of men stood all about, talking low or loud but quickly, earnestly with furrowed faces and a strange air of bewilderment.

"Something doing!" one of our men said. And the males hastened to the communiqué. "The Bainsizza is being abandoned!" they explained on their return. "That's serious. Something has happened!"

The Bainsizza plateau! A position of great importance and gained by the pluckiest kind of fighting. Abandoned! We looked at each other and suddenly we, too, were a very serious group. But there was nothing to be learned tonight. Perhaps tomorrow ---

When we left the restaurant, somewhere between nine and ten, we came upon a picture of war which for dazzling beauty I shall not ever see equalled. Everybody has been saying that we might expect an air-raid tonight. And the Venetians were evidently preparing for it. The air was full of the flashing blades of searchlights, hundreds of them. They played back and forth, crossing and re-crossing, tearing and rending the moonlight, stabbing the zenith. It was though the surface of the earth was a sieve, through the holes of which shot the white fire of a colossal, cosmic blaze. One night last June when an air-raid threatened Paris, I saw some such similiar exhibition over the Seine from the Pont Royale. And to that extraordinary effect was added the flashing twinkle of swarms of aeroplanes rushing like rockets to the zenith. That was beautiful enough but here --- with the spacious open-ness of the canals and the lagoons, with that imperial group St. Mark's, the

Doge's palace, the Campanile, turned to bits of frosted lace-work by the moon --- it was like the titanic protechnics of the gods of Olympus.

Ten days later.

I don't know how I'm going to tell about that last day in Venice and the journey home. And all that has happened since. Those guns I heard in the night in Udine were the artillery preparations of the great Austro-German offensive. And that day, when we watched the square of San Marco grow tense with anxiety, was the beginning of the great drive that took them through the Italian front. We were worried even then. Had we known what the true situation was, we should have been even more worried. When we left Udine, it was as calm and securely serene as at any time since the beginning of the war. That was Thursday morning. In the afternoon of the next day, Friday, came the order to evacuate. On Saturday afternoon, the Austrian advance scouts rode into Udine. Sunday morning, they took the town. Had we stayed out the last of our ten days of permission to the front there, instead of in Venice, as we were much tempted to do, we should have had to walk over a hundred miles to safety in frigid, pouring, torrential rains, eating at rare intervals and sleeping --- if we were lucky --- in barns; otherwise under hedges. It would have been the great experience of a lifetime --- if one survived it. Some of the correspondents, who formed those delightful luncheon and dinner groups in Udine, stayed until the Austrians were almost in sight. They had a horrible

experience getting out, though. They had to retreat at a pace so stiff that sometimes they threw themselves exhausted on the ground. They slept on billiard-tables or in the gutter. One walked many miles with feet that pumped blood at every step. He went to a hospital the instant he reached safety.

But to return to our own adventure.

That last day in Venice was wonderfully beautiful. It was sunny and with a still warmth in the air. In the morning, we gondolaed the length of the Grand Canal, then through a net-work of the little canals. Of the beauty of gondolaing in Venice, it is almost impossible to write --- even, I fancy, after one has taken the same course scores of times. The curving streets which open, at every dip of the paddle, on a new vista, present scene after scene of crumbled-stone, palace beauty; shadow-haunted, garden beauty, tiny bridges set on a slant; broken, faded loveliness of uncountable descriptions--- all made more bewildering by reflections in the magic waters of the canals. I suppose everybody who has ever been to Venice has tried to write about it and then has given it up. I give it up now.

In the afternoon, two gondola-loads, seven of us to be exact, visited the monastery of the Armenian monks. That monastery is situated on a far island. Going to it gave us more of an idea of the Venice, that is at war, than anything we have yet seen --- even last night when the moonlight was beaten and rent by the flaming fence-play of the flash-lights. All about us was the Venice of

poetry, fiction, art, song; beautiful still waters housing the reflections of the unbelievable; gondolas skimming over all that; the austere, dignified procession of a gondola funeral; a little boat with a red sail . . .

But over that boat with the red sail hung an aeroplane with dashes of red on its underside, as though one were the reflection of the other --- the bird of war mimicking the bird of peace. Here and there we could see anti-aircraft guns.

At the monastery came peace again in the atmosphere with which two quiet-stepping, serious-faced priests immediately surrounded us. They showed us all their gentle, unrelated museum treasures --- showed us the room where Byron lived and worked; regaled us with tea and a delicious cordial that might have been distilled from oranges, almonds and lily-leaves. They told us that when Austrian air-raids came, they gathered at the windows that faced Venice and watched. Ever since that I have been persuming to see --- with the eye of my mind --- the picture Giotto would have made of a group of monks staring out into a night filled with these sinister stars.

We packed and got off in a night rain that trailed the sunset. And that is my last memory of Venice --- the gondola-trip to the station. The rain fell gently but steadily. Yet back of it shone the moon, making a pale green light that seemed to emanate from the waters of the canal. It was a lonely trip. We saw no people on the banks or bridges. We met no gondolas. Once a patrol-boat

came shooting down the canal in our direction and then we scraped the palace-wall, effacing ourselves. Whenever we turned corners, our gondoliers emitted the strange noises that signal danger to other gondoliers, but those cries rang hollowly in the solitude.

"I feel," I said once, "as though we were fleeing from a deserted city, as though we were going to let her rest here in peace and quiet until the Great War is over."

Our troubles began at Mestre where we were to change. The train was late, it seemed. But it would arrive, according to the Station-Master, in twenty minutes. Twenty minutes went by and it was still late --- and later --- and later. It would be here in another fifteen minutes, the Station-Master promised, in a half-hour, in another hour. Finally, he admitted that he did not know when it would come. In the meantime, the station was the scene of the wildest hubbub. Every minute, troop-trains were arriving; disgorging close-packed, grey-green contents which immediately piled into other trains and whizzed off. Officers were giving quick, sharp low-voiced orders or excited impatient, louder ones. Civilians, men and women and children, all with big bundles, began to choke up the waiting-rooms without reference to class. I accompanied the two men of our party to watch an embarking train whereupon I --- not they --- was ordered to return to the waiting-room and stay there. What the reason of this was I never knew and now can only guess. Italian women continued to come and go as they pleased. But I was obviously a foreigner. They could take no chances with

what might be a spy in this beginning of the rush of troops forward and an evacuated population backwards. I went into the waiting-room and sat there until midnight.

Near me, a little slender woman, delicate to the point of thinness, with night-black hair and eyes, and a strange, grey-olive skin, sat surrounded with bundles and babies. One child of nearly two, well-covered against the searching damp, lay in her arms, asleep. Beside her on the settee, under a cape, lay a boy of about three, asleep too. On the other side, under a shawl, lay a boy of about five, asleep also. On an adjacent bench lay a fourth child, a boy of about seven, He too slept. She was all alone, nobody to help her with those heavy bundles and those heavier, sleep-logged babies when the train should come. When our train arrived at midnight, she was still waiting there, her great eyes--- gleaming like still pools in her tired face, set on the distance and perhaps on the future.

We were due in Rome the next morning at nine. We arrived the next night at ten. The journey was a nightmare of cold; many stops; little and inadequate food at eccentric intervals; great crowds pouring into the trains. We were the first of the evacués who, in the next few weeks, were to pour in such numbers into Rome, that finally, many hotels had to be requisitioned by the government to house them.

The world knows now all the story of the Great Drive which brought Austrians and Germans on a wave of marvellously-conceived German propaganda far into Italy; a drive that took from the Italians

all the Italia Irredenta that they had made into Italia Redenta; a drive, nevertheless, that made of Italy a unit so solid that nothing shall ever again shake that unity. But ahead of that drive sped the evacuation, a story which has not yet all been told and which can never of course be wholly told ---

The correspondents described --- some with streaming tears --- that rout along the road from Udine; old men and women swaying through the driving rain; mothers with children; women in evening-cloaks and satin slippers; destroyed munitions, destroyed stores of every kind, broken bridges. And as I listened, I thought of that ~~abandon~~ mother in that station at Mestre, her little brood sleeping tranquilly about her, her wide eyes fixed on the distance and the future.

I met later one of the Red Cross men who had been in Udine when we were there. He told us their story. They got out as far as Treviso. There they felt safe. Indeed, they took a trip, to the front, the very Friday that Udine was evacuated. The next day, however, came advice to go. At the station, from which, they left, they found a great crowd of women, five hundred at least, and all mothers with nursing babies. They stood there --- those five hundred mothers --- with the babies in their arms, silent and quiet, compsed and ready. And as the Red Cross man waited, after these mothers had gone, another train came disembarking hundreds of little boys and girls under ten. They evacuated, you see, in the order of helplessness. "At Udine," he said, "we visited one

of the greatest hospitals for plastic surgery that I have ever seen anywhere --- it was a revelation to all of us. They were treating many jaw-cases --- men whose faces had been partially blown away by shells. Some of these men had no lower jaws; their tongues were hanging down on their chests."

"And are they in the hands of the Austrians now?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "There wasn't time to move them. Of course a certain number of physicians and nurses were tolled off to stay with them."

"Will the Austrians know how to take care of those jaw cases?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied.

Many times since, I've waked up in the night to think of those men with their faces half-gone, lying there and waiting to be taken by the enemy, traditionally cruel; thinking the terrible thoughts that must come at such times ---

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But Peace still sits on her chair at the top of the pillar in Udine and surveys the crowd of Austrians as calmly as she surveyed the crowd of Italians. Quiet, serene, secure, she waits in silence. She knows her day must come.

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